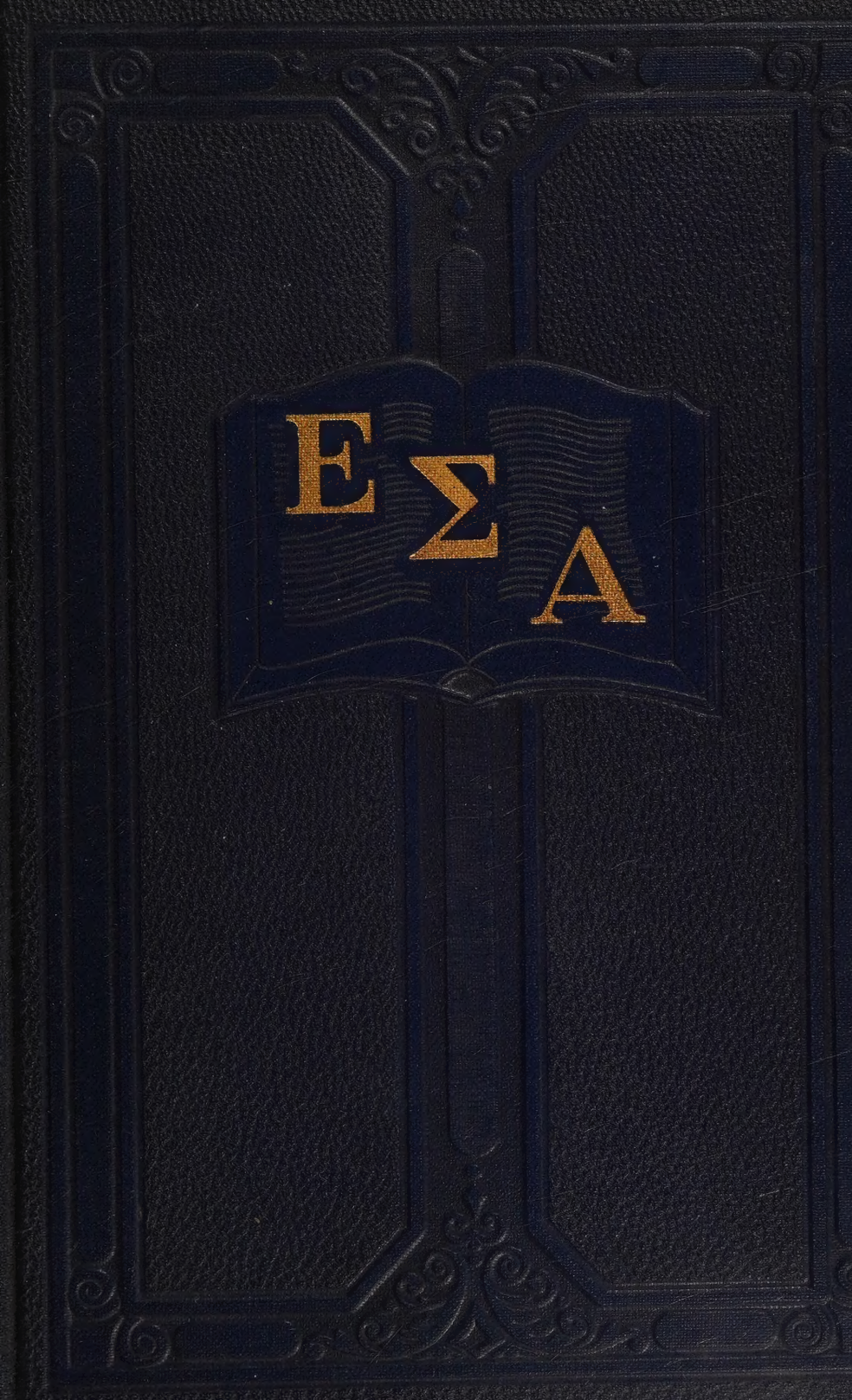
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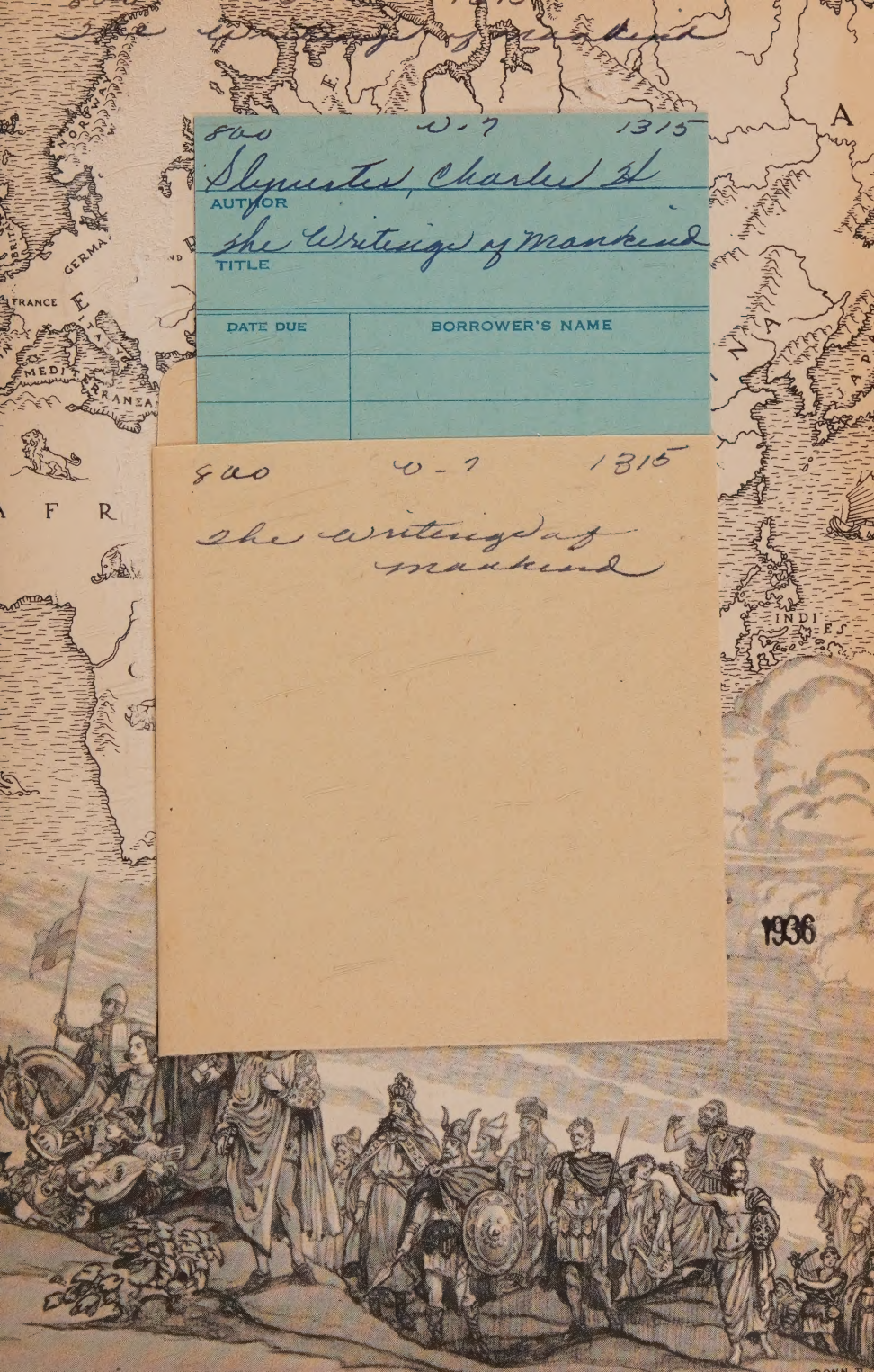

THE
WRITINGS OF MANKIND

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A POMPEIIAN INTERIOR

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THE WRITINGS OF MANKIND

Selections from the Writings of All Ages, with Extensive Historical Notes, Comment and Criticism, Giving the Customs, Habits, Characters; the Arts, Philosophies and Religions, of Those Nations That Have Contributed Most to Civilization

By

CHARLES H. SYLVESTER

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE"
"JOURNEYS THROUGH BOOKLAND", ETC.

TWENTY VOLUMES
Illustrated

VOLUME SEVEN
LATIN-ITALY

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
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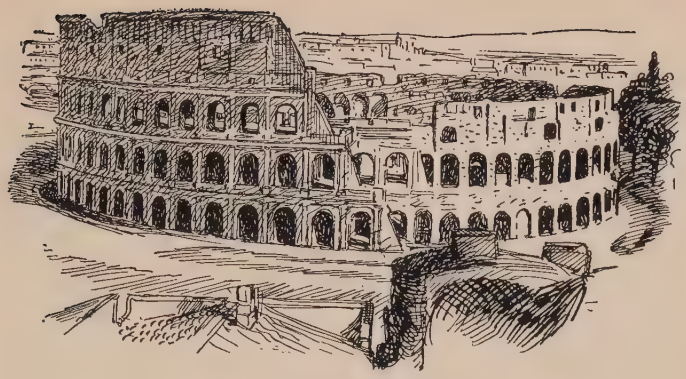


CHAPTER XVI

THE AUGUSTAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONTINUED)

43 B. C.—A. D. 14

THE ELEGIAC POETS

THE ROMAN ELEGY. Catullus was the first Roman poet to imitate the elegy of Callimachus, but the Augustan Age brought into existence a series of brilliant poets who made of the elegy a medium for the expression of real feeling, and Ovid carried the verse to a perfection and popularity equaled by none.

Fashion demanded that elegists be learned in Greek mythology, and their love poems are full of allusions and even of short stories. The poet sings of his mistress and her beauty, designating her by a fictitious name which has the same number of syllables as her real name. He compares her to Juno, Minerva or Venus, to Antiope or Helen; he gazes upon her as Argus gazed upon Io; he compares faithful

wives with Penelope, faithless lovers with Ulysses or Jason, and deserted wives with Calypso and Medea. The god Amor pierces the poet's heart with his arrows, while Venus assists him in his suit. Usually the poet represents himself as poor and gives his verses as the most valuable of offerings. No adornment is necessary for the beautiful woman, and, if his mistress shows a love of wealth or jewels, he bursts into indignant reproach. False promises, faithlessness, the woes of the lover who spends whole nights waiting at the door, the torments of a love-filled heart all these are repeated again and again.

We have several times alluded to the immorality that is almost everywhere present in the poems of this era, and the only excuse for this fault is to be found in the abandonment of the age. The man whose life was pure was an exception, and the women were not better. When Augustus established his power, he abandoned his own profligacy and attempted to reform conditions, but, although he surrounded himself by a court circle of almost puritanical morality, yet the times were so corrupt that his efforts did not meet with permanent success. In fact, his own family did not escape the contagion. Among the immoral women of Rome his daughter Julia and her daughter of the same name were most conspicuous; both were banished for their profligacy. Even the worst perversions of a degenerate mind were considered but peccadillos.

II. TIBULLUS. Albius Tibullus was a Roman knight, descended from a wealthy family, but probably, if we may believe the plaints in his poetry, deprived of his patrimony. Fortunately he early secured the friendship and the patronage of Messalla, who, himself a historian, poet, grammarian and orator, was able to appreciate the genius of Tibullus and Horace, for both of whom he showed a hearty friendship and a protecting care that lasted through life.

The birth of Tibullus is placed somewhere about the year 54 B. C., and he died, perhaps, in 19 B. C.—at any rate, while yet in the prime of life, still *juvenis*, that is, under forty-six years of age. This we gather from an epigram of Domitius Marsus, translated by Grainger, which places his death in the same year as that of Vergil:

> Thee, young Tibullus, to th' Elysian plain
> Death bade accompany great Maro's shade;
> Determined that no poet should remain,
> Or to sing wars, or weep the cruel maid.

Although there is some question as to the relative ages of the elegiac poets of this brief era, we may perhaps accept as final the order of succession which Ovid gives:

> Vergil I but beheld; and greedy fate
> Denied Tibullus' friendship, wish'd too late;
> He followed Gallus, next Propertius came;
> The last was I, the fourth successive name.

In one of his epistles, translated by Elton, Horace has described Tibullus as follows:

> Albius! the candid critic of my strains,
> What shall I say thou dost on Pedum's plains?
> Say, dost thou verses write that shall outvie
> Cassius of Parma's darling poesy?
> Dost thou steal silent through some healthful wood,
> And muse thoughts worthy of the wise and good?
> Thou wert not born a body void of mind;
> Yet heaven to thee a graceful form assigned.
> Heaven gave thee riches, and it gave thee more,
> The art to use and to enjoy thy store.
> What beyond this could some fond nurse devise
> To bless her foster-son? whose thoughts are wise,
> And graced with fluent speech; whom favors crown
> From the high great, and, from his muse, renown;
> Abundant health; a style of life and board
> Genteel with decency, and purse well stored.

Where he seems to have been really unfortunate, however, was in his love affairs, for his poems are addressed successively to four different mistresses, each of whom proved unfaithful or cold to his entreaties. The first of his loves he celebrated under the name of Delia, whose real name we are told was Plania. "She belonged," says Milman, "to that class of females of the middle order, not of good family, but above poverty, which answered to the Greek *hetairai*." Tibullus became attached to her before going on the Aquitanian campaign with Messalla, but on his return four years later he found that she had been faithless during his absence. Soon afterward she fell ill. During this sickness Tibullus attended her with affectionate solicitude, only to see a richer

rival supplant him, while soon after a husband came in the way. His last love, whom he calls Nemesis, was a mercenary individual, to whom he appears to have devoted the last two years of his life without any return for his love. Neaera and Glycera were the other objects of his devotion, but the former is celebrated in poems which are now known by critics to be spurious, and the latter, whom he would have married and to whom he was actually betrothed, deserted him on the eve of the nuptials. Glycera we know only from the writings of Ovid, who indited an ode attempting to console Tibullus for her inconstancy.

Tibullus was one of those poets who threw himself into his composition, whose poems reflect the form and color of his own history. We have seen that Horace was another of the same character, and every age of every nation has produced men of similar temperament. What Tibullus did was to reveal his extreme sensibility, his warm affection, his instinctive elegance of mind, his inward self, spontaneously in exquisite verse. Though inferior to Vergil and to Horace in many respects, he was still the most original poet of the Augustan Era, for he owed little or nothing to Greek models and in subject, method, diction and tone was purely himself. From what has been said it is apparent that his range of subjects was a narrow one, but taken individually his elegies have a great variety of thoughts and images and are expressed in pure language and a

highly-finished style that is perfectly easy and charmingly simple.

III. Selections from Tibullus. 1. *Book I, Elegy 3.* This poem begins as follows (Grainger's translation):

> While you, Messala, plow th' Aegean sea,
> Oh, sometimes kindly deign to think of me:
> Me, hapless me, Phaeacian shores detain,
> Unknown, unpitied, and oppress'd with pain.
> Yet spare me, death, ah, spare me, and retire:
> No weeping mother's here to light my pyre:
> Here is no sister, with a sister's woe,
> Rich Syrian odors on the pile to throw:
> But chief, my soul's soft partner is not here,
> Her locks to loose, and sorrow o'er my bier.

The poet then laments that he is detained at Corcyra while his friend and patron is on the long journey to the East. Yet Tibullus could not have gone, because of illness, and moreover, many bad omens had warned him not to set out from Rome. He addresses Isis in prayer:

> Assist me, Isis, drive my pains away:
> That you can every mortal ill remove,
> The numerous tablets in your temple prove:
> So shall my Delia, veil'd in votive white,
> Before your threshold sit for many a night;
> And twice a day, her tresses all unbound,
> Amid your votaries famed, your praises sound:
> Safe to my household gods may I return,
> And incense monthly on their altars burn.

The Golden Age is described, and the poet prays for life:

> But, if the Sisters have pronounced my doom,
> Inscribed be these upon my humble tomb.

"Lo! here inurn'd a youthful poet lies,
Far from his Delia, and his native skies!
Far from the lov'd Messala, whom to please
Tibullus follow'd over land and seas."

After a brief description of the lower world, the poem closes with an appeal to Delia, which we take from Elton's translation:

But rest for ever pure, my lovely bride,
Thy aged nurse still watching at thy side,
Telling sweet tales of seasons long gone by—
While, at their lamps, the circling damsels ply
The curious labors of the length'ning thread,
Or o'er the distaff bend their drowsy head.
Then, on a sudden, will thy lover come,
As if from heaven descending to his home:
No courier's speed my Delia shall prepare,
But in her chance undress I'll find the fair.
Then will she run these smiling eyes to meet,
Loose her dark locks, and bare her snowy feet.
Oh! with what joy I'll strain her to my breast,
While tears and tender murmurs speak the rest.

2. *Book I, Elegy 11.* The poet as he is about to leave Rome for military service expresses his abhorrence of war and of avarice, the cause of war. It is an elegy in praise of peace. This extract is from Grainger's translation:

In a thatch'd cottage happier he by far,
Who never hears of arms, of gold, or war.
His chaste embrace a numerous offspring crown,
He courts not fortune's smile, nor dreads her frown.
While lenient baths at home his wife prepares,
He and his sons attend their fleecy cares.
As old, as poor, as peaceful may I be,
So guard my flocks, and such an offspring see.
Meantime, soft Peace, descend; oh, bless our plains!
Soft Peace to plow with oxen taught the swains.

Peace plants the orchard and matures the vine,
And first gay-laughing pressed the ruddy wine;
The father quaffs, deep quaff his joyous friends,
Yet to his son a well-stored vault descends.

Bright shine the plowshare, our support and joy!
But rust, deep rust, the veteran's arms destroy!

The villager (his sacred offerings paid
In the dark grove and consecrated shade),
His wife and sons, now darkness parts the throng,
Drives home, and whistles as he reels along.
Then triumphs Venus; then love-feuds prevail;
The youth all jealous then the fair assail;
Doors, windows fly, no deference they pay,
The chastest suffer in th' ungentle fray:
These beat their breasts and melt in moving tears;
The lover weeps and blames his rage and fears;
Love sits between, unmoved with tears and sighs,
And with incentives sly the feud supplies.

Ye youths, though stung with taunts, of blows beware!
They, they are impious, who can beat the fair:
If much provoked, or rend their silken zone,
Or on their tresses be your anger shown:
But if nor this your passion can appease,
Until the charmer weep, the charmer tease!
Blest anger, if the fair dissolves in tears!
Blest youth, her fondness undisguised appears!
But crush the wretch, O war, with all thy woes,
Who to rough usage adds the crime of blows.

Bland Peace, descend with plenty on our plains,
And bless with ease and laughing sport the swains.

3. *Book II, Elegy 4.* Tibullus, hopelessly devoted to a venal mistress, execrates her ingratitude, but will continue to satisfy her avarice. We quote from Elton's translation:

I see my slavery, and a mistress near;
Oh, freedom of my fathers! fare thee well!
A slavery wretched, and a chain severe,
Nor Love remits the bonds that o'er me fell.

How have I then deserved consuming pain?
Or for what sin am I of flames the prey?
I burn, ah me! I burn in every vein!
Take, cruel girl, oh take thy torch away!

Oh! but to 'scape this agonizing heat,
Might I a stone on icy mountains lie!
Stand a bleak rock by wreaking billows beat,
And swept by madding whirlwinds of the sky!

Bitter the day, and ah! the nightly shade;
And all my hours in venom'd stream have roll'd;
No elegies, no lays of Phoebus, aid;
With hollow palm she craves the tinkling gold.

'Tis pamper'd avarice thus corrupts the fair;
The key is turn'd; the mastiff guards the door:
The guard's disarm'd, if large the bribe you bear;
The dog is hush'd; the key withstands no more.

Alas! that e'er a heavenly form should grace
The nymph that pants with covetous desires!
Hence tears and clamorous brawls, and sore disgrace
E'en to the name of love, that bliss inspire.

May climbing fires thy mansion's roof devour,
And youths gaze glad, nor throw the quenching wave;
May none bemoan thee at thy dying hour,
None pay the mournful tribute to thy grave.

But she, unbribed, unbought, yet melting kind,
May she a hundred years, unfading, bloom;
Be wept, while on the flaming pile reclined,
And yearly garlands twine her pillar'd tomb.

Some ancient lover, with his locks of gray,
Honoring the raptures that his youth had blest,
Shall hang the wreath, and slow-departing say,
"Sleep!—and may earth lie light upon thy breast!"

Truth prompts my tongue; but what can truth avail?
The love her laws prescribe must now be mine;
My ancestors' loved groves I set to sale—
My household gods, your title I resign!

Nay—Circe's juice, Medea's drugs, each plant
Of Thessaly, whence dews of poison fall;—
Let but my Nemesis' soft smile enchant,
Then let her mix the cup—I'll drink them all!

4. *Book II, Elegy 7.* The poet might have ended his woes by death, but he was sustained by hope. He implores by the manes of her sister, to whose tomb he will repair as a suppliant, that Nemesis will have pity on him. Otway translates our selection:

Let not the goddess of thy name appear,
Ah! cruel maid! less fierce and less severe,
Ah! spare my anguish and thy hate abate,
I beg this for thy sister's timeless fate.
Disturb not with thy cruelty her grave,
But with a speedy smile thy votary save.
She is my saint, I to her tomb will bear
My gifts and chaplets wet with many a tear;
Yes, to her tomb I'll fly, her suppliant prove,
And with her silent urn deplore my love:
She will not leave her client to his pain,
Nor let his tears for thee be ever vain.
I charge thee therefore in her name to prove
More swiftly kind to my complaining love,
Lest her neglected manes in the night
Thy conscious slumbers with sad dreams affright;
And stand before thee all besmear'd with blood,
As she fell downward to the Stygian flood.

But hold—that dismal story I'll forbear,
Lest I renew my fair one's anxious care;
I am not so much worth to call from her one tear,
Nor is it fit that tears should e'er disguise
The luster of those dear loquacious eyes.

5. *Book III, Elegy 5.* Tibullus, ill of fever, addresses some friends who were visiting the hot springs of Etruria. Grainger translates:

While you at Tuscan baths for pleasure stay,
(Too hot when Sirius darts his sultry ray,
Though now that purple spring adorns the trees
Not Baia's more medicinal than these),
Me harder fates attend, my youth decays;
Yet spare, Persephone! my blameless days:
With secret wickedness unstung my soul;
I never mix'd, nor gave the baneful bowl;
I ne'er the holy mysteries proclaim'd;
I fired no temple, and no god defamed;
Age has not snow'd my jetty locks with white,
Nor bent my body, nor decay'd my sight.
(When both the consuls fell, ah fatal morn!
Fatal to Roman freedom! I was born.)
Apples unripe, what folly 'tis to pull,
Or crush the cluster ere the grapes are full!

Ye gloomy gods! whom Acheron obeys,
Dispel my sickness, and prolong my days!
Ere to the shades my dreary steps I take,
Or ferry o'er th' irremeable lake,
Let me (with age when wrinkled all my face)
Tell ancient stories to my listening race.

Thrice five long days and nights consumed with fire,
(O soothe its rage!) I gradually expire;
While you the Naiad of your fountain praise,
Or lave, or spend in gentle sport your days:
Yet, O my friends! whate'er the Fates decree,
Joy guide your steps, and still remember me!

Meantime, to deprecate the fierce disease,
And hasten glad returns of vigorous ease,
Milk, mix'd with wine, O promise to bestow,
And sable victims, on the gods below.

6. *Book IV, Elegy 4.* Grainger translates the poem *On Sulpicia's Illness* in this manner:

Come, Phoebus! with your loosely floating hair,
Oh soothe her torture, and restore the fair!
Come, quickly come! we supplicant implore,
Such charms your happy skill ne'er saved before!
Let not her frame consumptive pine away,
Her eyes grow languid, and her bloom decay;
Propitious come; and with you bring along
Each pain-subduing herb and soothing song;
Or real ills, or whate'er ills we fear,
To ocean's farthest verge let torrents bear.
Oh! rack no more, with harsh, unkind delays,
The youth, who ceaseless for her safety prays;
'Twixt love and rage his tortur'd soul is torn;
And now he prays, now treats the gods with scorn.

Take heart, fond youth; you have not vainly pray'd,
Still persevere to love th' enchanting maid:
Sulpicia is your own! for you she sighs,
And slights all other conquests of her eyes:
Dry then your tears; your tears would fitly flow
Did she on others her esteem bestow.

O come! what honor will be yours, to save
At once two lovers from the doleful grave?
Then both will emulous exalt your skill;
With grateful tablets both your temples fill;
Both heap with spicy gums your sacred fire;
Both sing your praises to th' harmonious lyre:
Your brother-gods will prize your healing powers,
Lament their attributes, and envy yours.

7. *Book IV, Elegy 13. Tibullus to His Mistress* has been translated a number of times,

and is one of the best known of his poems. Moore renders it thus:

"Never shall woman's smile have power
To win me from those gentle charms!"
Thus swore I in that happy hour
When Love first gave them to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight—
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,
And couldst no heart but mine allure!
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.

Oh love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise;
But in its silence safely blest,
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued—
My light in ev'n the darkest hour,
My crowd in deepest solitude!

No; not though heaven itself sent down
Some maid of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would I for her forsake those arms.

Hammond gives it this form:

No second love shall e'er my heart surprise,
This solemn league did first our passion bind:
Thou, only thou, canst please thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can soothe his troubled mind.

Oh, that thy charms were only fair to me,
Displease all others, and secure my rest,

No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me blest.

With thee in gloomy deserts let me dwell,
Where never human footstep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkness canst expel,
And seem a world with solitude around.

I say too much—my heedless words restore.
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'st thy strength, and thence insulting more,
Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel, thy slave I will remain,
Nor fly the burden I am form'd to bear;
In chains I'll sit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

A portion of it is thus imitated by Croxall:

Were I invited to a nectar feast
In heaven, and Venus named me for her guest;
Though Mercury the messenger should prove,
Or her own son, the mighty god of love;
At the same instant let but honest Tom
From Sylvia's dear terrestrial lodging come,
With look important say, "Desires—at three,
Alone—your company—to drink some tea;"
Though Tom were mortal, Mercury divine,
Though Sylvia gave me water, Venus wine,
Though heaven was here, and Bow Street lay as far
As the vast distance of the utmost star;
To Sylvia's arms with all my strength I'd fly:
Let who would meet the Beauty of the sky.

IV. Gallus. Gaius Cornelius Gallus, the friend of Vergil and Ovid, was born in 69 B. C., at Forum Julii in Gaul. A schoolmate of Augustus, he was afterward made praefect of Egypt, and was the first to introduce Vergil to the attention of Augustus. Though ambi-

Photo: Ewing Galloway

AUGUSTUS CAESAR
63 B. C —A. D. 14

tious and able, he was filled with pride; he set up statues of himself in various parts of his province, carved his name upon the pyramids, and finally made offensive remarks against Augustus that caused his recall. Thereupon, creditors brought suit against him, his property was confiscated, and he was condemned to exile. Unable to bear his disgrace, he committed suicide at the age of forty-three. His elegies, of which there were four books, were addressed to Licoris, an actress of low birth and loose morals, but of the poems no fragments remain. We know of him principally through the gratitude expressed in the *Eclogues* by Vergil and the favorable criticism made of his verse by Quintilian.

Taking the few known facts of the life of Gallus as a basis, W. A. Becker, the famous German Latin scholar, wrote *Gallus, or Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus,* a book which, however weak as a story, is as vivid and trustworthy a picture of the Romans in the age of Augustus as any we have. With infinite pains the author has drawn his evidence for the scenes and incidents of his story from the old Latin writers themselves, and gives to those who are critically inclined the references upon which he relied. Moreover, his wealth of footnotes, or so-called *excursuses,* which are more voluminous than the story itself, give to the scholar the most comprehensive and at the same time brief body of facts obtainable. Those who wish may get the book at a nominal

cost in the *Silver Library,* from Longmans, Green & Co.

The description of the library of Gallus, as Professor Becker imagined it, may be interesting:

Immediately adjoining this apartment was the library, full of the most precious treasures acquired by Gallus, chiefly in Alexandria. There, in presses of cedar-wood, placed round the walls, lay the rolls, partly of parchment, and partly of the finest Egyptian *papyrus,* each supplied with a label, on which was seen, in bright red letters, the name of the author and title of the book. Above these again were ranged the busts, in bronze or marble, of the most renowned writers, an entirely novel ornament for libraries, first introduced into Rome by Asinius Pollio, who perhaps had only copied it from the libraries of Pergamus and Alexandria. True, only the chief representatives of each separate branch of literature were to be found in the narrow space available for them; but to compensate for this, there were several rolls which contained the portraits of seven hundred remarkable men. These were the hebdomades, or peplography, of Varro, who, by means of a new and much-valued invention, was enabled in an easy manner to multiply the collection of his portraits, and so to spread copies of them, with short biographical notices of the men, through the whole learned world.

On the other side of the library was a larger room, in which a number of learned slaves were occupied in transcribing, with nimble hand, the works of illustrious Greek and more ancient Roman authors, both for the supply of the library, and for the use of those friends to whom Gallus obligingly communicated his literary treasures. Others were engaged in giving the rolls the most agreeable exterior, in gluing the separate strips of *papyrus* together, drawing the red lines which divided the different columns, and writing the title in the same color; in smoothing with pumice-stone and blackening the

edges; fastening ivory tops on the sticks round which the rolls were wrapped, and dyeing bright red or yellow the parchment which was to serve as a wrapper.

Street scenes in Rome are described by him as follows:

The way led through the most lively portion of the city, and it was just the time when the streets, though always full, presented the most motley throng, and the greatest bustle; for the sixth hour approached, when a general cessation from business commenced, and people generally were wont to take their morning meal. Whilst some therefore were still sedulously engaged in their daily avocations, many of the less occupied were already hurrying to the place of refreshment. Here, a prompt builder was despatching, by mules and carriers, the materials of a new building, for which he had only just contracted; there, huge stones and beams were being wound up aloft, for the completion of an edifice. Countrymen with loud cries were driving to and fro their mules, carrying, in baskets suspended on either side, the produce of the country into the city; or perhaps the street would become stopped up by a solemn funeral procession happening to meet a heavily-laden wagon coming in the opposite direction.

The most lively sight was presented by the Suburra, where a multitude of hawkers plied their miserable trade. Some from the region beyond the Tiber offered matches for sale, occasionally taking in exchange broken glass, instead of money; others carried boiled peas, and sold a dish of them to the poorest class for an *as,* whilst those accustomed to somewhat better fare, betook themselves to the cook's boy, who, with a loud voice, cried smoking sausages for sale. In one place a curious crowd was collected round an Egyptian juggler, about whose neck and arms the most venomous snakes familiarly wound themselves. In another stood a group reading the programme, painted in large letters on the wall of a public building, of the next contests of gladiators, which prom-

ised to be brilliant, as the place of exhibition was to be covered with an awning—but everywhere the lower classes, old and young, were hurrying to the *thermopoliae* and cookshops, to obtain each his wonted seat, and to drink for breakfast, according to choice, a goblet of honey-wine or the favorite *calda.*

This motley multitude kept passing through streets which were, besides this, rendered disagreeably narrow by a numerous cluster of shops choking them up, for huxters and merchants of all sorts, artists in hair, and salve-sellers, butchers and pastry-cooks, but above all vintners had built their booths far into the street, so that you might even see tables arranged along the piers and pillars of the halls, and covered with bottles, which were, however, cautiously fastened by chains, lest perchance they might be filched by the hand of some Strobilus or Thesprio hurrying by. In consequence of so many obstructions occurring every moment, it was certainly more convenient to allow yourself to be carried through the throng, reclining in a *lectica,* although it often required very safe bearers, and now and then the sturdy elbow of the *praeambulo* to get well through; by this mode you had also the advantage of not being incessantly seized by the hand, addressed, or even kissed, a custom which of late had begun to prevail, but escaped with a simple salutation, which was still quite troublesome enough, for, from every side resounded an *ave* to be responded to, and frequently from the mouths of persons for whom even the *nomenclator* in his hurry had only an invented name ready.

After the death of Gallus, public sentiment turned his way, and he was decreed a public funeral with honors. The description of a Roman burial may not prove uninteresting:

Profound quiet and sincere lamentation reigned in the house of misfortune. Before the doors the mournful cypress had some time before been placed,—a sign to all

who approached, that one of the occupants of the house had passed into the region of shadows. Within doors, the men were engaged in anointing the body, and in endeavoring to efface the marks of the last struggle. They afterwards, with the help of Eros, placed on it the purple-edged *toga,* and adorned the brows with one of those garlands which the valiant warrior had gained in battle. This finished, they laid the corpse softly on its last bed, the purple coverlet of which left the ivory feet alone visible, and then set it down in the *atrium,* with the feet towards the door. Close by the body, Arabian incense was burnt in a silver censer, and a slave performed his last offices to the departed, by driving away the flies from the hands and feet with a fan of peacock's feathers.

The corpse lay in state for several days, and during that time the remaining preparations were made for the funeral, which Chresimus had commissioned the *libitinarius* to celebrate with all the pomp suitable to the rank of the deceased. Authorized to do so by the emperor, the old man found some alleviation of his grief in the most careful fulfillment of this his last duty, and willingly sacrificed a portion of the half of the property which fell to his share, that nothing might be wanting which could increase the splendor of the solemnity.

About the fourth hour of the eighth day a herald proceeded through the streets, and with a loud voice invited the populace to the funeral, and the games attendant upon it. "A Quirite," cried he, "is dead. Now is the time, for any who have leisure, to join the funeral procession of Cornelius Gallus; the corpse is being carried from the house." The summons was not without effect. A crowd of sight-seers and inquisitive people flocked towards the house and the forum to witness the spectacle, but many persons were to be seen clad in dark-colored togas, a token that they wished to be not idle spectators, but assistants at the ceremony.

Meanwhile the *designer,* supported by some lictors, to keep off the crowd, had arranged the order of the procession, which already had begun to move from the house

in the direction of the forum. In front marched a band of flute-players and horn-blowers, who by pouring forth alternately plaintive strains and spirit-stirring music, seemed at one time to express the sorrow and mourning of the escort, and at another to extol the greatness and worth of the deceased. Next followed the customary mourning-women, who, with feigned grief, chanted forth their untutored dirge of eulogy of the departed. Then came a number of actors, reciting such passages from the tragedians as were applicable to the present occurrence. The solemnity of the scene was interrupted only now and then by some witty buffooneries, whilst the leader endeavored to represent the defunct in dress, gesture and manner of speech. After these came swarms of hirelings; there followed no lengthy train of glorious ancestors, it is true, but freedmen bearing brazen tablets, on which were inscribed the victories gained by the deceased, and the cities he had conquered. These were succeeded by others, carrying the crowns won by his deeds of valor, and, in compliance with a wish which Gallus while living had often expressed, the rolls of his elegies, which, more enduring than martial renown and honors, have handed down his name to posterity. After all these came the *lectus* itself, with the corpse borne by eight freedmen, and followed by Chresimus, and, with few exceptions, the rest of the family, with hat on head, a sign of that freedom which had been bequeathed to them in their master's will. The cavalcade was finished by his friends, and many citizens who, though not intimate with Gallus, bewailed his death as a public calamity.

Having arrived at the forum, the bearers set the *lectus* down before the *rostra*, and the cavalcade formed a semicircle round it. A friend of many years' standing then mounted the stage, and pictured with feeling and eloquence the merits of the deceased, as a warrior, a citizen, a poet, and a man, throwing in but a slight allusion to the recent event. It was not one of those artificial panegyrics which too often sought to heap unmerited glory on the dead, at the expense of truth; but all who

heard him were bound to confess that the words he spoke bore a simple and honest testimony to the life and actions of a deserving man.

This act of friendship having been performed, the procession was re-formed, and moved onwards to the monument which Gallus had erected for himself on the Appian Way. There the funeral pile, made of dried fir-trees, and hung round with festoons and tapestry, had been erected, and the whole encompassed by a circle of cypress-trees. The bearers lifted the *lectus* upon it, whilst others poured precious ointments on the corpse from boxes of alabaster, and the bystanders threw frankincense and garlands upon it, as a last offering of affectionate regard. Chresimus, with the same faithful hands that had closed the eyes of the deceased, now opened them, that they might look upwards to heaven. Then, amidst the loud wailing of the spectators, and the sounds of the horns and flutes, he seized the burning torch, and with averted face held it underneath the pile, until a bright flame shot upwards from the dry rushes that formed the interior.

The pile was burnt to the ground, and the glowing ashes, according to custom, extinguished by wine. Some friends of the deceased, and Chresimus, collected the remains of his body, which were not more than sufficient to fill a moderate-sized urn, sprinkled them with old wine and fresh milk, dried them again in linen cloths, and placed them with *amomum* and other perfumes in the urn. This Chresimus having bedewed with a flood of tears, next deposited in the tomb, which on being opened sent forth odors from roses and innumerable bottles of ointment. The doors were again closed, and after pronouncing the last farewell to his manes, and receiving the purifying water, the assembled multitude departed on its way back to the city.

V. PROPERTIUS. Sextus Propertius was born at Asisium (Assisi) in Umbria, about 50 B. C., and died about 15 B. C. While still quite young

he lost his father and his small estate, after which he settled at Rome and became acquainted with the group who had gathered about Maecenas. Though he began with the study of law, he seems to have abandoned that profession early in life and to have given way to his love for "Cynthia," whose real name was Hostia. Educated and refined, beautiful and attractive, she was, nevertheless, a courtesan, and the poems addressed to her are passionate and sensual, but seriously intended, for they show a lover who has passed through all the varying stages of passion. Besides their sensuousness, the constant display of mythological learning makes the poems poorly adapted for modern reading, although his lines are sonorous, rich in figures, and the execution of his verse is careful and accurate. By many he is considered one of the best of the Latin elegiac poets.

The following elegy *On Cynthia's Absence* is one of the shortest, and is notably free from the two defects cited above. We quote from Elton's translation:

Why ceaselessly my fancied sloth upbraid,
As still at conscious Rome by love delay'd?
Wide as the Po from Hypanis is spread
The distance that divides her from my bed.
No more with fondling arms she folds me round,
Nor in my ear her dulcet whispers sound.
Once I was dear; nor e'er could lover burn
With such a tender and a true return.
Yes—I was envied—hath some god above
Crush'd me? or magic herb that severs love,

Gather'd on Caucasus, bewitch'd my flame?
Nymphs change by distance; I'm no more the same.
Oh, what a love has fleeted like the wind,
And left no vestige of its trace behind!
Now sad I count the ling'ring nights alone;
And my own ears are startled by my groan.
Happy the youth who weeps, his mistress nigh;
Love with such tears has mingled ecstasy:
Blest, who, when scorned, can change his passing heat;
The pleasures of translated bonds are sweet.
I can no other love; nor hence depart;
For Cynthia, first and last, is mistress of my heart.

VI. Ovid. One of the most notable figures of the Augustan Age, and the youngest of the four chief elegiac poets, was Publius Ovidius Naso, generally known in English as Ovid. He was born in 43 B. C., at Sulmo (Solmona), of an ancient equestrian family whose circumstances were sufficiently easy to give the son an excellent education and to train him for the bar, so that after a period of study in Athens he located himself permanently at Rome. His ability as an orator was considerable, but the days when forensic ability would bring power and renown had passed. Ovid, moreover, seems to have lacked political ambition, for, although he became one of the *tresviri capitales,* he left the law when he came into the possession of his father's estate and devoted himself to poetry and pleasure. He became intimate with Messalla and his circle, and had many friends among the literary men of Rome, though his gay and licentious life prevented his association with some.

He was three times married. His first wife, he says, was "neither worthy nor useful," and from the second he was soon separated, though he has not charged her with any fault. His third marriage appears to have been fortunate, for the two remained faithful to each other. He had one daughter, probably by his second wife.

In A. D. 8, his life at Rome was brought to a sudden close by an imperial edict which banished him to Tomi, on the Danube, in Scythia. The charges against him were two, the first of which he admits to be the writing of an obscene poem; but the second, which was undoubtedly the main cause, he would not mention through fear of wounding Augustus, so it has been thought that possibly he was privy to one of the intrigues of Julia, the granddaughter of Augustus.

Ovid was never allowed to return to Rome, and his suffering, both from loneliness and from the climate, was so severe as to hasten the end, which came in A. D. 17. Ovid's lack of character was his greatest fault as a poet, and the absence of moral earnestness in his writings has caused his voluminous works to be considered of less importance than the genius of the poet would lead us to expect. Yet his polished verse and his perfect use of the Latin tongue made his work valuable, especially as it was preserved and read freely during the Middle Ages, and in the time of the Renaissance formed the great storehouse from which-

came our knowledge of Greek and Latin mythology. To Milton he was a favorite author, and in *Paradise Lost* several passages show the influence of Ovid; Shakespeare must have been intimately acquainted with the *Metamorphoses;* and in the poetry of many other English artists can be heard numerous echoes of Ovid's poems.

VII. The Works of Ovid. Ovid's writings are full of spontaneity and ease, are gracefully elegant and show the play of a brilliant fancy; his descriptions of passionate, tender and pathetic scenes are wonderfully vivid, and he is the best teller of tales that Rome ever produced. With a keen insight into human nature, he filled his stories with gayety and joyousness, not to say frivolity, and if it were not for his frank immorality they would be highly attractive to-day.

Ovid's poems fall naturally into three divisions: erotic elegies of his earlier years; antiquarian and mythological poems in elegiacs and in hexameters written before his banishment; and elegiac poems written at Tomi. It is difficult, if not impossible, to fix the exact chronological order of his poems, and the division just given is sufficiently accurate for our purpose. The *Amores,* or first series of elegies, appeared in two editions, the first in five books, the latter in three, which alone have been preserved. These were followed by the *Heroides,* letters from mythological heroines to their husbands or lovers, by a poem *On the Care*

of the Face, then by the *Ars Amatoria* (*The Art of Loving*), and *Remedia Amoris* (*Cures for Love*), all of which appear to have been published by the end of the year A. D. 1. The *Fasti,* or calendar of Roman festivals, is a more serious work, upon which the poet was engaged for several years. The letters from the Pontus (*Ex Ponto*), which have the form of real letters to the poet's friends; the *Tristia,* an appeal to Augustus; the *Ibis,* an elaborate invective full of curses and maledictions upon an unknown enemy, and the fragmentary poem *On Fishes* complete his extant works, except for the *Metamorphoses,* in fifteen books, conceded to be his masterpiece.

VIII. The "Amores." The *Amours* were written in his youth, and it is thought that he destroyed the most objectionable of them. Love, in Ovid's mind, was purely sensual and contained none of the high ideals of soul-union that come to us when the term is used. Most of the list are addressed to Corinna, but of them none are worth considering here. One is an elegy on the death of Tibullus and has been rendered into prose by Henry T. Riley:

If his mother has lamented Memnon, his mother Achilles, and if sad deaths influence the great goddesses; plaintive Elegy, unbind thy sorrowing tresses; alas! too nearly will thy name be derived from fact! The Poet of thy own inspiration, Tibullus, thy glory, is burning, a lifeless body, on the erected pile. Lo! the son of Venus bears both his quiver inverted, and his bow broken, and his torch without a flame; behold how wretched with drooping wings he goes: and how he beats his naked

breast with cruel hand. His locks disheveled about his neck receive his tears, and his mouth resounds with sobs that convulse his body. 'Twas thus, beauteous Iulus, they say that thou didst go forth from thy abode, at the funeral of his brother Aeneas. Not less was Venus afflicted when Tibullus died, than when the cruel boar tore the groin of the youth.

And yet we Poets are called "hallowed," and the care of the Deities; there are some, too, who believe that we possess inspiration. Inexorable Death, forsooth, profanes all that is hallowed; upon all she lays her dusky hands. What availed his father, what, his mother, for Ismarian Orpheus? What, with his songs to have lulled the astounded wild beasts? The same father is said, in the lofty woods, to have sung "Linus! Alas! Linus! Alas!" to his reluctant lyre. Add the son of Maeon, too, by whom, as through an everlasting stream, the mouths of the poets are refreshed by the waters of Pieria: him, too, has his last day overwhelmed in black Avernus; his verse alone escapes the all-consuming pile. The fame of the Trojan toils, the work of the Poets is lasting, and the slow web woven again through the stratagem of the night. So shall Nemesis, so Delia, have a lasting name; the one, his recent choice, the other his first love.

What does sacrifice avail thee? Of what use are now the "sistra" of Egypt? What, lying apart in a forsaken bed? When the cruel Destinies snatch away the good (pardon the confession) I am tempted to think that there are no Deities. Live piously; pious though you be, you shall die; attend the sacred worship; still ruthless Death shall drag the worshiper from the temples to the yawning tomb. Put your trust in the excellence of your verse; see! Tibullus lies prostrate; of so much, there hardly remains enough for a little urn to receive.

And, hallowed Poet, have the flames of the pile consumed thee, and have they not been afraid to feed upon that heart of thine? They could have burned the golden temples of the holy gods, that have dared a crime so great. She turned away her face, who holds the towers

of Eryx; there are some, too, who affirm that she did not withhold her tears. But still, this is better than if the Phaeacian land had buried him a stranger, in an ignoble spot. Here, at least, a mother pressed his tearful eyes as he fled, and presented the last gifts to his ashes; here a sister came to share the grief with her wretched mother, tearing her unadorned locks. And with thy relatives, both Nemesis and thy first love joined their kisses; and they left not the pile in solitude. Delia, as she departed, said, "More fortunately was I beloved by thee; so long as I was thy flame, thou didst live." To her said Nemesis: "What dost thou say? Are my sufferings a pain to thee? When dying, he grasped me with his failing hand."

If, however, aught of us remains, but name and spirit, Tibullus will exist in the Elysian vales. Go to meet him, learned Catullus, with thy Calvus, having thy youthful temples bound with ivy. Thou too, Gallus (if the accusation of the injury of thy friend is false), prodigal of thy blood and of thy life.

Of these, thy shade is the companion; if only there is any shade of the body, polished Tibullus; thou hast swelled the blessed throng. Rest, bones, I pray, in quiet, in the untouched urn; and may the earth prove not heavy for thy ashes.

IX. The "Ars Amatoria" and the "Remedia Amoris." Of these two poems the former treats of the means of inspiring love and the latter of freeing oneself from the bonds of passion. The first is one of the most immoral poems in existence, though its lack of interest has prevented much harmful influence. It might be said of the *Ars* that it was reputed to be one cause for Ovid's banishment.

X. The "Heroides." Vergil had complained that the resources of Greek mythology had been used up, but Ovid discovered a new

phase in the love-letters which compose the *Heroides,* and certainly in his hands the old myths become young again, as though they never would lose their interest. Penelope writes to Ulysses; Briseis to Achilles; Oenone to Paris, Helen to Paris, and Paris to Helen; Leander to Hero and Hero to Leander; and so on through the list of twenty-one, the most popular part of Ovid's writings.

Phaon was a surpassingly-beautiful youth of Lesbos, with whom all the females were in love and who himself had conceived for the lyricist Sappho a passion that was tenderly returned. Yet in time the youth's love faded, and he abandoned her and sailed for Sicily. Unable to bear the loss of her lover, she yielded to despair and resolved to throw herself into the sea from Leucate, a promontory of Epirus. Before doing so, however, she is supposed to write a letter, hoping by a picture of her misery and distress, combined with artful reminders and pathetic remonstrances, to win his love again. The following in somewhat condensed from the literal prose translation of Henry T. Riley:

So soon as this letter, from my anxious right-hand, has been looked at, is it not at once recognized by thine eyes? Or, if thou hadst not read the name of their writer, Sappho, wouldst thou have been ignorant whence came these short lines?

Perhaps, too, thou mayst inquire why my lines are in alternate measure; since I am better suited for lyric numbers. My blighted love must be mourned; Elegy is the verse of mourning; my lyre is not adapted to my

tears. I burn, just as, when the untamed East winds are driving the flames, the fertile field blazes, the crops all on fire. Phaon is inhabiting the distant fields of Aetna, placed upon Typhoeus: a heat, not less than the flames of Aetna, is burning me. No verses flow for me to adapt to the harmonizing strings; verses, the work of a mind at ease. . . . Perfidious man! thou dost possess alone that which belonged to many. In thee is beauty; years fitted for dalliance. Ah! beauty so fatal to my eyes!

Take up the lyre and the quiver, thou wilt clearly become Apollo; let horns be placed upon thy head, thou wilt be Bacchus. Both Phoebus loved Daphne, and Bacchus the Gnossian maid: neither the one nor the other was acquainted with lyric measures. But the Pegasian maids dictate to me the sweetest lays; now are my glories sung all over the earth; not Alcaeus, the partner of my country and my lyre, has more fame, although he sings in a loftier strain. I am of small stature; but I have a name that fills all lands: I myself have produced this extended renown for my name. If I am not fair, Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus, who was swarthy, through the complexion of her country, was pleasing to Perseus. White pigeons, too, are often mated with spotted ones; and the black turtle dove is often beloved by a bird that is green. If no woman is to be thine, but one that shall be able to appear worthy of thee for beauty, thine no woman will be.

But when thou didst read my lines, even beauteous did I appear; constantly didst thou swear that me alone did it become to speak. I used to sing, I remember (lovers remember every thing); thou used to ravish kisses from me as I sang. These, too, thou didst praise, and in every respect did I please thee. . . Now the Sicilian damsels fall to thy lot, a fresh prey. What have I to do with Lesbos? I would I were a Sicilian damsel. But you, ye matrons of Nisa, and ye Nisian brides, send back this wanderer of mine from your land. Let not the fictions of his insinuating tongue deceive you; what he says to you he has already said to me. Thou, too, Goddess

Erycina, who dost frequent the mountains of Sicily, have a care for thy poetess, for thine I am.

Does cruel Fortune still pursue the track on which she has commenced, and does she ever remain unkind in her onward course? Six of my birthdays had gone by, when the bones of my father, gathered up before their time, drank in my tears. My needy brother, captivated with passion for a harlot, endured losses, and those intermingled with shameful disgrace. Reduced to want, he plied the azure seas with active oars, and now is basely seeking that wealth which he disgracefully lost. Me, too, because with fidelity I gave him much good advice, he hates; this did candor, this did an affectionate tongue produce for me. And, as though things might be wanting to torment me without ceasing, a little daughter increases my cares. Thou art added as the last cause of my complaints; my bark is impelled by no favoring gales. Behold! my locks are lying disheveled, without any order, upon my neck; no shining gem now presses my fingers. In homely garb am I clad; in my locks there is no gold; with no essences of Arabia is my hair perfumed.

For whom, unhappy wretch, should I adorn myself, or whom should I study to please? The only prompter of attention to my person is gone. My heart is tender, and is easily hurt by the light shafts of Cupid, and there is ever a cause for me always to love. Whether it is that at my birth the sisters pronounced my doom, and no threads devoid of feeling were allotted to my life; or whether it is that my pursuits are fashioned to the manners and the skill of their mistress; Thalia causes my feelings to be susceptible. What wonder if the age of early youth has captivated me, and those years which a male might be enamored of. I was in fear, Aurora, that thou mightst have taken him for Cephalus, and this thou wouldst have done, but that thy former prize engages thee. If, Phoebe, thou shouldst look on him, thou who dost look on everything, Phaon would be commanded to prolong his slumbers. Venus would have borne him off to heaven in her ivory chariot, but she sees that he might

be pleasing to her Mars as well. Oh, thou! not yet a youth, and a boy no longer; delightful age! Oh, grace and supreme glory of thy age! Come hither, and, beauteous one, return to my bosom; I ask thee not to love me, but to permit me to love thee. I write, and my eyes are bedewed with gushing tears; see how many blots there are in this place.

If thou wast so determined to go hence, thou mightst have gone in a kinder way; and at least thou mightst have said, "Lesbian damsel, farewell!" Thou didst not bear away with thyself my tears or my parting kisses. In fact, I did not apprehend what I was so soon to bewail. Nothing of thine have I, but ill treatment only; nor hast thou any pledge of my love to remind thee of me. I gave thee no injunctions; and, indeed, no injunctions had I to give thee, except that thou shouldst be loth to be forgetful of me. By the God of Love (and may he never depart afar from me), and by the nine Goddesses, my own Divinities, do I swear to thee, when some one, I know not who, said to me, "Thy joys are fled;" for long I could neither weep nor speak. Tears failed my eyes, and my tongue my mouth; my breast was frozen by an icy chill. After my grief had found a vent, I did not hesitate for my breast to be beaten, nor to shriek aloud as I rent my hair; in no other manner than if an affectionate mother is bearing the lifeless body of her son carried off to the erected pile.

My brother, Charaxus, rejoices and triumphs in my sorrow, and before my eyes he comes and goes; and that the cause of my grief may appear worthy of reproach, he says, "Why is she grieving; surely her daughter still lives?" Shame and love unite not in the same object; all the multitude were witnesses; I had my bosom bared with garments rent. Phaon, thou art my care; thee do my dreams bring before me; dreams more fair than the beauteous day. There do I find thee, though in distant regions thou art away; but sleep has not its joys sufficiently prolonged. Often do I seem to be pressing thy arms with my neck, often to be placing mine beneath thy

neck. Sometimes I am caressing thee, and am uttering words exactly resembling the truth, and my lips keep watch upon my feelings. I recognize the kisses which thou wast wont to give, and which so pleasing thou wast accustomed to receive, and so delightful to return.

But when Titan shows himself, and with himself all things besides, I complain that my slumbers have deserted me so soon. The caves and groves do I seek, as though groves and caves could avail me; they were conscious of thy joys. Thither am I borne, bereft of my senses, like one whom the raving Erictho has infatuated, my locks lying upon my neck. My eyes behold the caverns roofed with the rough pebbles, which to me were equal to Mygdonian marble. I find the wood that has oft afforded us a couch, and overshadowing, has covered us with its dense foliage; but I find not the master both of the wood and of myself. A worthless spot is the place; he was the recommendation of the spot. I lay me down, and I touched the place on the spot in which thou wast; the grass, once so pleasing, drank in my tears. Moreover, the branches, their foliage laid aside, appear to mourn, and no birds send forth their sweet complaints. The Daulian bird alone, that most disconsolate mother, who took so cruel a vengeance on her husband, sings of Ismarian Itys; the bird sings of Itys, while Sappho sings of her forsaken love. Thus much; all else is silent as though in the midst of night.

There is a sacred spring, limpid, and more pellucid than the glassy stream; many suppose that this harbors a Divinity; over it the lotus, delighting in waters, spreads its branches, itself alone a grove: the earth is green with the springing turf. When here I was reclining my limbs, wearied with weeping, one of the Naiads stood before my eyes. She stood, and she said, "Since thou art being consumed by an unrequited flame, the Ambracian land must be sought by thee. Phoebus, from on high, looks down upon the sea so far as it extends. Hence did Deucalion, inflamed with love for Pyrrha, throw himself, and dash the waters with unharmed body. There was no delay;

love changing, touched the most obdurate breast of Pyrrha; Deucalion was cured of his flame. This result does that place afford. At once repair to lofty Leucas, and fear not to leap from the rock."

When she had thus advised; with her words, she departed. Chilled with fear, I arose; and my swelling cheeks did not withhold my tears. I will go, O Nymph, and I will repair to the rocks so pointed out; afar be fear, conquered by frenzied passion. Whatever it shall be, my fate shall be better than now it is. Ye breezes, arise; this body of mine has no great weight. Do thou too, gentle Love, place wings beneath me as I fall; that I may not, by my death, be the censure of the Leucadian waves. Then will I hang up my lyre to Phoebus, our common attribute; and under it shall be this line and a second one: "Phoebus, I, the poetess Sappho, have, in gratitude, offered my lyre to thee; it is suited to me, to thee is it suited." But why, in my misery, dost thou send me to the Actian coasts, when thou thyself canst trace back thy retreating steps? Thou canst be more beneficial to me than the Leucadian waves; both in beauty and in merit, thou shalt be Phoebus to me. Canst thou endure, O thou more hard-hearted than the rocks and waves, if I die, to have the discredit of my death? And how much more becomingly could my bosom be pressed to thine, than to be hurled down from the rocks? This is the breast, Phaon, which thou wert wont to praise, and which so often seemed the seat of genius to thee. I wish that now it was eloquent. Grief checks my skill, and all my genius is impeded by my woes. My former powers avail me not for my lines; my "plectrum" is silent in grief; in grief my lyre is mute.

Ye ocean daughters, Lesbian dames, a progeny both married and destined to marry; ye Lesbian fair, names celebrated by the Aeolian lyre; ye Lesbian dames, who, beloved by me, have caused my disgrace, cease to come a throng, to my lyre. Phaon has deprived me of all that before was pleasing to you. (Ah, wretched me! How very nearly had I called him mine!) Make him to return;

your poetess will return as well. He gives the impulse to my genius; he takes it away. And what do I avail by prayers? Is his savage breast moved? Or is it still obdurate, and do the Zephyrs waft away my unavailing words? Would that the winds, which bear away my words, would bring back thy sails; that act, wast thou but wise, even thus late, were befitting thee. Or art thou now returning, and are the votive offerings prepared for thy bark? Why dost thou rend my heart with delays? Unmoor thy ship. Venus, who sprang from the waves, smooths the waves for the lover. The breezes will speed thy course; do thou only unmoor thy ship. Cupid himself, sitting at the helm, will be the pilot; with his tender hand, he himself will open and gather in the sails.

Or, if it is thy pleasure that Pelasgian Sappho should be far away (yet, thou wilt not find any reason why I am worthy of thy aversion);—at least, let an unkind letter tell me this, in my misery; so that the lot of the Leucadian waves may be tried by me.

XI. THE "FASTI," OR "CALENDAR." Ovid's intention was to write twelve books of the *Fasti,* or descriptions of the festivals, one for each month of the year, but his work was interrupted by his banishment. Originally it was dedicated to Augustus, but after the death of the Emperor Ovid began a revision that he dedicated to Germanicus, although it never extended beyond the first book. As the poet designed to treat each of the myths systematically on the day of the month when a festival concerning it was held, he destroyed the unity of his subject and endlessly confused the poems because of the repetitions and the separation of related myths. As Ovid was not a student of astronomy, he made many mistakes, but he

has given lively and beautiful pictures of Roman life and created a work that has been of great importance to students of religion and society, and one that rivals in beauty of workmanship and vividness of narrative even the *Metamorphoses* itself.

We have elsewhere spoken of the calendar, but a few facts remain to be given. The civil day began at midnight; the artificial day extended from sunrise to sunset, and as it was always separated into twelve equal divisions, it is evident that the *horae,* a word which we translate as *hours,* really referred to periods of varying duration. The Romans had no week of seven days such as ours, but the recurrence of the market days (*nundinae*) made a division of eight days, which may be called a week. Longer periods of time were reckoned by a measure of five years (occasionally four) called the *lustrum,* the time elapsing between the taking of the censuses. Twenty-two *lustra* made a *saeculum,* the longest measure of time the Romans used.

1. *From Book I, January.* The Sementive festivals were held about the twenty-fourth of the month. Ovid says:

> Three or four times had I turned over the calendar that marks out the seasons of observance, and yet no Sementive holiday was found by me; when the Muse (for she perceived my difficulty) said, "This festival is announced by proclamation; why dost thou seek from the calendar to find a movable feast? And yet, although the day of the festival is unfixed, the season is fixed; it is when the ground is impregnated with the scattered seed."

Bedecked with garlands, stand at the well-filled stall, ye oxen; with the warm spring your task shall return. Let the farmer hang on its peg the plow discharged from service; the cold ground shudders at an incision. Do, farmer, give some rest to the earth, now that seed-time is past; give some rest to the men, too, who have tilled the ground. Let the hamlet keep holiday; purify the village, ye swains, and to the hamlet's altars give your yearly cakes. Let Ceres and Tellus, mothers of the fruits, be propitiated with their own corn, and the entrails of a pregnant sow. Ceres and the earth discharge an united duty. The one supplies the origin of the crops, the other the situation. Partners in toil are they, by whom antiquity was civilized, and the acorn from the oak-tree was replaced by a more wholesome food. Glut the greedy husbandmen with boundless crops, that they may receive rewards worthy of their tillage. Give ye uninterrupted growth to the tender seed, and let not the shooting blade be withered during the cold snows. While we are sowing, clear the skies with cloudless breezes; when the seed is covered in, besprinkle it with the rain of heaven. And do ye take heed that the birds, a nuisance to the tilled fields, do not in mischievous flocks lay waste the gifts of Ceres. You, too, ye ants, spare the grain when sown; after the harvest there will be a better opportunity for plunder. Meanwhile, let the standing corn spring up free from the leprous mildew, and let not the sickly crop grow wan from the distempered atmosphere; neither let it pine away from meagerness, nor let it, too luxuriant and all run to blade, perish by its own rankness. Let the fields also be clear of darnel that weakens the eyes, and let not the sterile wild oat rise in the cultivated soil. Let the land return, with heavy interest, the produce of the wheat and the barley, and the spelt destined twice to endure the fire. These wishes do I entertain for you, these wishes entertain for yourselves, ye husbandmen, and may either goddess render these prayers efficient. Wars long engaged mankind; the sword was more handy than the plowshare, and the plowing bull

gave place to the charger. Then the hoes used to lie idle, the spades were turned into pikes, and from the ponderous harrow the helmet was wrought. Thanks to the gods and to thy house! wars long since bound in chains lie prostrate under our feet. Let the ox come beneath the yoke, and the seed beneath the plowed soil. Peace nurtures Ceres; Ceres is the nursling of Peace.

But on the day which is the sixth before the approaching calends, their temple was dedicated to the gods, the sons of Leda. The brothers sprung from the race of the gods erected it in honor of the divine brothers, near the lake of Juturna. My song itself now brings me to the altar of Peace. This will be the second day from the end of the month. Come hither, O Peace, with thy well arranged tresses encircled with Actian boughs, and in thy gentleness take up thy abode through the whole world. While there are no foes, let there be no occasion for triumph; thou shalt be to our chieftains a boast greater than war. Let the soldier bear arms, only for the purpose of putting down the use of arms. By the wildly sounding trumpet let no blast be sounded but that of the pageant. Let all the earth, far and near, dread the descendants of Aeneas; and if there shall be any land that dreads not Rome, then let it love her. Throw, ye priests, the incense on the fires lighted in honor of Peace, and let the white victim fall, with stricken forehead. Entreat too, the gods inclining to your hallowed prayers, that the family which gives us peace may equal her in eternal duration.

2. *From Book II, February.* The anniversary of the death of the Fabii occurred on the thirteenth of February, and its occasion is thus described:

On the Ides the altars of the rustic Faunus smoke, here where the island breaks the parted waters. This was that day on which, on the plains of Veii, three hundred and six Fabii fell. One house had taken upon

itself the strength and burden of the whole city; the hands of one family take up arms volunteered by them; each goes forth a high-born soldier from that camp out of which each one was fitted to go forth a general. The nearest route is by the right-hand side passage of the gate of Carmenta. Whoever you are, pass not through it; it has an evil omen. Tradition says, that by that gate the three hundred Fabii went forth. The gate is free from blame, but yet it has a bad omen. When with rapid step they reached the swiftly rolling Cremera (it was flowing swollen by the rains of the winter); they pitch their camp on the plain; they themselves, with drawn swords, rush through the Tuscan lines with vigorous onset. Just as when, from the Libyan crag, the lions rush upon the flocks scattered throughout the wide fields. The enemy fly in all directions, and on their backs receive disgraceful wounds; the earth is reddened with Etrurian blood. Once more, and again they fall. When it is not possible for them to conquer in open fight, they prepare a stratagem, and the resources of ambush. There was a plain; hills, and a forest well fitted to harbor the wild beasts of the mountain, shut in the extremities of it. In the midst of this plain they leave a few men, and the herds scattered here and there; the rest of the troops lie hid, concealed in the underwood. Lo! as a torrent, swollen by a deluge of rain, or by the snow which flows melted by the warmth of the Zephyr, is borne over the sown fields and the highways, and no longer, as it was wont, confines its current bounded by the margin of its banks; so do the Fabii fill the valley with their straggling sallies, and the few they see they despise; they have no apprehension from any other quarter. Whither rush ye, noble house? It is unsafe to trust a foe, unsuspecting nobles, beware of the weapons of treachery—valor perishes by stratagem; from every part the enemy springs forth into the open plain, and encompasses every side. What can a few brave men do against so many thousands? or what expedient have they that they can avail themselves of in the moment of dis-

tress? As the wild boar chased in the Laurentine woods afar scatters with his tusk like the lightning the swift hounds, yet soon he dies himself; so do they perish, but not unavenged; and they deal and suffer wounds with mutual blows.

One day had sent forth to battle all the Fabii; one day cut off those sent, yet it is worthy of belief that the gods themselves provided that there should survive some seed of the house of Hercules. For a boy of tender years and unserviceable for war alone of the Fabian house had been left behind; doubtless to the end that thou Fabius Maximus mightest in future times be born; by whom, through procrastination, the Republic might be preserved.

3. *From Book III, March.* On the seventeenth of March at the Liberalia, celebrated in honor of Bacchus, the people offered cakes and honey to him. The origin of the custom in the latter case is thus described by Ovid:

He was journeying from the sandy Hebrus, attended by the Satyrs (my tale contains no unpleasing humor); and they had now reached Rhodope and the flowery Pangaeum. The cymbal-bearing hands of his attendants join in united clash. Behold, winged insects, till then unknown, flock together at the tinkling, and on whichever side the brass sends forth its sounds the bees follow. Bacchus collects them as they wander, and shuts them in a hollow tree; and he enjoys the reward of the discovery of honey. Soon as the Satyrs, and Silenus, the bald-headed old man, tasted its flavor, they were seeking through the whole grove for the yellow honeycombs. The old man hears the buzzing of a swarm in a decayed elm; he spies, too, the combs, but declares that he has made no such discovery. And as he is lazily lolling on the back of his bending ass, he guides him close to the elm and its hollow bark; he himself, then, stands up above his ass, resting on the branchy trunk, and now is

engaged in greedily seeking the honey hoarded in the trunk. Thousands of hornets fly together, and fix deep their stings in his bare pate, and mark the surface of his countenance. He tumbles headlong, and is struck by the hoof of the ass; and then he calls aloud on his companions, and entreats assistance. The Satyrs run to the spot, and laugh at the swollen face of their parent; he limps about from the blow on his knee. The god himself laughs too, and teaches him how to apply mud to the stings; he follows his advice, and with mud bedaubs his face. The father enjoys the honey, and with justice do we offer to its discoverer the white honey poured over the warm cake.

At the same time the youth assumed the *toga virilis* because of reasons given by Ovid:

It remains for me to discover why the gown of freedom is given to the youths upon thy day, fair Bacchus; whether it is that thou thyself always seemest to be both a boy and a young man, and thy age is midway between the two; or that because thou art a father, fathers commit their sons, their pledges, to thy care and providence; or that because thou art "Liber," the "vestis libera" (*the dress of freedom*) is assumed under thy patronage, and the course of a life of more liberty is commenced; or perhaps it is, because, when the ancients cultivated the fields with more attention, and the senator on the farm of his forefathers followed up the business of agriculture, and the consul received the fasces coming from the crooked plow, and it was no imputation on one's character to have hard-skinned hands, then the rustic population used to come to the games into the city; but that compliment was paid to the gods, and not to their own private inclination. The discoverer of the grape used to hold the games on his own holiday, which now he holds in common with the torch-bearing goddess. That therefore the multitude might do honor to the youth commencing man, the day seemed not unsuitable for conferring the gown of freedom.

4. *From Book IV, April.* The horse races in the Circus were held on the nineteenth. "Here let one tell, why foxes on the rails, Run loose with fire links at their backs and tails:"

Cold was the land at Carseoli, and not fit for the production of the olive, but a soil naturally fertile in corn. By this way, was I journeying to the land of the Peligni, the country of my birth, small, but ever watered by the constant rains. I entered the well-known abode of an old friend of mine; Phoebus had already taken the yoke from off his exhausted steeds. He was wont to tell me many other things, and this story as well, by which my present work might be furnished with information. "In this plain," said he, pointing to the plain, "a frugal peasant woman, with her hardy husband, used to own a little bit of land. He used to work it himself, whether there was occasion for the use of the plow, or the curved sickle, or the spade. She sometimes used to sweep out the cottage supported on the buttress, and sometimes used to set the eggs to be hatched by the plumage of the parent bird; or now she is collecting the green mallows, or the white mushroom, or makes warm their humble hearth with the cheerful fire. And yet she finds time and employs her arms at the web constantly plied by her, and thereby, she prepares a defense against the menaces of the winter. She had a son, sportive in the dawn of life; he had added two years to two 'lustra.' He catches a fox in a sloping corner at the end of the willow grove: she had carried off many a bird from their poultry yard. He wraps the captive in stubble and hay, and sets fire to her; she escapes from his hands, as he is applying the fire. Wherever she flies, she sets in a blaze the fields, at that time clothed with the harvest; the breeze gives strength to the all-consuming flames. The occurrence has long since passed away: the recollection of it still remains; for, even to this day, does the law of Carseoli forbid a she-fox when caught to be suffered to live; and that this tribe may atone for their fault,

they are set on fire on the festival of Ceres, and perish in the very manner in which the one that I have mentioned destroyed the standing corn."

5. *From Book V, May.* Early in May were held festivals, the origin of which is told by Flora herself, and "while she was speaking, she breathed forth the vernal roses from her mouth:"

I, who now am called Flora, was once called Chloris. The Greek spelling of my name became corrupted by the Latin pronunciation. I was Chloris, a Nymph of the blessed plains, where, as thou hast heard, was formerly the abode of the blessed men. How great was my beauty it is irksome to one of my modesty to tell; but it procured a god as a son-in-law for my mother. 'Twas spring; I was roaming about: Zephyrus beheld me. I walked on; he followed me: I fled; he proved the stronger. Boreas too had given to his brother a full precedent for violence, when he dared to bear off his prize from the house of Erectheus. Yet he made amends for his violence by giving me the name of wife, and in my married state I have no ground for complaint. I enjoy perpetual spring; to me the year is always most beauteous; the tree always bears its foliage; the earth its herbage. A fruitful garden in the fields of my dowry is mine; the breeze cherishes it; it is irrigated by a spring of trickling water. This my husband has filled with flowers of the choicest kinds, and he says, "Do thou, Goddess, rule the empire of the flowers." Oft-times have I desired to reckon the tints as they were arranged, and I could not: their multitude exceeded all number. When first the dewy rime has been dashed from the leaves, and the variegated flowers warm in the beams of the sun, the Seasons arrayed in painted robes assemble, and gather my presents into their light baskets. Forthwith, to them are added the Graces, and they plait the chaplets, and the garlands, destined to bind their

heavenly locks. I was the first to spread the new seed throughout the unlimited nations; before then the earth was of but one tint. I was the first to create the flower of the Therapaean blood, and the complaint still remains that is written on its leaf. Thou too, Narcissus, hast a name throughout the cultivated garden—unhappy in thy fate, that thou didst not in thy own person form two individuals! Why should I tell of Crocus or Attis, or the son of Cinyras, from whose blood by my art their fame arises in the shape of a flower?

On the fourteenth of the month images of straw were thrown into the Tiber. Ovid has this to say of the origin of the custom:

On this day, too, the Vestal virgin is wont to throw from the oak-built bridge the images of the ancient men, platted in rushes. He who has formed a belief that aged men, after their sixtieth year, were put to death by them, charged our ancestors with wanton cruelty. The tradition is an old one: at the time when this was called the Saturnian land, these were the words of the prophetic god:—"Ye nations, throw two bodies in sacrifice to the sickle-bearing aged god, to be caught by the Etrurian stream." Until the Tirynthian came to these fields, each year was the cruel sacrifice performed with the Leucadian rites. They say that he was the first to throw into the stream citizens made of bundles of straw; and that, after the example of Hercules, fictitious bodies are still so thrown. Some think that, with the view that they alone might enjoy the right of suffrage, the youths did fling from the bridges the infirm old men. Tiber, teach me the truth; thy bank is of higher antiquity than the City; thou hast the opportunity of well knowing the origin of the ceremony. Tiber raises his head crowned with reeds from the midst of his channel, and in such accents opens his hoarse mouth:—"I have beheld this place, a lonely piece of pasture land, without walls; each of my banks used to feed the straggling cattle; and I, that Tiber which all nations now know and hold in dread.

then was an object, even to the flocks, unworthy of notice. The name of Arcadian Evander is ofttimes mentioned to thee; he, as a stranger, dashed my waters with his oars. There came, too, Alcides, attended by a Grecian multitude. Then, if I remember aright, Albula was my name. The hero of Pallantium receives the youth with hospitality, and the punishment which was his due falls at length upon Cacus. The conqueror departs, and with him carries away the kine, the booty of Erythea; but his followers refuse to proceed any further; a great part of them had come having left Argos behind; in these mountains they establish their hopes and their home. Yet many a time are they influenced by sweet love of their fatherland, and as he dies, oft does some one of them enjoin this slight task—'Throw my body into the Tiber, that, carried by the waves of the river, I, become lifeless dust, may go to the Inachian shore.' The care of providing such a tomb as he enjoined displeases his heir; the corpse of the stranger is buried in Ausonian ground; a rush-made image is thrown into the Tiber instead of the master of the family, that over the wide seas it may return to a Grecian home." Thus much he said; when he descended into his grottoes, dripping from the natural rock, you, ye lightly flowing streams, withheld your current.

A prayer is said by the tradesmen at the festival of Mercury, held on the fifteenth:

The fountain of Mercury is near the Capenian gate: if we may believe those who have experienced it, it has a divine efficacy. Hither comes the tradesman, having a girdle round his robes, and, in a state of purity, he draws some of the water, to carry it away in a perfumed urn; in this a laurel branch is dipped, and with the wet laurel are sprinkled all the things which are intended to change owners. He sprinkles his own hair, too, with the dripping bough, and runs through his prayers in a voice accustomed to deceive. "Wash away the perjuries of past time," says he: "wash away my lying

words of the past day, whether I have made thee to attest for me, or whether I have invoked the great Godhead of Jove, whom I did not intend to listen to me. Or if I have knowingly deceived any other of the gods, or any goddess, let the swift breezes bear away my wicked speeches. Let there be no trace left of my perjuries on the morrow, and let not the gods care whatever I may choose to say. Do but give me profits; give me the delight that rises from gain, and grant that it may be lucrative to me to impose on my customers." From on high, Mercury laughs at his worshiper while making such requests as these, remembering that once on a time he himself stole the Ortygian kine.

6. *From Book VI, June.* Even in those days June was the month for brides. Little is known of the daughter Ovid mentions:

I have a daughter (and long, I pray, may she survive my years), as long as she is in comfort I shall ever be happy. When I was wishful to bestow her on a son-in-law, I inquired what period was proper for the nuptial torch, and what time should be shunned. Then June was pointed out to me as being, after the sacred Ides, lucky for brides, and lucky for their husbands. The first part of this month was found to be ill-suited for nuptials; for thus did the holy wife of the Flamen Dialis say to me, "Until the gently flowing Tiber shall have borne on his yellow waters, to the deep, the cleansings from the shrine of Ilian Vesta, it is not lawful for me to comb, with the box-wood, my shorn locks, nor to pare my nails with the knife, nor to approach my husband's bed; although he is the priest of Jove, and although to me he has been given by an eternal compact. Be not thou in any haste; thy daughter will marry more auspiciously when the shrine of Vesta, Goddess of the Holy Fire, shall be graced with a cleansed floor."

XII. The "Tristia." The *Lament* of Ovid is in five books, which contain a total of

fifty elegies addressed to a number of different persons, including his wife and daughter. The second book is one long appeal to Augustus, and the whole *Lament* is filled with complaints and petitions which make one wish that Ovid might have had more self-control and risen above his grief and misery. However, there are some pleasing things, even in the *Laments,* for he shows a deep feeling for his wife and daughter and attachment to the friends that have proved faithful to him, and indulges in brilliant descriptions of people and experiences which would be highly entertaining were it not for the continual recurrence of the complaining note. Probably because of the bitterness of his experiences there is a sense of sincerity and reality to be obtained from many of the elegies that is impossible in his earlier poems, as for instance in such lines as the following:

When in my mind of that night the sorrowful vision arises,
Which was the end of my life spent in the city of Rome,
When I remember the night when I parted from all that was dearest,
Sadly a piteous tear falls even now from my eyes.

We have space for a few brief extracts only, which will show some of the diversified topics on which he writes. The first describes a storm at sea:

Wretched man that I am; in vain I waste my unavailing words: the heavy billows dash against my very lips as I speak. The raging South wind, too, sweeps

away my words, and does not allow my prayers to reach the gods to whom they are addressed. The same winds, for the reason that I may not be afflicted on one point only, bear away the sails and my prayers, whither I know not.

Ah, wretched me! What mountains of water are heaped aloft! You would think that this very instant they would reach the highest stars. What abysses yawn as the sea recedes! You would suppose that this very instant they would extend to black Tartarus. On whichever side you look, there is nothing but sea and sky; the one swelling with billows, the other lowering with clouds. Between the two, the winds rage in fearful hurricane. The waves of the ocean know not which master to obey. For at one moment, Eurus gathers strength from the glowing East, at another instant comes Zephyrus, sent from the evening West. At one time, the icy Boreas comes raging from the dry North; at another, the South wind wages battle with adverse front. The steersman is at fault: and he knows not what to avoid, or what course to take. Skill itself is at a loss amid these multiplied evils.

In truth, we are on the verge of destruction, and there is no hope of safety, but a fallacious one; as I speak, the sea dashes o'er my face. The waves will overwhelm this breath of mine, and in my throat, as it utters vain entreaties, shall I receive the waters that are to bring my doom.

Ah, wretched me! how the clouds glisten with the instantaneous flash. How dreadful the peal that reechoes from the sky of heaven. The timbers of our sides are struck by the waves, with blows no lighter than when the tremendous charge of the balista beats against the walls. The wave that now is coming on, o'ertops all the others; 'tis the one that comes after the ninth and before the eleventh.

The following is interesting because of the information concerning the *Metamorphoses:*

Pleasing is thy affection; but a more faithful likeness are my verses, which, such as they are, I bid thee read; verses that celebrate the changed forms of men; a work that the wretched exile of its master cut short. These, at my departure, like a good many more of my works, did I myself, in my sorrow, throw into the flames with my own hand. As the daughter of Thestius is said to have burnt her son by means of the brand, and to have proved a better sister than mother, so did I place the innocent books, my offspring, on the blazing pile, to perish with myself. 'Twas either because I held in abhorrence the Muses, as being the causes of my condemnation; or because my poem was still imperfect, and in an unpolished state. But since these have not been utterly destroyed, but are in existence (I believe that they were written out in several copies), I now pray that they may still exist, and delight the leisure of the reader, not idly spent, and may put him in remembrance of me.

In many places Ovid defends himself and intimates that his banishment was unjust. Sometimes he tells of the things he has not done, as in the following lines:

No one have I pulled to pieces in spiteful verses, nor does my poetry contain a charge against any one. In my innocence, I have abstained from witticisms steeped in gall; not a letter is there tainted with a venomous sarcasm. Among so many thousands of our people, so many thousands of our writings, I am the only one whose own Muse has been his ruin. I do not suppose, then, that any Roman will rejoice at my misfortunes, but rather, that many have taken them to heart. It transcends my belief, that any one could trample on me, when prostrate, if any regard has been had to my innocence.

The thought of death is frequently present to him, and in one instance he writes his own epitaph:

Yet do you cause my bones to be brought back in a little urn, and thus I shall not be an exile, even when dead. No one forbids thee. The Theban sister placed her slain brother in the tomb, even when the King forbade it. And do you mingle them with leaves and powdered amomum, and place them, when inurned, in the ground near the City. And cut an inscription in large characters on the marble of my tomb, which the traveler may read with glancing eye:—"I who lie here, the poet Naso, the sportive composer of tender loves, was undone through my own genius. And let it not be a hardship for thee, the passer-by, who has felt what is love, to say, 'May the bones of Naso repose here in peace.'"

This is enough for my inscription; for, indeed, my books are greater and more lasting memorials of me. And these, I trust, although they have injured him, will give fame and lasting years to the author. But do you perform the funereal rites for me when dead, and offer chaplets wet with your tears. Although the fire shall have changed my body into ashes, yet the sad dust will be sensible of your pious affection.

One of the many tributes to his friends is the following:

The extent of my acquaintanceship with thee was not great, so that thou mightst have concealed it without any difficulty, hadst thou not united me to thyself in closer ties, while my bark, perchance, sped on with favoring gales. When I fell, and all fled through fear of my wreck, and turned their backs upon my acquaintanceship, thou didst dare to touch a body struck by the bolts of Jove, and to enter the threshold of a woe-stricken house. And that, thou, a recent acquaintance, and known by no prolonged intimacy, didst do, which scarcely two or three of my old friends did for wretched me. I beheld thy alarmed countenance, and I marked what I saw. I beheld thy face bedewed with tears, and more pale than my own; and, seeing thy tears as they fell at each word, I drank in those tears with my face, those words with

my ears. I felt, too, thy arms, as they hung around my sorrowing neck, and thy kisses, mingled with the sound of thy sobs. By thy efforts, too, Carus, in my absence, am I defended. Thou knowest that Carus is put in the stead of thy real name. I receive, besides, many tokens of thy evident kindness, that will never be effaced from my heart. May the Gods grant thee power ever to defend thy friends, and mayst thou assist them on a more fortunate occasion.

His physical condition is often the subject of his writing:

Neither the climate, nor the water, nor the soil, nor the air agrees with me, and a perpetual weakness pervades my body. Whether it is that the contagion of a diseased mind affects my limbs, or whether the cause of my illness lies in the situation of the place: soon as I arrived in Pontus, sleeplessness distressed me; my leanness scarcely kept my bones covered, and food became repulsive to my palate. That hue which exists in leaves smitten with the first cold in autumn, and which the fresh-come winter has nipped, the same do my limbs present. I obtain relief by no medicines, and some occasion for complaining misery is never wanting.

A vivid description is this of winter:

But when dire winter has put forth his rugged face, and the earth has become white with ice, hard as marble; when Boreas is at liberty, and snow has been sent upon the regions under the Bear; then it is true that these nations are distressed by a shivering climate. The snow lies deep; and as it lies, neither sun nor rains melt it; Boreas hardens it, and makes it endure for ever: hence, when the former ice has not yet melted, fresh succeeds, and in many a place it is wont to last for two years.

So great is the strength of the North wind, when aroused, that it levels high towers with the ground, and carries off roofs borne away: the inhabitants poorly defend themselves from the cold by skins and sewn trou-

sers; and of the whole body, the face is the only part exposed. Often, the hair, as it is moved, rattles with the pendent icicle, and the white beard shines with the ice that has formed upon it. Liquid wine becomes solid, preserving the form of the vessel: they do not quaff draughts of liquor, but pieces which are presented.

Why shall I mention how the frozen rivers become hard, and how brittle water is dug out of the streams. The Danube itself, which, no narrower than the river that bears the papyrus, mingles, through many mouths with the vast ocean, freezes as the winds harden its azure streams, and it rolls to the sea with covered waters; where ships had gone, they now walk on foot; and the hoof of the horse strikes the waters hardened by freezing. Sarmatian oxen drag the uncouth wagons along unwonted bridges, as the waters roll beneath; indeed, I shall scarcely be believed; but inasmuch as there is no profit in untruths, an eye-witness ought to receive full confidence. I have seen the vast sea frozen with ice, and a slippery crust covered over the unmoved waters. To have seen it is not enough: I have trod upon the hardened ocean, and the surface of the water was under my foot, not wetted by it. If, Leander, in days of old thou hadst had such a sea, thy death would not have been a charge laid against the narrow stream. At that time, too, the curved dolphins cannot raise themselves to the air; the severity of the winter hinders them striving to do so; and, although Boreas resounds with agitated wings, there is not a wave on the sea then blocked up. The ships stand, hemmed in by the frost, as though by marble, and no oar can cleave the stiffened water.

His birthday is the subject of a peculiarly pathetic wail:

Behold, my birthday comes round at its usual time; needless, indeed, for of what use to me was it to be born? Why, in thy cruelty, didst thou come, an addition to the wretched years of the exile? Thou oughtst rather to have put an end to them. If thou hadst had

any care of me, or had there been any shame in thee, thou wouldst not have accompanied me beyond my country. In the place where first I was unfortunately known to thee as an infant, in that same thou wouldst have tried to be my last. Thou, too, in thy sorrow, wouldst have said farewell (as said my friends) in the City, when now about to be left by me.

What hast thou in common with Pontus? Has the wrath of Caesar sent thee as well, to the extreme region of the freezing climates? Dost thou expect, forsooth, the honor of thy wonted tribute, and that the white robe should hang from my shoulders? that the smoking altar should be girt with flowery chaplets? that the morsel of frankincense should crackle in the flames? that I should offer the sacrificial cakes to mark the day of my birth? and that I should give utterance to auspicious prayers, my lips uttering words of good omen? I am not so situated; and my circumstances are not such that I can be joyful at thy arrival. A funereal pyre, wretched with the mournful cypress, and flames prepared on the erected pile befit me. I choose not to offer the frankincense that fails to conciliate the gods; and words of good omen occur not to me, amid evils so great. If, however, any thing can be gained by me on this day, I pray thee never to return in these regions, so long as Pontus, almost the remotest spot in the earth, and wrongly called by the name of Euxinus, retains me.

In one elegy Ovid gives a rather lengthy account of his early life, from which we quote the following:

I was not the eldest son; I was born after my brother, whose birth was thrice four months before mine. The same light-bearing day was the birthday of us both; one day was honored by two sacrificial cakes. This day is one of the five festival days of the armed Minerva, the one that is wont to be the first stained with gladiatorial blood. When young, we were attentively educated, and, through the care of our father, we resorted to men in the

Roman City distinguished in the arts. My brother had a turn for eloquence from his earliest years, born, as it were, to the vigorous warfare of the wordy Forum. But, while yet a boy, the rites of the heaven-born maids delighted me, and imperceptibly the Muse attracted me to her vocation. Many a time did my father say, "Why are you striving at a worthless pursuit? Even the Maeonian bard himself left no wealth." I was influenced by his words; and having entirely deserted Helicon, I endeavored to write words disengaged from poetic measures. Spontaneously, my lines ran according to befitting numbers, and whatever I tried to express, the same was poetry.

In the meantime, as years rolled on with silent pace, the gown of freedom was assumed by my brother and myself. The purple with the broad hem was put on our shoulders, and the attachment which before existed still remained. And now my brother had lived twice ten years, when he died; and then was I first deprived of one half of myself. I enjoyed, too, the first honors that belong to a tender age, and once I formed one of the Triumviri. The Senate-house still remained; the breadth of my distinctive hem was still restricted: that was a burden too onerous for my shoulders. My body was not fitted for labor, my mind could not endure fatigue, and I was one who shunned the anxieties of ambition. The Aonian sisters, too, persuaded me to seek a repose free from care, that had been always courted by my inclination.

I loved and I honored the poets of those days; and as many bards as there were, I thought them to be so many gods.

. . . . . .

When first I recited my juvenile poems before the people, my beard had been shaved but once or twice. Corinna (so called by a fictitious name), the subject of song throughout the whole City, had imparted a stimulus to my genius. Much did I write, but what I considered faulty, I myself committed to the all-correcting flames.

At the time, too, when I was banished, I burnt some things that would have afforded amusement, being enraged both with my pursuits and with my verses.

My heart was tender, and not proof against the darts of Cupid, and a slight cause could easily affect it. And yet, though this was my nature, and I caught fire with the slightest flame, there never was any scandalous story attached to my name. While yet but almost a boy, a wife was given me, neither worthy of me, nor good for anything; she was married to me but a very short time. A wife succeeded her, who, though without any fault, was not destined long to be united to me. My last, who remained with me up to my later years, has endured to be the wife of a banished man. My daughter, who twice bore children in her early youth, but not by the same husband, made me a grandfather.

And now my father had completed his allotted time, and to nine "lustra" had added nine other "lustra." I bewailed him in no other degree than he would have bewailed me, if carried off. I performed the prescribed funereal rites for my mother, immediately after him. Happy were they both, and timely in their burial, that they died before the day of my punishment! Fortunate, too, am I, that I am wretched when they no longer live, and that they had no misery on my account! But yet, if anything remains to the dead besides their name, and if the unsubstantial ghost survives the erected pile, if the news about me reaches you, shades of my parents, and if my offenses are taken cognizance of in the Stygian hall of judgment; understand, I pray (and you I may not deceive), that error was the cause of my prescribed exile, and not criminality.

The birthday of his wife suggested the following elegy:

The yearly birthday demands the wonted honor for its mistress: turn, my hands, to the rites of affection. Thus, perhaps, in former days, the hero, son of Laertes, celebrated the festive day of his wife at the extremity of

the earth. Let an auspicious tongue be used, forgetting my protracted woes: it, I doubt, has quite forgotten by this, how to utter words of happiness. Let, too, the white dress be assumed (not according in its hue with my lot), which is put on by me but once a year. Let the altar, too, be erected, green with the grassy turf; and let the wreath, bound to it, veil the warm hearth. Boy, give me the frankincense, that makes the strong flame, and wine to hiss when poured on the flame lighted by affection. Dearest natal day! Although we are far distant, I wish thee to come hither in white array, and unlike to mine. And if any direful calamity impended on thy mistress, let her have suffered it for all future time in my misfortunes. And let the bark, which has lately been more than shattered by a dreadful storm, for the future, speed onward through the sea in safety. May she enjoy her home, the society of her daughter, and her country; let it suffice for her to be torn from me only. And since she is not blessed in her beloved husband, let the other portion of her life be without a cloud of sorrow. May she live, and may she love her husband far away, since this she is obliged to do; and may she fill her destined years, but after a prolonged life. I would add mine as well; but I am afraid, lest the contact of my destiny should taint the years that she is passing.

There is nothing sure to mortals. Who could have supposed that it would come to pass, that I should be celebrating these rites in the midst of the Getae? But see how the breeze wafts the smoke, arising from the frankincense, towards the regions of Italy, and the lands on my right hand. There is sense, then, in the clouds which the fire raises; almost everything else refuses to second my purpose. Designedly, when the common rites were being performed on the altar, for the brothers who perished by each other's hand, did the black ashes, at variance, divide themselves into two parts, as though at their command. This I remember, I was wont formerly to say, could not happen; and, in my opinion, the son

of Battus spoke not the truth. Now, I believe it all: when thou, conscious smoke, fliest from the North, and takest the direction of Ausonia. This, then, is the day; and had this not risen, no festival would there have been to be seen by me. This day gave birth to virtues equal to those of the heroines, of whom Eetion and Icarius were the fathers. Then was chastity, morality, honesty, and fidelity brought forth: but on this day joyousness was not produced: but toil, and care, and a destiny unsuited to her virtues, and just complaints of a union almost widowed.

In truth, probity, harassed by adversity, furnishes a subject for praise in its day of sorrow. Had the hardy Ulysses seen nothing of adversity, Penelope would have been happy, but unknown to fame. If the hero Capaneus had victoriously penetrated to the citadel of Echion, perhaps her own land would scarcely have known of Evadne. When so many daughters of Pelias were born, why is but one famous? It is because she only was married to an unfortunate husband. Make it so that another should be the first to touch the Trojan sands; there would then be nothing for Laodamia to be mentioned for. And your affection would have remained unknown, as I should have preferred, if favoring breezes had filled my sails.

And yet, O ye gods, and thou, Caesar, to be added to the number of the gods, but at a far distant period, when thy life has equaled in number the Pylian days of Nestor; spare, not me, who confess that I have deserved punishment, but her, who sorrows when she is deserving of no sadness.

Often he speaks of the people he meets, and in some instances there seems justification for his unhappiness and fear:

Innumerable tribes around are threatening cruel warfare; tribes which deem it a disgrace not to live by rapine. Outside, nothing is safe; the hill is but poorly defended by small fortifications, and the resources of

the place. When you would least expect it, the enemy, in a dense mass, like birds, is flying down upon you, and, before he is well seen, is driving off his prey. Often do we pick up in the midst of the streets their dangerous arrows, that have come within the fortifications, when the gates have been shut. There are few, therefore, that dare to live out in the country; and they, wretched people, plow with one hand, and hold their arms with the other. Covered with a helmet, the shepherd plays on his oaten pipe, joined with pitch; and, instead of the wolf, the timid sheep are in dread of war. By the aid of the citadel, we are hardly defended; and even within, a multitude of the barbarians, mixed with the Greeks, causes apprehension. It is, because the barbarians live together with us, no distinction being made; and they occupy the greater portion of the houses. Even if you did not fear them, you would be disgusted, on seeing their foreheads covered with skins and long hair. Even those, who are supposed to derive their origin from the Grecian city, the Persian trousers cover, instead of the dress of their country. They enjoy the intercourse of a common language; by gestures, anything must be signified to me. Here it is I who am the barbarian, because by no one am I understood: the stupid Getae laugh at Latin words. Many a time, before my face, do they speak ill of me in safety, and perhaps are reproaching me with my banishment; and as often as by signs I assent or dissent when they are speaking, just as it happens, they always suppose something to my disadvantage. Besides, iniquitous retaliation is dealt with the cruel sword, and wounds are often inflicted in the middle of the court of justice. Oh, cruel Lachesis, who hast not given a shorter thread of life to one who has a star so disastrous.

XIII. The "Ex Ponto." The Pontic epistles of Ovid fill four books, and are so monotonous in their complaints and so full of the appeals for forgiveness, a mitigation of his punishment, or at least that his banishment

might be to some other place, that to read them is wearisome in the extreme. He calls upon every friend he can think of, flatters them all freely, and begs them to intercede for him with Augustus. He makes many allusions to the cause of his banishment, but is never specific concerning it, though he appears to admit that the offense was serious and the punishment just, an inference we are inclined to credit because at no time is there any sign of forgiveness on the part of Augustus. Some notion of the abjectness of his attitude may be gained from the following extract from the first epistle:

But do not suppose that, either because I have deserved, or have experienced the anger of the Prince, he is unwilling that he should be worshiped by me. I have beheld one who confessed that he had offended the Divinity of Isis, clothed in linen, sitting before the altars of Isis; another, deprived of his sight for a fault like his, was crying, in the middle of the road, that he had deserved it. The inhabitants of heaven rejoice that such public declarations are made, that they may prove by testimony how great is the extent of their power. Often do they mitigate the punishment, and restore the sight that has been taken away, when they see that a man has truly repented of his error. Great, oh! great is my penitence (if credence can be given to any of the wretched); and I am agonized by my fault! Though my exile afflicts me, my error afflicts me still more; and to endure punishment is less grievous than to have been deserving of it. Even should the gods, among whom Augustus himself is most conspicuous, show favor to me, the punishment, indeed, may be removed, but the fault will last for ever. Death, assuredly, will cause me to be no longer an exile, when it shall have come; but

death will not, as well, make me not to have committed a sin. It is not, then, to be wondered at, if my mind, wasting away, melts like the water that trickles from the snow. It is consumed, like a ship infected with the hidden wood-worm; and as the wave of the salt sea hollows out the rocks; as the iron, when thrown by, is corroded by the scaly rust; as the book that has been shut up is gnawed by the bite of the moth; so does my heart feel the eternal remorse of its cares, to be everlastingly affected thereby. These stings will not leave my mind sooner than my life; and he that grieves, will cease to exist, before his grief will cease.

We have space for but one other selection, and that describes the approach of old age and shows how his selfishness appears, even in an affectionate address to his wife:

My declining years are now besprinkled with gray hairs; and the wrinkle of old age now seams my countenance; now vigor and strength are growing languid in my exhausted frame; and those amusements which delighted me when a youth, delight me no longer. If you were to behold me on a sudden, you would not recognize me, so great has been the decline of my age. I confess that length of years causes this; but there is, too, another cause; anxiety of mind, and eternal care. For, were any one to distribute my woes through a length of years (believe me), I should be older than Nestor of Pylos. You see how, in the rugged fields, hard work weakens the strong bodies of the oxen; and what is stronger than an ox? The soil which has never been accustomed to rest in the repose of the fallow, wearied with continually producing, grows old. If a horse shall be always engaging in the contests of the Circus, without the intermission of any of the races, he will die. Although a ship be strong, she will go to pieces at sea, if she is never dry, and free from the action of the flowing water. An endless series of troubles wears me away,

too, and, before my time, forces me to be an old man. Repose gives nourishment to the body; the mind, too, is refreshed by it: on the other hand, immoderate care consumes them both. . . . . You, too, whom I left still young at my departure from the City, I can believe to have grown old under my calamities. Oh, grant it, ye gods, that I may be enabled to see you, even if such, and to give the joyous kiss on each cheek in its turn; and to embrace your emaciated body in my arms, and to say, " 'Twas anxiety, on my account, that caused this thinness;" and, weeping, to recount in person my sorrows to you in tears, and thus enjoy a conversation that I had never hoped for; and to offer the due frankincense, with grateful hand, to the Caesars, and to the wife that is worthy of a Caesar, Deities in real truth!

Oh, that the mother of Memnon, that Prince being softened, would with her rosy lips, speedily call forth that day.

XIV. THE "METAMORPHOSES." Under this curious title Ovid gives a compendium of the myths of Greece and Rome in so ingenious a manner that he conveys a vast amount of information concerning the learning, traditions, manners and customs of antiquity. So fertile a field has been cultivated extensively, translations into English, both in prose and verse, have been frequent, and it is not an exaggeration to say that most of our English poets and artists have known the *Metamorphoses* thoroughly. In writing these poems, the genius of Ovid was at its best, and they undoubtedly are the poet's greatest achievement. Fluency of narrative, brilliance of description and variety of expression charm the reader and intensify the interest of the wonderful tales.

The name *Metamorphoses* arises from the fact that Ovid selected for narration the tales in which gods or human beings, or even inanimate things, undergo a change, or transformation, as the poet himself says in his introductory lines:

> Of forms transmuted into bodies new
> My spirit moves to tell. Ye gods (for ye
> Did change them), lend my task your favoring breath,
> And to my times continuous lead the song.

It is certainly a remarkable poem from every point of view: it is overwhelmingly long, consisting of fifteen books; it contains so many stories that a list of them would be tedious; though it often shows Ovid's lack of earnestness and sincerity, yet frequently there are passages full of fire and pathos; the characters are often human and lifelike.

The greater part of the tales are Grecian, but toward the end there are many Roman stories, and the poem closes with an account of Julius Caesar's ascent to the gods, a prophecy of a similar fate for Augustus, and, finally, the following lines:

> And now my work is done; which not Jove's wrath,
> Nor fire, nor sword, nor all-consuming age
> Can e'er destroy. Let when it will that day,
> Which only o'er this body's frame has power,
> Make ending of my life's uncertain space;
> Yet shall the better part of me be borne
> Above the lofty stars through countless years,
> And ever undestroyed shall be my name.
> Where'er the Roman power o'er conquered lands
> Extends, shall I be read by many tongues,

And through all ages, if there's aught of truth
In prophecies of bards, my fame shall live.

It is impossible here to characterize the stories, and even to list them would be scarcely worth while. We can, however, produce a few extracts and perhaps one *Fable,* for so the poems are called, practically entire.

The story of Pyramus and Thisbe is literally rendered below, but here, as in similar instances, the reader will have to pass forgivingly over the apparent confusion in persons and the peculiar idioms, as characteristic of the Latin:

Pyramus and Thisbe, the one the most beauteous of youths, the other preferred before all the damsels that the East contained, lived in adjoining houses; where Semiramis is said to have surrounded her lofty city with walls of brick. The nearness caused their first acquaintance, and their first advances in love; with time their affection increased. They would have united themselves, too, by the tie of marriage, but their fathers forbade it. A thing which they could not forbid, they were both inflamed, with minds equally captivated. There is no one acquainted with it; by nods and signs, they hold converse. And the more the fire is smothered, the more, when so smothered, does it burn. The party-wall, common to the two houses, was cleft by a small chink, which it had got formerly, when it was built. This defect, remarked by no one for so many ages, you lovers (what does not love perceive?) first found out, and you made it a passage for your voices, and the accents of love used to pass through it in safety, with the gentlest murmur. Oftentimes, after they had taken their stations, Thisbe on one side, Pyramus on the other, and the breath of their mouths had been caught by turns, they used to say, "Envious wall, why dost thou stand in

the way of lovers? What great matter were it, for thee to suffer us to be joined? Or if that is too much, that, at least, thou shouldst open, for the exchange of kisses. Nor are we ungrateful; we confess that we are indebted to thee, that a passage has been given for our words to our loving ears." Having said thus much, in vain, on their respective sides, about night they said, "Farewell;" and gave those kisses each on his own side, which did not reach the other side.

The following morning had removed the fires of the night, and the Sun, with his rays, had dried the grass wet with rime, when they met together at the wonted spot. Then, first complaining much in low murmurs, they determine, in the silent night, to try to deceive their keepers, and to steal out of doors; and when they have left the house, to quit the buildings of the city as well; but that they may not have to wander, roaming in the open fields, to meet at the tomb of Ninus, and to conceal themselves beneath the shade of a tree. There was there a lofty mulberry tree, very full of snow-white fruit, quite close to a cold spring. The arrangement suits them; and the light, seeming to depart but slowly, is buried in the waters, and from the same waters the night arises. The clever Thisbe, turning the hinge, gets out in the dark, and deceives her attendants, and, having covered her face, arrives at the tomb, and sits down under the tree agreed upon; love made her bold. Lo! a lioness approaches, having her foaming jaws besmeared with the recent slaughter of oxen, about to quench her thirst with the water of the neighboring spring. The Babylonian Thisbe sees her at a distance, by the rays of the moon, and with a trembling foot she flies to a dark cave; and, while she flies, her veil falling from her back, she leaves it behind. When the savage lioness has quenched her thirst with plenteous water, as she is returning into the woods, she tears the thin covering, found by chance without Thisbe herself, with her blood-stained mouth.

Pyramus, going out later than Thisbe, saw the evident

footmarks of a wild beast, in the deep dust, and grew pale all over his face. But, as soon as he found her veil, as well, dyed with blood, he said: "One night will be the ruin of two lovers, of whom she was the most deserving of a long life. My soul is guilty; 'tis I that have destroyed thee, much to be lamented; who bade thee to come by night to places full of terror, and came not hither first. O, whatever lions are lurking beneath this rock, tear my body in pieces, and devour my accursed entrails with ruthless jaws. But it is the part of a coward to wish for death." He takes up the veil of Thisbe, and he takes it with himself to the shade of the tree agreed on, and, after he has bestowed tears on the well-known garment, he gives kisses to the same, and he says, "Receive, now, a draught of my blood as well!" and then plunges the sword, with which he is girt, into his bowels; and without delay, as he is dying, he draws it out of the warm wound. As he falls on his back upon the ground, the blood spurts forth on high, not otherwise than as when a pipe is burst on the lead decaying, and shoots out afar the liquid water from the hissing flaw, and cleaves the air with its jet. The fruit of the tree, by the sprinkling of the blood, are changed to a dark tint, and the root, soaked with the gore, tints the hanging mulberries with a purple hue. Behold! not yet having banished her fear, Thisbe returns, that she may not disappoint her lover, and seeks for the youth both with her eyes and her affection, and longs to tell him how great dangers she has escaped. And when she observes the spot, and the altered appearance of the tree, she doubts if it is the same, so uncertain does the color of the fruit make her. While she is in doubt, she sees palpitating limbs throbbing upon the bloody ground; she draws back her foot, and having her face paler than box-wood, she shudders like the sea, which trembles when its surface is skimmed by a gentle breeze. But, after pausing a time, she had recognized her own lover, she smote her arms, undeserving of such usage, and tearing her hair, and embracing the much-loved body, she filled

the gashes with her tears, and mingled her tokens of sorrow with his blood; and imprinting kisses on his cold features, she exclaimed, "Pyramus! what disaster has taken thee away from me? Pyramus! answer me; 'tis thy own Thisbe, dearest, that calls thee; hear me, and raise thy prostrate features."

At the name of Thisbe Pyramus raised his eyes, now heavy with death, and, after he had seen her, he closed them again. After she had perceived her own garment, and beheld, too, the ivory sheath without its sword, she said, "'Tis thy own hand, and love, that has destroyed thee, ill-fated youth! I, too, have a hand bold enough for this one purpose; I have love as well; this shall give me strength for the wound. I will follow thee in thy death, and I shall be called the most unhappy cause and companion of thy fate; and thou who, alas! couldst be torn from me by death alone, shalt not be able, even by death, to be torn from me. And you, O most wretched parents of mine and his, be but prevailed upon, in this one thing, by the entreaties of us both, that you will not deny those whom their constant love and whom their last moments have joined, to be buried in the same tomb. But thou, O tree, which now with thy boughs dost overshadow the luckless body of but one, art fated soon to cover those of two. Retain a token of this our fate, and ever bear fruit black and suited for mourning, as a memorial of the blood of us two." Thus she said; and having fixed the point under the lower part of her breast, she fell upon the sword, which still was reeking with his blood.

Her prayers, however, moved the gods, and moved their parents. For the color of the fruit, when it has fully ripened, is black; and what was left of them, from the funeral pile, reposed in the same urn.

The story of Pygmalion has been a favorite subject for artists, poets and dramatists. Ovid relates it in this manner:

Pygmalion, shocked at the vices which Nature had so

plentifully imparted to the female disposition, lived a single life without a wife, and for a long time was without a partner of his bed. In the meantime, he ingeniously carved a statue of snow-white ivory with wondrous skill; and gave it a beauty with which no woman can be born; and then conceived a passion for his own workmanship. The appearance was that of a real virgin, whom you might suppose to be alive, and if modesty did not hinder her, to be desirous to move; so much did art lie concealed under his skill. Pygmalion admires it, and entertains, within his breast, a flame for this fictitious body.

Often does he apply his hands to the work, to try whether it is a human body, or whether it is ivory; and yet he does not own it to be ivory. He gives it kisses, and fancies that they are returned, and speaks to it, and takes hold of it, and thinks that his fingers make an impression on the limbs which they touch, and is fearful lest a livid mark should come on her limbs when pressed. And one while he employs soft expressions, at another time he brings her presents that are agreeable to maidens, such as shells, and smooth pebbles, and little birds, and flowers of a thousand tints, and lilies, and painted balls, and tears of the Heliades, that have fallen from the trees. He decks her limbs, too, with clothing, and puts jewels on her fingers; he puts, too, a long necklace on her neck. Smooth pendants hang from her ears, and bows from her breast. All things are becoming to her; and she does not seem less beautiful than when naked. He places her on coverings dyed with the Sidonian shell, and calls her the companion of his bed, and lays down her reclining neck upon soft feathers, as though it were sensible.

A festival of Venus, much celebrated throughout all Cyprus, had now come; and heifers, with snow-white necks, having their spreading horns tipped with gold, fell, struck by the axe. Frankincense, too, was smoking, when, having made his offering, Pygmalion stood before the altar, and timorously said, "If ye gods can

grant all things, let my wife be, I pray." He did not dare to say "this ivory maid," but "like to this statue of ivory." The golden Venus, as she herself was present at her own festival, understood what that prayer meant; and as an omen of the Divinity being favorable, thrice was the flame kindled up, and it sent up a tapering flame into the air. Soon as he returned, he repaired to the image of his maiden, and, lying along the couch, he gave her kisses. She seems to grow warm. Again he applies his mouth; with his hands, too, he feels her breast. The pressed ivory becomes soft, and losing its hardness, yields to the fingers, and gives way, just as Hymettian wax grows soft in the sun, and being worked with the fingers is turned into many shapes, and becomes pliable by the very handling. While he is amazed, and is rejoicing, though with apprehension, and is fearing that he is deceived; the lover again and again touches the object of his desires with his hand. It is a real body; the veins throb, when touched with the thumb.

Then, indeed, the Paphian hero conceives in his mind the most lavish expressions, with which to give thanks to Venus, and at length presses lips, no longer fictitious, with his own lips. The maiden, too, feels the kisses given her, and blushes; and raising her timorous eyes towards the light of day, she sees at once her lover and the heavens. The goddess was present at the marriage thus effected.

When Aeneas returned from his visit to the infernal regions, which he had accomplished by the aid of the Cumaean Sibyl, he tells her that whether a goddess or a mortal she will always be to him a divinity. Whereupon she relates her story:

Neither am I a goddess, nor do thou honor a human being with the tribute of the holy frankincense. And, that thou mayst not err in ignorance, life eternal and without end was offered me, had I but yielded to Phoebus, in love with me. But while he was hoping for this, while

he was desiring to bribe me beforehand with gifts, he said: "Maiden of Cumae, choose whatever thou mayst wish, thou shalt gain thy wish." I, pointing to a heap of collected dust, inconsiderately asked that as many birthdays might be my lot, as the dust contained particles. It escaped me to desire as well, at the same time, years vigorous with youth. But yet he offered me these, and eternal youth, had I submitted to his desires. Having rejected the offers of Phoebus, I remain unmarried. But now my more vigorous years have passed by, and crazy old age approaches with its trembling step, and this must I long endure.

For thou beholdest me, having now lived seven ages; it remains for me to equal the number of particles of the dust; yet to behold three hundred harvests, and three hundred vintages. The time will come, when length of days will make me diminutive from a person so large; and when my limbs, wasted by old age, will be reduced to the most trifling weight. Then I shall not seem to have once been beloved, nor once to have pleased a god. Even Phoebus himself will, perhaps, not recognize me; or, perhaps, he will deny that he loved me. To that degree shall I be said to be changed; and though perceived by none, I shall still be recognized by my voice. My voice the Destinies will leave me.

Ovid relates the story of Baucis and Philemon in the following words:

The power of heaven is immense, and has no limits; and whatever the gods above will, 'tis done.

And that thou mayst the less doubt of this, there is upon the Phrygian hills, an oak near to the lime tree, enclosed by a low wall. I, myself, have seen the spot; for Pittheus sent me into the land of Pelops, once governed by his father, Pelops. Not far thence is a standing water, formerly habitable ground, but now frequented by cormorants and coots, that delight in fens. Jupiter came hither in the shape of a man, and together with his parent, the grandson of Atlas, Mercury, the bearer

of the Caduceus, having laid aside his wings. To a thousand houses did they go, asking for lodging and for rest. A thousand houses did the bolts fasten against them. Yet one received them, a small one indeed, thatched with straw, and the reeds of the marsh. But a pious old woman named Baucis, and Philemon of a like age, were united in their youthful years in that cottage, and in it, they grew old together; and by owning their poverty, they rendered it light, and not to be endured with discontented mind. It matters not, whether you ask for the masters there, or for the servants; the whole family are but two; the same persons both obey and command. When, therefore, the inhabitants of heaven reached this little abode, and, bending their necks, entered the humble door, the old man bade them rest their limbs on a bench set there; upon which the attentive Baucis threw a coarse cloth. Then she moves the warm embers on the hearth, and stirs up the fire they had had the day before, and supplies it with leaves and dry bark, and with her aged breath kindles it into a flame; and brings out of the house faggots split into many pieces, and dry bits of branches, and breaks them, and puts them beneath a small boiler. Some pot-herbs, too, which her husband has gathered in the well-watered garden, she strips of their leaves.

With a two-pronged fork Philemon lifts down a rusty side of bacon, that hangs from a black beam; and cuts off a small portion from the chine that has been kept so long; and when cut, softens it in boiling water. In the meantime, with discourse they beguile the intervening hours; and suffer not the length of time to be perceived. There is a beechen trough there, that hangs on a peg by its crooked handle; this is filled with warm water, and receives their limbs to refresh them. On the middle of the couch, its feet and frame being made of willow, is placed a cushion of soft sedge. This they cover with cloths, which they have not been accustomed to place there but on festive occasions; but even these cloths are coarse and old, though not unfitting for a couch of willow.

The gods seat themselves. The old woman, wearing an apron, and shaking with palsy, sets the table before them. But the third leg of the table is too short; a potsherd, placed beneath, makes it equal. After this, being placed beneath, has taken away the inequality, green mint rubs down the table thus made level. Here are set the double-tinted berries of the chaste Minerva, and cornel-berries, gathered in autumn, and preserved in a thin pickle; endive, too, and radishes, and a large piece of curdled milk, and eggs, that have been gently turned in the slow embers; all served in earthenware. After this, an embossed goblet of similar clay is placed there; cups, too, made of beech wood, varnished, where they are hollowed out, with yellow wax.

There is now a short pause; the fire then sends up the warm repast; and wine kept no long time, is again put on; and then, set aside for a little time, it gives place to the second course. Here are nuts, and here are dried figs mixed with wrinkled dates, plums too, and fragrant apples in wide baskets, and grapes gathered from the purple vines. In the middle there is white honey-comb. Above all, there are welcome looks, and no indifferent and niggardly feelings. In the meanwhile, as oft as Baucis and the alarmed Philemon behold the goblet, when drunk off, replenish itself of its own accord, and the wine increase of itself, astonished at this singular event, they are frightened, and, with hands held up, they offer their prayers, and entreat pardon for their entertainment, and their want of preparation. There was a single goose, the guardian of their little cottage, which its owners were preparing to kill for the deities, their guests. Swift with its wings, it wearied them, rendered slow by age, and it escaped them a long time, and at length seemed to fly for safety to the gods themselves. The immortals forbade it to be killed, and said, "We are divinities, and this impious neighborhood shall suffer deserved punishment. To you it will be allowed to be free from this calamity; only leave your habitation, and attend our steps, and go together to the summit of the mountain."

They both obeyed; and, supported by staffs, they endeavored to place their feet on the top of the high hill. They were now as far from the top, as an arrow discharged can go at once, when they turned their eyes, and beheld the other parts sinking in a morass, and their own abode alone remaining. While they were wondering at these things, and while they were bewailing the fate of their fellow countrymen, that old cottage of theirs, too little for even two owners, was changed into a temple. Columns took the place of forked stakes, the thatch grew yellow, and the earth was covered with marble; the doors appeared carved, and the roof to be of gold. Then, the son of Saturn uttered such words as these with benign lips: "Tell us, good old man, and thou, wife, worthy of a husband so good, what it is you desire?" Having spoken a few words to Baucis, Philemon discovered their joint request to the gods: "We desire to be your priests, and to have the care of your temple; and, since we have passed our years in harmony, let the same hour take us off both together; and let me not ever see the tomb of my wife, nor let me be destined to be buried by her." Fulfillment attended their wishes. So long as life was granted, they were the keepers of the temple; and when, enervated by years and old age, they were standing, by chance, before the sacred steps, and were relating the fortunes of the spot, Baucis beheld Philemon, and the aged Philemon saw Baucis, too, shooting into leaf. And now the tops of the trees growing above their two faces, so long as they could they exchanged words with each other, and said together, "Farewell! my spouse;" and at the same moment the branches covered their concealed faces. The inhabitants of Tyana still show these adjoining trees, made of their two bodies. Old men, no romancers (and there was no reason why they should wish to deceive me), told me this. I, indeed, saw garlands hanging on the branches, and placing there some fresh ones myself, I said, "The good are the peculiar care of the gods, and those who worshiped the gods are now worshiped themselves."

One of the most spirited passages in the *Metamorphoses* is the description of Phaethon's wild ride through the heavens in the chariot of the sun. Having gained permission from Phoebus, his father, Phaethon leaps into the chariot, seizes the reins and lashes the steeds into fury.

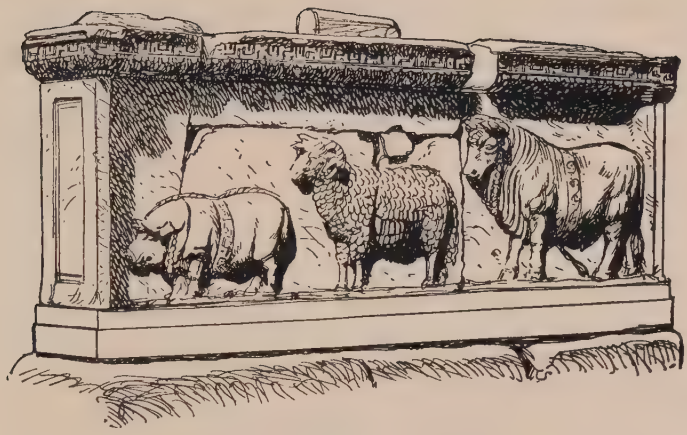
They spring together out and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
But as at sea the unballasted vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
So in the bounding chariot, tossed on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in a maze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go:
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey.

Dazed by the view from the fearful height which the chariot had attained, Phaethon drops the reins in a chill of horror and the horses, feeling their freedom, dash unchecked through space toward the earth, which they set on fire. Earth complains:

"If you, great king of gods, may death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove:
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfixed with thunderbolts expire."
Jove called to witness every power above,
And even the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compelled to do,

Or universal ruin might ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he used to dart his thunder down,
Then, aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurled the forky brand
In dreadful thunderings. Thus the almighty sire
Suppressed the raging of the fires—with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven;
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke.
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And scattered o'er the earth the shining fragments lay
The breathless Phaethon, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurled,
Far from his country, in the western world.

WINGS OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME



CHAPTER XVII

THE AUGUSTAN ERA OF THE CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

43 B. C.–A. D. 14

LIVY

AUGUSTAN PROSE. The Augustan Era was the golden age for Latin poetry, but its prose writers were few, and only one achieved lasting distinction. He, however, wrote in a style that was quite as well adapted to his purpose as that of Cicero was to oratory; and though he was touched by the poetic fever which then prevailed among the literary men, he did not allow his favoritism for poetic expression to ruin his writing, as did some of his successors. There were authors who dealt with rhetoric and grammar, others who wrote agreeable letters, and still a third group who dabbled in philosophy, but none of them was a master

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of the art or, if he were, his subject-matter was not sufficiently interesting to give it longevity. The prose writers of this era may be summed up in the name of Livy, most eloquent of all the historians.

II. Livy. Titus Livius, who received the surname of Patavinus from his birthplace, Patavium (Padua), and who is known in English as Livy, was born in 59 B. C. in the populous and important town which bore a wide reputation for strict morals as well as for wealth. Of a good family in easy circumstances, he received an excellent education and early became an enthusiastic student of Greek literature, rhetoric and philosophy. His sympathies lay with the republican party during the Civil War, and when later he accepted the rule of Augustus and was admitted to court, he declined to flatter the Emperor and indeed prophesied his downfall; nevertheless, it appears that Augustus valued his friendship and was accustomed to call him "the Pompeian," on account of his admiration for the old Republic and his criticisms of Julius Caesar.

Livy's arrival in Rome must have been about 30 B. C., and at once he took his place as a factor in urban life, for in the bustling commercial city of Patavium he had not indulged in the contemplation of nature nor developed a love for rural scenes. By nature he was fitted for politics, had many of the natural gifts of an orator, and had he lived at an earlier age would undoubtedly have achieved distinction in that

line. As it was, he threw his talents into the writing of history, to which he carried good faith, sincerity and great patriotism, all of which are characteristics of a successful orator.

He was conservative, inclined to be content with things as they were and to adhere to any government that was not too oppressive; to accept the state religion with all its signs and omens, in face of the fact that he must have known that many of the omens were inventions and that the priestly function was principally one of deceit. His one great enthusiasm was Rome; his belief in her ultimate greatness never wavered, and this was perhaps the main incentive which led him to take for his life work the writing of her history from the earliest times to his own day, a project to which he devoted more than forty years of his busy life.

III. LIVY'S HISTORY. *Libri ab Urbe Condita* (*Books from the Foundation of the City*) is a history of Rome in one hundred forty-two books, the first of which was written earlier than 25 B. C., while the last twenty-two were not published until after the death of Augustus. The chronicle begins with the mythical foundation of the city, and the last book ends with the death of Drusus in A. D. 9; the division into books is that adopted by Livy himself, but subsequent editors grouped them in tens, though there may have been some suggestion of this on the part of the author. Of this vast work only thirty-five books remain, but we have epitomes

of all except the one hundred twenty-sixth and one hundred twenty-seventh. Books one to ten are complete, and twenty-one to forty-five, extending from the Second Punic War to the Macedonian triumph of Paulus (218–167 B. C.), are in good condition, though numerous gaps occur.

The narrative from the foundation of the city to the beginning of the Punic Wars, a period of nearly five hundred years, requires but fifteen books, while the war with Hannibal occupies ten books, and ten are devoted to the eight years from the death of Marius to the death of Sulla. This difference in treatment probably arises from the fact that of the earliest years very few records of any sort were available, while as he approached his own times historical material in unlimited quantities was everywhere about him.

IV. Livy's Quality and Style. Judged by modern historical standards, Livy's work is susceptible of severe criticism, for he did not possess that acumen which enables one to judge between the false and the true, and was always too much inclined to use what any historian had written, or, in case of disagreement in authorities, to utilize the one which seemed the most reasonable to himself, rather than to investigate and determine the truth. He had no military knowledge, and failed to appreciate the gradual growth of Roman civilization, two facts which tended to make his work untrustworthy, the former throughout

and the latter during the earlier eras. In spite of criticisms, it is evident, however, that in the main his history is reliable, and it has the strong merit of being written by a man of broad knowledge and a keen insight into human character and human actions.

Charles Morris applies to Livy's work the following well-chosen words: "He had one object in view in writing his history, namely, to celebrate the glories of his beloved country; and he writes in a vein of panegyric which makes his work like the joyous lay of a bard at a festive meeting, singing, indeed, of days bright and dark, but bringing all things to a happy ending. Where there are two stories of an event, he always chooses the one most favorable to Rome, with little regard to its probability. . . . Whatever his demerits as a historian, he has never been surpassed in the art of telling a story, and the speeches he ascribes to his characters are faultless as works of art, though they are too much in one tone to represent properly the various persons speaking. There is also something in a high degree winning and engaging about what may be called the moral atmosphere of Livy's history, which no one can read without feeling that the historian has a kindly disposition—a large, candid and generous soul."

Livy was a good story-teller, and his characters are human, their words convincing, their action dramatic. In many ways he enlivens his history, and one of his most pleasing methods

is placing in the mouths of his leading characters the speeches which they made upon notable occasions, without pretense that they are the real words of the speaker, but are what he might be expected to have said under the circumstances.

Though his sentences are sometimes long and complicated, his style is on the whole clear and straightforward, couched in a pure Latin that seems nowhere to strive for effect. In so long a work, which occupies so great a portion of a lifetime, it is impossible for a man to preserve a uniformity of style or excellence. Livy was at his best in dealing with the Punic Wars; in the earlier parts of the history his style has not matured, while later volumes show the effect of his advancing years.

V. Livy's Popularity and Position. Even in his own lifetime Livy acquired great popularity, and his history was at once considered the most perfect piece of prose and the greatest authority in existence. The younger Pliny tells us that a Spanish scholar traveled all the way from Cadiz to Rome to see the famous author and as soon as he had seen him he started for home, remarking that there were no other sights of interest in Rome. Upon later Roman writers and even in more recent times the influence of Livy was very powerful, and his vast work, like Vergil's *Aeneid,* was felt to give expression to the greatness of Rome's past days. In enthusiasm for the noble and the good in Rome, in admiration for her

great citizens and in worship for Rome herself, his writing partook of some of the exultation which belongs to him alone.

VI. EXTRACTS FROM LIVY. There is no possibility of exhibiting here enough extracts to prove the statements that have preceded, but we can at least give a notion of some of his excellences, even in a literal translation.

1. The following is a spirited portrait of Hannibal:

Hannibal was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was most beloved by the general or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistence were especially needed, no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. . . . Among the cavalry or the infantry, he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equaled by monstrous vices, inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples. With this combination of virtues and vices, he served three years under the command of Hasdrubal, omitting nothing which a man who was to be a great general ought to do or to see.

2. The speech of Hanno, who alone among the senators of Carthage wished to preserve peace by giving up Saguntum and betraying Hannibal to the Romans, is one of the most striking passages in the history:

You have sent to the army, adding, as it were, fuel to the fire, a youth who burns with the desire of ruling, and who sees only one way to his end, if he lives girt with arms and legions, sowing from wars the seed of wars. You have therefore nourished this fire with which you are now burning. Your armies are now surrounding Saguntum, which the treaty forbids them to approach; presently the Roman legions will surround Carthage under the leadership of those same gods by whom in the last war the broken treaties were avenged. Do you not know the enemy, or yourselves, or the fortune of the two peoples? Your good general refused to admit to his camp envoys who came from allies in behalf of allies; they, nevertheless, though refused admittance where even the envoys of enemies are not forbidden to enter, have come to us; they demand restitution in accordance with the treaty; that there may be no deceit on the part of the state, they ask that the author of the wrong and the accused person be delivered up. The more gently they act, the more slowly they begin, the more persistently, I fear, they will rage when once they have begun. Place before your eyes the Aegates islands and Eryx and what you suffered by land and sea for twenty-four years. And that leader was no boy, but his father Hamilcar himself, a second Mars, as his partisans will have it. But we had not kept our hands off from Tarentum, that is from Italy, in obedience to the treaty, as now we are not keeping them off from Saguntum. Therefore the gods overcame men, and in the question at issue, which people had broken the treaty, the event of war, like a just judge, gave the victory to that side on which right stood. It is against Carthage that Hannibal is now moving up his screens and towers;

he is shaking the walls of Carthage with his battering-ram. The ruins of Saguntum (may I prove a false prophet!) will fall upon our heads, and the war begun against the Saguntines must be carried on against the Romans.

"Shall we then give up Hannibal?" some one will say. I know that in his case my influence has little weight on account of my enmity to his father; but I have been glad that Hamilcar is dead, because if he were living we should already be at war with the Romans, and I hate and detest this youth as the fury and firebrand of this war, as one who ought not only to be given up as an expiation for the broken treaty, but if no one demanded him, should be carried away to the uttermost shores of sea and land, removed to such a distance that his name and fame could not reach to us nor he disturb the condition of our quiet state. I make this motion: That ambassadors be sent at once to Rome, to give satisfaction to the Senate; other envoys to announce to Hannibal that he withdraw his army from Saguntum, and to hand Hannibal himself over to the Romans in pursuance of the treaty; I move a third embassy to restore their property to the Saguntines.

3. In an early day there was an invasion of the Gauls, who formed their camp by the Salarian road, three miles from Rome, at a bridge across the Anio. There Titus Manlius performed an exploit which Livy describes as follows:

In face of this sudden and alarming inroad the Dictator proclaimed a suspension of all business, and made every man who was liable to serve take the military oath. He marched out of the City with an immense army and fixed his camp on this side the Anio. Each side had left the bridge between them intact, as its destruction might have been thought due to fears of an attack. There were frequent skirmishes for the possession of the bridge; as

these were indecisive, the question was left unsettled. A Gaul of extraordinary stature strode forward on to the unoccupied bridge, and shouting as loudly as he could, cried: "Let the bravest man that Rome possesses come out and fight me, that we two may decide which people is the superior in war."

A long silence followed. The best and bravest of the Romans made no sign; they felt ashamed of appearing to decline the challenge, and yet they were reluctant to expose themselves to such terrible danger. Thereupon T. Manlius, the youth who had protected his father from the persecution of the tribune, left his post and went to the Dictator. "Without your orders, General," he said, "I will never leave my post to fight, no, not even if I saw that victory was certain; but if you give me permission I want to show that monster as he stalks so proudly in front of their lines that I am a scion of that family which hurled the troop of Gauls from the Tarpeian rock." Then the Dictator: "Success to your courage, T. Manlius, and to your affection for your father and your fatherland! Go, and with the help of the gods show that the name of Rome is invincible." Then his comrades fastened on his armor; he took an infantry shield and a Spanish sword as better adapted for close fighting; thus armed and equipped they led him forward against the Gaul, who was exulting in his brute strength, and even—the ancients thought this worth recording—putting his tongue out in derision. They retired to their posts and the two armed champions were left alone in the midst, more after the manner of a scene on the stage than under the conditions of serious war, and to those who judged by appearances, by no means equally matched. The one was a creature of enormous bulk, resplendent in a many-colored coat and wearing painted and gilded armor; the other a man of average height, and his arms, useful rather than ornamental, gave him quite an ordinary appearance. There was no singing of war-songs, no prancing about, no silly brandishing of weapons. With a breast full of courage and silent wrath

Manlius reserved all his ferocity for the actual moment of conflict. When they had taken their stand between the two armies, while so many hearts around them were in suspense between hope and fear, the Gaul, like a great overhanging mass, held out his shield on his left arm to meet his adversary's blows and aimed a tremendous cut downwards with his sword. The Roman evaded the blow, and pushing aside the bottom of the Gaul's shield with his own, he slipped under it close up to the Gaul, too near for him to get at him with his sword. Then turning the point of his blade upwards, he gave two rapid thrusts in succession and stabbed the Gaul in the belly and the groin, laying his enemy prostrate over a large extent of ground. He left the body of his fallen foe undespoiled with the exception of his chain, which though smeared with blood he placed round his own neck. Astonishment and fear kept the Gauls motionless; the Romans ran eagerly forward from their lines to meet their warrior, and amidst cheers and congratulations they conducted him to the Dictator. In the doggerel verses which they extemporized in his honor they called him Torquatus ("adorned with a chain"), and this sobriquet became for his posterity a proud family name. The Dictator gave him a golden crown, and before the whole army alluded to his victory in terms of the highest praise.

4. The year 321 B. C. fell during the Second Samnite War, with Calvinus and Postumius consuls and C. Pontius the captain-general of the Samnites, and was the occasion of the memorable disaster which befell the Romans at Caudium:

Keeping his movements as secret as possible, Pontius fixed his camp in the neighborhood. From there he sent ten soldiers disguised as shepherds to Calatia, where he understood that the Roman consuls were encamped, with instructions to pasture some cattle in different directions near the Roman outposts. When they fell in with any

foraging parties they were all to tell the same story, and say that the Samnite legions were in Apulia investing Luceria with their whole force and that its capture was imminent. This rumor had purposely been spread before and had already reached the ears of the Romans; the captured shepherds confirmed their belief in it, especially as their statements all tallied. There was no doubt but that the Romans would assist the Lucerians for the sake of protecting their allies and preventing the whole of Apulia from being intimidated by the Samnites into open revolt. The only matter for consideration was what route they would take. There were two roads leading to Luceria; one along the Adriatic coast through open country, the longer one of the two but so much the safer; the other and shorter one through the Caudine Forks. This is the character of the spot; there are two passes, deep, narrow, with wooded hills on each side, and a continuous chain of mountains extends from one to the other. Between them lies a watered grassy plain through the middle of which the road goes. Before you reach the plain you have to pass through the first defile and either return by the same path by which you entered or, if you go on, you must make your way out by a still narrower and more difficult pass at the other end.

The Roman column descended into this plain from the first defile with its overhanging cliffs, and marched straight through to the other pass. They found it blocked by a huge barricade of felled trees with great masses of rock piled against them. No sooner did they become aware of the enemy's stratagem than his outposts showed themselves on the heights above the pass. A hasty retreat was made, and they proceeded to retrace their steps by the way they had come when they discovered that this pass also had its own barricade and armed men on the heights above. Then without any order being given they called a halt. Their senses were dazed and stupefied and a strange numbness seized their limbs. Each gazed at his neighbor, thinking him more in posses-

sion of his senses and judgment than himself. For a long time they stood silent and motionless, then they saw the consuls' tents being set up and some of the men getting their entrenching tools ready. Though they knew that in their desperate and hopeless plight it would be ridiculous for them to fortify the ground on which they stood still, not to make matters worse by any fault of their own they set to work without waiting for orders and entrenched their camp with its rampart close to the water. While they were thus engaged the enemy showered taunts and insults upon them, and they themselves in bitter mockery jeered at their own fruitless labor. The consuls were too much depressed and unnerved even to summon a council of war, for there was no place for either counsel or help, but the staff-officers and tribunes gathered round them, and the men with their faces turned towards their tents sought from their leaders a succor which the gods themselves could hardly render them.

Night surprised them while they were lamenting over their situation rather than consulting how to meet it. The different temperaments of the men came out; some exclaimed: "Let us break through the barricades, scale the mountain slopes, force our way through the forest, try every way where we can carry arms. Only let us get at the enemy whom we have beaten for now nearly thirty years; all places will be smooth and easy to a Roman fighting against the perfidious Samnite." Others answered: "Where are we to go? How are we to get there? Are we preparing to move the mountains from their seat? How will you get at the enemy as long as these peaks hang over us? Armed and unarmed, brave and cowardly we are all alike trapped and conquered. The enemy will not even offer us the chance of an honorable death by the sword, he will finish the war without moving from his seat." Indifferent to food, unable to sleep, they talked in this way through the night.

Even the Samnites were unable to make up their minds what to do under such fortunate circumstances.

It was unanimously agreed to write to Herennius, the captain-general's father, and ask his advice. He was now advanced in years and had given up all public business, civil as well as military, but though his physical powers were failing his intellect was as sound and clear as ever. He had already heard that the Roman armies were hemmed in between the two passes at the Caudine Forks, and when his son's courier asked for his advice he gave it as his opinion that the whole force ought to be at once allowed to depart uninjured. This advice was rejected and the courier was sent back to consult him again. He now advised that they should every one be put to death. On receiving these replies, contradicting each other like the ambiguous utterances of an oracle, his son's first impression was that his father's mental powers had become impaired through his physical weakness. However, he yielded to the unanimous wish and invited his father to the council of war. The old man, we are told, at once complied and was conveyed in a wagon to the camp. After taking his seat in the council, it became clear from what he said that he had not changed his mind, but he explained his reasons for the advice he gave. He believed that by taking the course he first proposed, which he considered the best, he was establishing a durable peace and friendship with a most powerful people in treating them with such exceptional kindness; by adopting the second he was postponing war for many generations, for it would take that time for Rome to recover her strength painfully and slowly after the loss of two armies. There was no third course. When his son and the other chiefs went on to ask him what would happen if a middle course were taken, and they were dismissed unhurt but under such conditions as by the rights of war are imposed on the vanquished, he replied: "That is just the policy which neither procures friends nor rids us of enemies. Once let men whom you have exasperated by ignominious treatment live and you will find out your mistake. The Romans are a nation who know not how to remain quiet under defeat. What-

ever disgrace this present extremity burns into their souls will rankle there forever, and will allow them no rest till they have made you pay for it many times over."

Neither of these plans was approved and Herennius was carried home from the camp.

In the Roman camp, after many fruitless attempts had been made to break out and they found themselves at last in a state of utter destitution, necessity compelled them to send envoys to the Samnites to ask in the first instance for fair terms of peace, and failing that to challenge them to battle. Pontius replied that all war was at an end, and since even now that they were vanquished and captured they were incapable of acknowledging their true position, he should deprive them of their arms and send them under the yoke, allowing them to retain one garment each. The other conditions would be fair to both victors and vanquished. If they evacuated Samnium and withdrew their colonists from his country, the Roman and the Samnite would henceforth live under their own laws as sovereign states united by a just and honorable treaty. On these conditions he was ready to conclude a treaty with the consuls; if they rejected any of them he forbade any further overtures to be made to him.

When the result was announced, such a universal cry of distress arose, such gloom and melancholy prevailed, that they evidently could not have taken it more heavily if it had been announced to them all that they must die on the spot. Then followed a long silence. The consuls were unable to breathe a word either in favor of a capitulation so humiliating or against one so necessary. At last L. Lentulus, of all the staff-officers the most distinguished, both by his personal qualities and the offices he had held, spoke: "I have often," he said, "heard my father, consuls, say that he was the only one in the Capitol who refused to ransom the City from the Gauls with gold, for the force in the Capitol was not invested and shut in with fosse and rampart, as the Gauls were too indolent to undertake that sort of work; it was there-

fore quite possible for them to make a sortie involving, perhaps, heavy loss, but not certain destruction. If we had the same chance of fighting, whether on favorable or unfavorable ground, which they had of charging down upon the foe from the Capitol, in the same way as the besieged have often made sorties against their besiegers, I should not fall behind my father's spirit and courage in the advice which I should give. To die for one's country is, I admit, a glorious thing, and as concerns myself I am ready to devote myself for the people and legions of Rome or to plunge into the midst of the enemy. But it is here that I behold my country, it is on this spot that all the legions which Rome possesses are gathered, and unless they wish to rush to death for their own sakes, to save their honor, what else have they that they can save by their death. 'The dwellings of the City,' somebody may reply, 'and its walls, and that crowd of human beings who form its population.' Nay, on the contrary, all these things are not saved, they are handed over to the enemy if this army is annihilated. For who will protect them? A defenseless multitude of non-combatants, I suppose; as successfully as it defended them from the approach of the Gauls. Or will they implore the help of an army from Veii with Camillus at its head? Here and here alone are all our hopes, all our strength. If we save these we save our country, if we give these up to death we desert and betray our country. 'Yes,' you say, 'but surrender is base and ignominious.' It is; but true affection for our country demands that we should preserve it, if need be, by our disgrace as much as by our death. However great then the indignity, we must submit to it and yield to the compulsion of necessity, a compulsion which the gods themselves cannot evade! Go, consuls, give up your arms as a ransom for that State which your ancestors ransomed with gold!''

. . . . . .

Owing to the inevitable delay in arranging a treaty, 600 equites were demanded as hostages to answer with their lives if the terms of the capitulation were not ob-

served. Then a definite time was fixed for surrendering the hostages and sending the army, deprived of its arms, under the yoke.

The return of the consuls with the terms of surrender renewed the grief and distress in the camp. So bitter was the feeling that the men had difficulty in keeping their hands off those through whose rashness, they said, "they had been brought into that place and through whose cowardice they would have to leave it in a more shameful plight than they had come. They had had no guides who knew the neighborhood, no scouts had been thrown out, they had fallen blindly like wild animals into a trap. There they were, looking at each other, gazing sadly at the armor and weapons which were soon to be given up, their right hands which were to be defenseless, their bodies which were to be at the mercy of their enemies. They pictured to themselves the hostile yoke, the taunts and insulting looks of the victors, their marching disarmed between the armed ranks, and then afterwards the miserable progress of an army in disgrace through the cities of their allies, their return to their country and their parents, whither their ancestors had so often returned in triumphal procession. They alone, they said, had been defeated without receiving a single wound, or using a single weapon, or fighting a single battle; they had not been allowed to draw the sword or come to grips with the enemy; courage and strength had been given them in vain.

While they were uttering these indignant protests, the hour of their humiliation arrived which was to make everything more bitter for them by actual experience than they had anticipated or imagined. First of all they were ordered to lay down their arms and go outside the rampart with only one garment each. The first to be dealt with were those surrendered as hostages who were taken away for safe keeping. Next, the lictors were ordered to retire from the consuls, who were then stripped of their military cloaks. This aroused such deep commiseration amongst those who a short time ago had been

cursing them and saying that they ought to be surrendered and scourged, that every man, forgetting his own plight, turned away his eyes from such an outrage upon the majesty of state as from a spectacle too horrible to behold.

The consuls were the first to be sent, little more than half-clothed, under the yoke, then each in the order of his rank was exposed to the same disgrace, and finally, the legionaries one after another. Around them stood the enemy fully armed, reviling and jeering at them; swords were pointed at most of them, and when they offended their victors by showing their indignation and resentment too plainly some were wounded and even killed.

Thus were they marched under the yoke. But what was still harder to bear was that after they had emerged from the pass under the eyes of the foe, though, like men dragged up from the jaws of hell, they seemed to behold the light for the first time, the very light itself, serving only to reveal such a hideous sight as they marched along, was more gloomy than any shape of death.

They could have reached Capua before nightfall, but not knowing how their allies would receive them, and kept back by a feeling of shame, they all flung themselves, destitute of everything, on the sides of the road near Capua. As soon as news of this reached the place, a proper feeling of compassion for their allies got the better of the inborn disdain of the Campanian; they immediately sent to the consuls their own insignia of office, the fasces and the lictors, and the soldiers they generously supplied with arms, horses, clothes, and provisions. As they entered Capua the senate and people came out in a body to meet them, showed them all due hospitality, and paid them all the consideration to which as individuals and as members of an allied state they were entitled. But all the courtesies and kindly looks and cheerful greetings of their allies were powerless to evoke a single word or even to make them lift up their eyes and look in the face the friends who were trying to comfort

them. To such an extent did feelings of shame make their gloom and despondency all the heavier, and constrain them to shun the converse and society of men.

The next day some young nobles were commissioned to escort them to the frontier. On their return they were summoned to the Senate-house, and in answer to inquiries on the part of the older senators they reported that they seemed to be much more gloomy and depressed than the day before; the column moved along so silently that they might have been dumb; the Roman mettle was cowed; they had lost their spirit with their arms; they saluted no man, nor did they return any man's salutation; not a single man had the power to open his mouth for fear of what was coming; their necks were bowed as if they were still beneath the yoke. The Samnites had won not only a glorious victory but a lasting one; they had not only captured Rome as the Gauls had done before them, but, what was a still more warlike exploit, they had captured the Roman courage and hardihood.

While this report was being made and listened to with the greatest attention, and the name and greatness of Rome were being mourned over as though lost forever, in the council of her faithful allies, Ofillius Calavius, the son of Ovus, addressed the senators. He was a man of high birth and with a distinguished career and now venerable for his age. He is reported to have said: "The truth is far otherwise. That stubborn silence, those eyes fixed on the ground, those ears deaf to all consolation, that shame-faced shrinking from the light, are all indications of a terrible resentment fermenting in their hearts which will break out in vengeance. Either I know nothing of the Roman character or that silence will soon call forth amongst the Samnites cries of distress and groans of anguish. The memory of the capitulation of Caudium will be much more bitter to the Samnites than to the Romans. Whenever and wherever they meet each side will be animated by its own courage and the Samnites will not find the Caudine Forks everywhere."

Rome was now aware of its disaster. The first in-

formation they received was that the army was blockaded, then came the more gloomy news of the ignominious capitulation. Immediately on receiving the first intelligence of the blockade they began to levy troops, but when they heard that the army had surrendered in such a disgraceful way, the preparations for relieving them were abandoned, and without waiting for any formal order the whole City presented the aspect of public mourning. The booths round the Forum were shut up; all public business in the Forum ceased spontaneously before the proclamation closing it was made; the senators laid aside their purple striped tunics and gold rings; the gloom amongst the citizens was almost greater than that in the army. Their indignation was not confined to the generals or the officers who had made the convention; even the innocent soldiers were the objects of resentment, they said they would not admit them into the City. But this angry temper was dispelled by the arrival of the troops; their wretched appearance awoke commiseration amongst the most resentful. They did not enter the City like men returning in safety after being given up for lost, but in the guise and with the expression of prisoners. They came late in the evening and crept to their homes, where they kept themselves so close that for some days not one of them would show himself in public or in the Forum.

5. The account of Hannibal's passage of the Alps is an interesting narrative, though its historical accuracy may be questioned, at any rate by those who wonder whence came "tall trees" and vinegar in sufficient quantities to subdue the huge impassable rock:

From the Durance Hannibal's route lay mostly through open level country, and he reached the Alps without meeting with any opposition from the Gauls who inhabited the district. But the sight of the Alps revived the terrors in the minds of his men. Although

rumor, which generally magnifies untried dangers, had filled them with gloomy forebodings, the nearer view proved much more fearful. The height of the mountains now so close, the snow which was almost lost in the sky, the wretched huts perched on the rocks, the flocks and herds shriveled and stunted with the cold, the men wild and unkempt, everything animate and inanimate stiff with frost, together with other sights dreadful beyond description—all helped to increase their alarm.

As the head of the column began to climb the nearest slopes, the natives appeared on the heights above; had they concealed themselves in the ravines and then rushed down they would have caused frightful panic and bloodshed. Hannibal called a halt and sent on some Gauls to examine the ground, and when he learnt that advance was impossible in that direction he formed his camp in the widest part of the valley that he could find; everywhere around the ground was broken and precipitous. The Gauls who had been sent to reconnoiter got into conversation with the natives, as there was little difference between their speech or their manners, and they brought back word to Hannibal that the pass was only occupied in the daytime; at nightfall the natives all dispersed to their homes.

Accordingly, at early dawn he began the ascent as though determined to force the pass in broad daylight, and spent the day in movements designed to conceal his real intentions and in fortifying the camp on the spot where they had halted. As soon as he observed that the natives had left the heights and were no longer watching his movements, he gave orders, with the view of deceiving the enemy, for a large number of fires to be lighted, larger in fact than would be required by those remaining in camp. Then, leaving the baggage with the cavalry and the greater part of the infantry in camp, he himself with a specially selected body of troops in light marching order rapidly moved out of the defile and occupied the heights which the enemy had held.

The following day the rest of the army broke camp in

the gray dawn and commenced its march. The natives were beginning to assemble at their customary post of observation when they suddenly became aware that some of the enemy were in possession of their stronghold right over their heads, whilst others were advancing on the path beneath. The double impression made on their eyes and imagination kept them for a few moments motionless, but when they saw the column falling into disorder mainly through the horses becoming frightened, they thought that if they increased the confusion and panic it would be sufficient to destroy it. So they charged down from rock to rock, careless as to whether there were paths or not, for they were familiar with the ground. The Carthaginians had to meet this attack at the same time that they were struggling with the difficulties of the way, and as each man was doing his best for himself to get out of the reach of danger, they were fighting more amongst themselves than against the natives. The horses did the most mischief; they were terrified at the wild shouts, which the echoing woods and valleys made all the louder, and when they happened to be struck or wounded they created terrible havoc amongst the men and the different baggage animals. The road was flanked by sheer precipices on each side, and in the crowding together many were pushed over the edge and fell an immense depth. Amongst these were some of the soldiers; the heavily-laden baggage animals rolled over like falling houses. Horrible as the sight was, Hannibal remained quiet and kept his men back for some time, for fear of increasing the alarm and confusion, but when he saw that the column was broken and that the army was in danger of losing all its baggage, in which case he would have brought them safely through to no purpose, he ran down from his higher ground and at once scattered the enemy. At the same time, however, he threw his own men into still greater disorder for the moment, but it was very quickly allayed now that the passage was cleared by the flight of the natives. In a short time the whole army had traversed the pass.

He then seized a fortified village, the head place of the district, together with some adjacent hamlets, and from the food and cattle thus secured he provided his army with rations for three days. As the natives, after their first defeat, no longer impeded their march, whilst the road presented little difficulty, they made considerable progress during those three days.

They now came to another canton which, considering that it was a mountain district, had a considerable population. Here he narrowly escaped destruction, not in fair and open fighting, but by the practices which he himself employed—falsehood and treachery. The head men from the fortified villages, men of advanced age, came as a deputation to the Carthaginian and told him that they had been taught by the salutary example of other people's misfortunes to seek the friendship of the Carthaginians rather than to feel their strength. They were accordingly prepared to carry out his orders; he would receive provisions and guides, and hostages as a guarantee of good faith. Hannibal felt that he ought not to trust them blindly nor to meet their offer with a flat refusal, in case they should become hostile. So he replied in friendly terms, accepted the hostages whom they placed in his hands, made use of the provisions with which they supplied him on the march, but followed their guides with his army prepared for action, not at all as though he were going through a peaceable or friendly country. The elephants and cavalry were in front, he himself followed with the main body of the infantry, keeping a sharp and anxious look-out in all directions.

Just as they reached a part of the pass where it narrowed and was overhung on one side by a wall of rock, the barbarians sprang up from ambush on all sides and assailed the column in front and rear, at close quarters, and at a distance by rolling huge stones down on it. The heaviest attack was made in the rear, and as the infantry faced round to meet it, it became quite obvious that if the rear of the column had not been made exceptionally strong, a terrible disaster must have occurred in that

pass. As it was, they were in the greatest danger, and within an ace of total destruction. For whilst Hannibal was hesitating whether to send his infantry on into the narrow part of the pass—for whilst protecting the rear of the cavalry they had no reserves to protect their own rear—the mountaineers, making a flank charge, burst through the middle of the column and held the pass so that Hannibal had to spend that one night without his cavalry or his baggage.

The next day, as the savages attacked with less vigor, the column closed up, and the pass was surmounted, not without loss, more, however, of baggage animals than of men. From that time the natives made their appearance in smaller numbers and behaved more like banditti than regular soldiers; they attacked either front or rear just as the ground gave them opportunity, or as the advance or halt of the column presented a chance of surprise. The elephants caused considerable delay, owing to the difficulty of getting them through narrow or precipitous places; on the other hand, they rendered that part of the column safe from attack where they were, for the natives were unaccustomed to the sight of them and had a great dread of going too near them.

Nine days from their commencing the ascent they arrived at the highest point of the Alps, after traversing a region mostly without roads and frequently losing their way either through the treachery of their guides or through their own mistakes in trying to find the way for themselves. For two days they remained in camp on the summit, whilst the troops enjoyed a respite from fatigue and fighting. Some of the baggage animals which had fallen amongst the rocks and had afterwards followed the track of the column came into camp. To add to the misfortunes of the worn-out troops, there was a heavy fall of snow—the Pleiads were near their setting—and this new experience created considerable alarm.

In the early morning of the third day the army recommenced its heavy march over ground everywhere deep in snow. Hannibal saw in all faces an expression of list-

lessness and despondency. He rode on in front to a height from which there was a wide and extensive view, and halting his men, he pointed out to them the land of Italy and the rich valley of the Po lying at the foot of the Alps. "You are now," he said, "crossing the barriers not only of Italy, but of Rome itself. Henceforth all will be smooth and easy for you; in one or, at the most, two battles, you will be masters of the capital and stronghold of Italy."

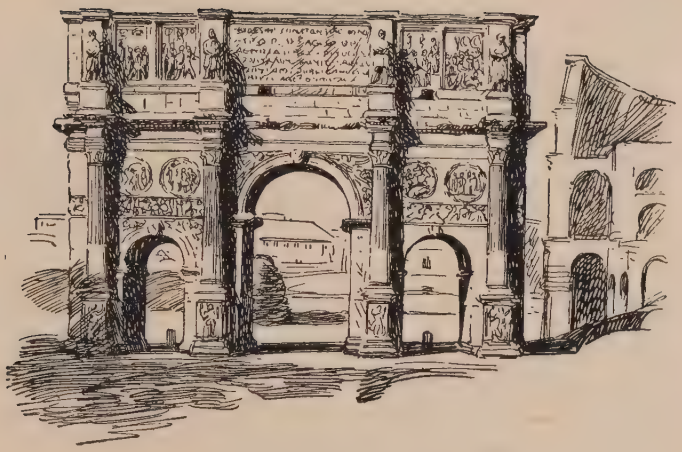
Then the army resumed its advance with no annoyance from the enemy beyond occasional attempts at plunder. The remainder of the march, however, was attended with much greater difficulty than they had experienced in the ascent, for the distance to the plains on the Italian side is shorter, and therefore the descent is necessarily steeper. Almost the whole of the way was precipitous, narrow, and slippery, so that they were unable to keep their footing, and if they slipped they could not recover themselves; they kept falling over each other, and the baggage animals rolled over on their drivers.

At length they came to a much narrower pass which descended over such sheer cliffs that a light-armed soldier could hardly get down it even by hanging on to projecting roots and branches. The place had always been precipitous, and a landslip had recently carried away the road for 1000 feet. The cavalry came to a halt here as though they had arrived at their journey's end, and whilst Hannibal was wondering what could be causing the delay he was informed that there was no passage. Then he went forward to examine the place and saw that there was nothing for it but to lead the army by a long circuitous route over pathless and untrodden snow. But this, too, soon proved to be impracticable. The old snow had been covered to a moderate depth by a fresh fall, and the first comers planted their feet firmly on the new snow, but when it had become melted under the tread of so many men and beasts there was nothing to walk on but ice covered with slush. Their progress now became one incessant and miserable struggle. The smooth ice al-

lowed no foothold, and as they were going down a steep incline they were still less able to keep on their legs, whilst, once down, they tried in vain to rise, as their hands and knees were continually slipping. There were no stumps or roots about for them to get hold of and support themselves by, so they rolled about helplessly on the glassy ice and slushy snow. The baggage animals as they toiled along cut through occasionally into the lowest layer of snow, and when they stumbled they struck out their hoofs in their struggles to recover themselves and broke through into the hard and congealed ice below, where most of them stuck as though caught in a gin.

At last, when men and beasts alike were worn out by their fruitless exertions, a camp was formed on the summit, after the place had been cleared with immense difficulty owing to the quantity of snow that had to be removed. The next thing was to level the rock through which alone a road was practicable. The soldiers were told off to cut through it. They built up against it an enormous pile of tall trees which they had felled and lopped, and when the wind was strong enough to blow up the fire they set light to the pile. When the rock was red hot they poured vinegar upon it to disintegrate it. After thus treating it by fire they opened a way through it with their tools, and eased the steep slope by winding tracks of moderate gradient, so that not only the baggage animals but even the elephants could be led down.

Four days were spent over the rock, and the animals were almost starved to death, for the heights are mostly bare of vegetation and what herbage there is is buried beneath the snow. In the lower levels there were sunny valleys and streams flowing through woods, and spots more deserving of human inhabitants. Here the beasts were turned loose to graze, and the troops, worn out with their engineering, were allowed to rest. In three days more they reached the open plains and found a pleasanter country and pleasanter people living in it.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE CLAUDIAN ERA OF THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD
A. D. 14 – 68

PROSE

INTRODUCTION. This Post-classical Period, which marks the early years of the decline of Latin literature, is by some writers called the Silver Age, by others the Period of Spanish Latinity. The first name is in keeping with the poetic nomenclature which gives to the Augustan Period the name Golden Age, while the appellation Spanish Latinity refers to the marked influence which the scholars of Spain had upon Latin literature. Rome herself was in decay, but many of her provinces, accepting willingly her ideas, sprang to the front with youthful vigor and eclipsed the writers of the mother country.

The Post-classical Period is by most writers divided into three sections: the Claudian Era,

the Flavian Era and the Era of Literary Revival, the first two being named from imperial families then reigning. To locate the Claudian Era it is only necessary to remember that it covered the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero, during which the rapid decline of Roman morals, the terrible persecutions of the Christians and the excesses of such rulers as Caligula and Nero made difficult the lives of literary men and tainted their writings.

Nevertheless, from Spain in particular came a group of great writers who gave a fictitious splendor to the era and preserved for a time some of the glories of the past. The two Senecas and Lucan, with all their faults, deserve much of the fame that has been given them.

II. Annaeus Seneca. Annaeus Seneca was born in Corduba (Cordova) in Spain, about 54 B. C. and, living to extreme old age, did not die until after the death of Tiberius. He was the father of Lucius Annaeus Seneca, commonly known as the Younger, and also of Mela, who was in turn the father of Lucan. Of the life of the elder Seneca we know little except that a portion of it was spent in Rome and that he devoted the whole of it to the profession of eloquence and was noted for his astonishing memory and the profundity of his knowledge on rhetorical questions. In proof of the former trait it was said that he could repeat two thousand names correctly after hearing them once; of the latter his dry and uninteresting works give ample evidence.

The only extant work by Seneca was finished as late as A. D. 37, and consists of a series of recollections of famous orators and rhetoricians, written at the request of the author's sons. Originally there were ten books of *Controversiae* (arguments) and ten books of *Suasoriae* (speeches) advising some particular course of conduct. The insipidity of the subject-matter does not lead to regret that a large portion of both productions has been lost; in fact, the most readable portions are the prefaces and the occasional anecdotes and bits of repartee that are here and there introduced. In the preface to the last of his books Seneca expresses an utter weariness of the subject he had undertaken and a distrust of the manner in which it had been executed. In fact, he never rose to eminence, although his diligence, virtuous habits and remarkable memory brought him many friends and gained the respect of notable people.

A brief quotation from one of the arguments is sufficient to give an idea of his style. The subject debated is "whether the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae, seeing themselves deserted by the army, shall remain or flee." The different rhetors declaim as follows, making Leonidas the speaker:

Arellius Fuscus. What! are our picked ranks made up of raw recruits, of spirits likely to be cowed, or hands likely to shrink from the unaccustomed steel, or bodies enfeebled by wounds or decay? How shall I speak of us as the flower of Greece? Ashamed am I of our con-

duct; ashamed to have entertained even the idea of flight. But then, you say, Xerxes comes with an innumerable host. O Spartans! and Spartans matched against barbarians! have you no reverence for your deeds, your grandsires, your sires, from whose example your souls from infancy gather lofty thoughts? I scorn to offer Spartans such exhortations as these. Look! we are protected by our position. Though he bring with him the whole East, and parade his useless numbers before our craven eyes, this sea which spreads its vast expanse before us is pressed into a narrow compass, is beset by treacherous straits which scarce admit the passage of a single row-boat, and then by their chopping swell make rowing impossible; it is beset by unseen shallows, wedged between deeper bottoms, rough with sharp rocks, and everything that mocks the sailor's prayer. . . . Shall I not carry home the spoil of the Persians? Then at least I will fall naked upon it. They shall know that we have yet three hundred men who thus scorn to flee, who thus mean to fall. Think of this: we can perhaps conquer; with all our effort we cannot be conquered. I do not say you are doomed to death—you to whom I address these words; but if you are, and yet think that death is to be feared, you greatly err. To no living thing has nature given unending life; on the day of birth the day of death is fixed. For heaven has wrought us out of a weak material; our bodies yield to the slightest stroke, we are snatched away unwarned by fate. Childhood and youth lie beneath the same inexorable law. Most of us even long for death, so perfect a rest does it offer from the struggle of life. But glory has no limits, and they who fall like us rise nearest to the gods. Even which leads to glory. . . .

Triarius. 'Tis a great thing to be born a scion of valor and a Spartan. For certain victory all would wait; for certain death none but Spartans. Sparta is girt with no walls—her walls are where her men are. Better to call back the army than to follow them. What if the Persian bores through mountains, makes the sea in-

visible? Such proud felicity never yet stood sure; the loftiest exaltation is struck to earth through its forgetfulness of the instability of all things human. You may be sure that power which has given rise to envy has not seen its last phase. It has changed seas, lands, nature itself; let us three hundred die, if only that it may here find something it cannot change. . . .

Portius Latro. This then is what we have waited for, to collect a band of runaways. You flee from a rumor; let us at least know of what sort it is. Our dishonor can hardly be wiped out even by victory; bravely as we may fight, successful as we may be, much of our renown is already lost; for Spartans have debated whether or not to flee. O that we may die! For myself, after this discussion, the only thing I fear is to return home. Old women's tales have shaken the arms out of our hands. Now, now, let us fight, among the thirty thousand our valor might have lain hid. The rest have fled. If you ask my opinion, which I utter for the honor of ourselves and Greece, I say they have not deserted us, they have chosen us as their champions.

Marillus. This was our reason for remaining, that we might not be hidden among the crowd of fugitives. The army has a good excuse to offer for its conduct: "We knew Thermopylae would be safe, since we left Spartans to guard it."

Cestius Pius. You have shown, Spartans, how base it were to fly by so long remaining still. All have their privilege. The glory of Athens is speech; of Thebes, religion; of Sparta, arms. . . . O deep disgrace to our ancestral valor! Spartans are counting their numbers, not their manhood. Let us see how long the list is, that Sparta may have, if not brave soldiers, at least true messengers. . . . If we may not conquer Xerxes, let us at least be allowed to see him; I would know what it is I fell from. As yet I am in no way like an Athenian either in seeking culture, or in dwelling behind a wall; the last Athenian quality that I shall imitate will be cowardice.

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Cornelius Hispanus. We have come for Sparta; let us stay for Greece; let us vanquish the foe as we have already vanquished our friends; let this arrogant barbarian learn that nothing is so difficult as to cut an armed Spartan down. For my part, I am glad the rest have gone; they have left Thermopylae for us. . . .

Bandus. Shall I remind you of your mother's command—"Either with your shield or on it?" and yet to return without arms is far less base than to flee under arms. Shall I remind you of the words of the captive?—"Kill me, I am no slave!" To such a man to escape would not have been to avoid capture. Describe the Persian terrors! We heard all that when we were first sent out. Let Xerxes see the three hundred, and learn at what rate the war is valued, what number of men the place is calculated to hold. We will not return even as messengers, except after the fight is over. Who has fled I know not; these men Sparta has given me for comrades. I am thankful that the host has fled; they had made the pass of Thermopylae too narrow for me to move in.

III. Seneca the Younger. Lucius Annaeus Seneca, born at Corduba about the year 4 B. C., was educated in Rome under the best of tutors, and in the schools of rhetoric. His mother, a lady of noble birth, had a sister who was married to Pollio, governor of Egypt, with whom young Seneca spent some time and through whose influence he obtained the quaestorship at Rome. In A. D. 39 he made an unwise speech in the Senate and incurred the bitter hostility of Caligula, who through the influence of Messalina banished him to Corsica on the charge of too great intimacy with Julia Livilla, Caligula's younger sister. Charges of this sort were so common in that day that we are unable to judge of the truth of these, but

it is probable that Seneca's known attachment to the party of Agrippina was the real cause of his banishment; in any event, eight years later, on the death of Messalina, the former recalled him from banishment and made him the tutor of her young son Nero.

In this position Seneca obtained an unbounded influence over his pupil, and after the latter's accession to imperial power directed for a long time the government, restrained the ferocity of the youthful Emperor, controlled in a measure the revengeful spirit of Agrippina, and enforced a peaceful rule that was long known for its restfulness in those stormy days.

It is believed, however, that he obtained this influence in a large measure by yielding to the wishes of Nero, that he was privy to the murder of Claudius by which Nero came to the throne, to the murder of Germanicus, and also to that of Agrippina herself, so it is not surprising he lost the moral restraint he had over Nero, and with the death of Burrus, commander of the Praetorian Guards, found himself entirely without influence at the court. Realizing his loss, he retired from court, offered to give up his property and to submit to banishment, but no concessions could save him from the malignant Nero, who, accusing him of sharing in the conspiracy of Piso, compelled him in A. D. 65 to commit suicide.

Seneca's immense wealth has been estimated at fifteen million dollars, a sum which his enemies said could only have been obtained by

fraud and dishonesty. However, such a sum could easily have been given him by Nero, as Seneca himself protested. That he was twice married, had by his first wife two sons, one of whom died soon after his banishment, and that his second wife was prevented by Nero from committing suicide when she learned of Seneca's death, are among the known facts.

From a life of Seneca, "described by Justus Lipsius," we take the following extracts:

For both Silvanus was one of the conspirators, and increased their heinous offenses, to whose revenge he had consented; yet spared he both his speech and presence, and sent in one of the centurions to Seneca, to signify unto him the fatal sentence. He no ways dismayed hereat, called for the tables of his testament, which being denied him by the centurion, turning himself towards his friends, he testified unto them, that since it was not permitted him to remunerate their kindness towards him, yet testified he, that he left them yet that which of all others he esteemed most worthy, namely, the image of his life, whereof if they were mindful, they should carry away the fame of good learning, and of so constant friendship. And therewithal recalleth their tears, and calleth them to constancy now by speeches, now by expostulations, after a more intended manner; asking them, Where are the precepts of wisdom? Where that premeditated resolution, which you have studied for so many years, against imminent dangers? For to whom was Nero's cruelty unknown? Neither remained there anything after the murder both of his mother and brother, but to annex the death of his governor and master. Whenas he had in general said these or such like words, he embraced his wife; and having somewhat tempered her against the present fear, he prayeth and entreateth her to moderate her grief, and not to make it continual. But in contemplation of her life that was

virtuously led, to endure the lack of her husband with honest solaces. She contrariwise alleged that herself was sentenced to die also, and calleth for the executioner's help. Then Seneca loath to obscure her glory, and loving her entirely, lest he should leave her to the injuries of others, whom he so dearly loved, said, "I have showed thee the proportions and images of life, but thou hadst rather have the glory of death. I will not envy thy example. Let the constancy be equal in us both in this so short a death, but thy renown will be far greater." After which words, both of them cut their veins at one time. Seneca in that his body was old and lean, by reason of his sparing diet, and that by this means his blood flowed more slowly, cut the veins of his legs and hams likewise. And being wearied with cruel torments, lest by his pain he should weaken his wife's courage, and he by beholding her torments should fall into some impatience, he persuaded her to step aside into another chamber. And in the last moment being no ways disfurnished of his eloquence, calling his writers about him, he delivered many things, which being discovered to the world in his own words, I intend not to alter.

But Nero that had conceived no private hatred against Paulina, and being afraid lest the odiousness of his cruelty should increase the more, commandeth her death to be hindered. By the exhortations of the soldiers, her slaves and bondmen bind up her arms, and stop the blood, the matter being yet uncertain whether it was with her consent. For amongst the common sort (who are readiest to speak the worst) there wanted not some that believed, that during the time that she feared that Nero was implacable, she sought to accompany her husband in the fame of his death: but when more apparent hopes were offered, that then she was overcome with the sweetness of life, whereunto she added a few years after, with a laudable memory towards her husband. But her face and other parts of her body were grown so pale and discolored, that it easily appeared that her vital spirits were much spent.

In the meanwhile Seneca seeing the protraction and slowness of his death, besought Statius Annaeus, a man well approved unto him both for his faith in friendship, and skill in physic, to haste and bring him that poison which in times past was provided, and by which they were put to death who were by public judgment condemned amongst the Athenians; and having it brought unto him he drunk it, in vain, by reason that his limbs were already cold, and his body shut up against the force of the venom. At last he entered into a bath of hot water, besprinkling those his slaves that stood next about him, saying that he offered up that liquor to Love the Deliverer. Then put into the bath, and stifled with the vapor thereof, he was buried without any solemnity of his funeral: for so had he set it down in his will.

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I have ended, except it please you that I write somewhat of his body: for men delight, if I may so speak it, to take notice of the habitations and receptacles of great wits: his body from his childhood was but weak. This saith he of his aunt, after he was brought into the city: "By her pious and motherly care, after I had been long time sick I recovered my health." And in a certain epistle: "Sickness had given me a long safe conduct, and suddenly invaded me. In what kind, sayest thou? And not without cause dost thou ask me this, since that there is not any one that is unknown to me. But to one kind of sickness I seem as it were destinated; which why I should call by a Greek name I know not, for it may aptly enough be called Wheesing or Astme." And presently after he addeth, "All the incommodities or dangers of the body have passed by me. Behold an old man well exercised, when likewise being a young man, was exercised with distillations and rheums, by means whereof he seemed to be inclined to a consumption." Himself again: "That thou art troubled with often distillations and agues: it grieves me the more, because I have had proof of that kind of sickness, which in the beginning I contemned; for at first my youth could wear out the in-

jury, and oppose itself boldly against infirmities, at last I was mastered, and was brought to that pass, that I myself was consumed by distillations. I was brought to an extreme leanness, and oftentimes had I a mind to shorten my days, but my careful and loving father's old years restrained me."

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That his body was not beautiful, Seneca himself expresseth in another place: "That thou requirest my books, I do not therefore think myself more eloquent, no more than I should judge myself fair because thou requirest my picture." He toucheth that he was not, and that image, which is discovered of him by Fulvius Ursinus, showeth not a countenance worthy that mind; yet confirmed he his body, though weak, with more harder exercises, as in tilling the fields, and in digging of vineyards, whereof he maketh mention, where he called himself a diligent digger of vineyards, and generally likewise of gardens, which he termeth his cunning.

IV. SENECA'S TRAGEDIES. Though many of Seneca's works are lost, those that remain exceed in bulk those of almost any other Latin author, and prove that he was an extremely voluminous writer. The exact dates at which his works were composed it is impossible to determine, but they consisted of tragedies, philosophical treatises and a few epigrams.

Of the tragedies nine are extant, all upon subjects derived from Greek mythology, and none containing any originality of plot or of treatment. The best parts of the tragedies are little more than a direct translation, and their fame is owing principally to the fact that in modern times they were widely known long before their Greek originals came to public

notice. These tragedies were all of a highly rhetorical nature. Their chief technical fault is the way in which they violate the decencies of the stage and bring before the people those events which the more refined Greeks left to the imagination; as, for instance, Manto, the daughter of Tiresias, at her sacrifice inspected the entrails of the victims in public. Animal grossness and sensuality pervade all the plays and destroy the glamour which the Greeks were able to throw around the weaknesses of their heroes and heroines. In fact, the dramas are but another evidence of the extreme length to which Greek knowledge drove the self-indulgent and passionate Romans.

V. The "Medea." Perhaps the best known of his tragedies is the *Medea,* in which Seneca selects, as did Euripides, that part of the myth in which Jason deserts his wife Medea, to marry Creusa, daughter of the King of Corinth. Medea sends her two sons to give Creusa a poisoned robe, which causes her death as well as that of her father Creon. Then, in order to tantalize and terrify her husband, she kills the two children, an act which in the play of Seneca is performed upon the stage.

When Medea's nurse hears that Creon and Creusa have been killed by the poisoned robe, she urges her mistress to fly, upon which Medea replies:

> Shall I fly? I? Were I already gone
> I would return for this, that I might see
> These new betrothals. Dost thou pause, my soul?

MEDEA

This joy's but the beginning of revenge.
Thou dost but love if thou art satisfied
To widow Jason. Seek new penalties;
Honor is gone and maiden modesty—
It were a light revenge pure hands could yield.
Strengthen thy drooping spirit, stir up wrath,
Drain from thy heart its all of ancient force,
Thy deeds till now call honor; wake, and act,
That they may see how light, how little worth,
All former crime—the prelude of revenge!
What was there great my novice hands could dare?
What was the madness of my girlhood days?
I am Medea now, through sorrow strong.
Rejoice, because through thee thy brother died;
Rejoice, because through thee his limbs were torn,
Through thee thy father lost the golden fleece;
Rejoice, that armed by thee his daughters slew
Old Pelias! Seek revenge! No novice hand
Thou bring'st to crime; what wilt thou do; what dart
Let fly against thy hated enemy?
I know not what my maddened spirit plots,
Nor yet dare I confess it to myself!
In folly I made haste—would that my foe
Had children by this other! Mine are his.
We'll say Creusa bore them! 'Tis enough;
Through them my heart at last finds full revenge.
My soul must be prepared for this last crime.
Ye who were once my children, mine no more,
Ye pay the forfeit for your father's crimes.
Awe strikes my spirit and benumbs my hand;
My heart beats wildly; mother-love drives out
Hate of my husband; shall I shed their blood—
My children's blood? Demented one, rage not,
Be far from thee this crime! What guilt is theirs?
Is Jason not their father?—guilt enough!
And worse, Medea claims them as her sons.
They are not sons of mine, so let them die!
Nay, rather let them perish since they are!
But they are innocent—my brother was!

Fear'st thou? Do tears already mar thy cheek?
Do wrath and love like adverse tides impel
Now here, now there? As when the winds wage war,
And the wild waves against each other smite,
My heart is beaten; duty drives out fear,
As wrath drives duty. Anger dies in love.

VI. Seneca's Philosophical Writings. Formal treatises on ethical subjects, some twenty books of *Ethical Letters* and the *Studies of Nature* form the three divisions into which Seneca's philosophical writings naturally fall. The formal treatises discuss such subjects as *Anger, The Shortness of Life, Clemency, The Happy Life, Consolation, Giving and Receiving of Favors* (*De Beneficiis*), otherwise called *On Benefits.* The letters touch upon different subjects, and handle them in a more free and easy manner, all showing that he has been a good student of the Greek philosophers. Nevertheless, he has added little of originality to their teachings, which, as he interprets them, are on the whole sound and wise. His leaning was markedly toward the doctrines of the Stoics and he is the best exponent of Roman stoicism in existence, for his works, showing the practical tendency of the Roman mind at its best, give little space to speculation, but a great deal to practical advice on the conduct of life. In his own day, his writings were widely read and were influential, though such critics as Quintilian found fault with their style. In the course of a popularity which continued through centuries, the high moral tone

of Seneca's writings conveyed the impression that he was a Christian, a belief which was given some confirmation by a series of letters produced at a later date, and which were supposed once to have been correspondence between Seneca and the Apostle Paul, examples of which are quite common in all the world's literatures. The influence of Seneca's writings has by no means ceased, for it may be traced in the work of many an author of modern times, and particularly so in the essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

His studies of nature do not make a complete natural history, but there are two books treating of astronomy, two on physical geography and four on meteorology. Seneca accepted without question the views he found in books, and though popular for a long time, his writings on natural subjects never had any scientific value; in fact, he uses the alleged facts of nature simply as pegs upon which to hang ethical precepts.

VII. "ON BENEFITS." This long work is composed of seven books, which treat in a very exhaustive way on the conferring of favors, or benefits. It tells what favors are proper to give, when they should be conferred, and the manner of giving; discusses the attitude of the one who gives gifts and the one who receives, and the effect of both giving and receiving. Numerous anecdotes relieve the monotony of the discussions, but the whole thing is too didactic and prosy to be of much general interest

to-day, however excellent the advice may be. The extracts which follow will give a notion of the character of the work and are somewhat curious in themselves, as they are taken from the translation of Thomas Lodge, a young writer who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth centuries:

Why is it that the ancients have feigned that there are three Graces, that they are sisters, having their hands in hands? and why are they pictured laughing, young, and tender in years, virgins, attired in loose garments, clear and transparent? To this some answer, That there ought to be three, because the one of them representeth him that bestoweth; the other, him that receiveth; the other, him that gratifieth and remunerateth the benefit. Others say, that there are three kinds of benefits, the one of those who bestow the same, the other of those that restore the same, and the third of those that receive, and therewithal requite good turns. Of these things judge as thou pleasest, the knowledge hereof full little profiteth us. What meaneth this dance of theirs, in which hand in hand they trip it always in a round? To this intent it is, because the order and process of benefits (that pass through their hands that give the same) is such, that they return again to the giver, and should wholly lose the grace of all which they should effect, if ever they should be interrupted: contrariwise, that they always retain their beauty, when they are united and hand-fasted together, and when they are restored and acknowledged in their time. Therefore paint they them laughing, because the countenances of those that will deserve well at any man's hands, should be smiling and pleasant, such as theirs is, who are wont to give or receive benefits. They paint them young, because the memory of benefits should not wax old. They feign them virgins; because they are incorruptible, sin-

cere, holy, and profitable unto all men; their garments shining, and transparent, because good works would be seen.

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Know thou that that benefit is most pleasing, and of longest perpetuity in man's memory, that comes unsought for and undemanded. And if happily thou hast not had the opportunity to prevent his necessity, yet at leastwise intercept the reasons and motives which he should use in requesting thy courtesy: thou oughtest to make him believe by thy readiness and forwardness, that thou hadst a desire to do him friendship before he demanded the same. And as meat which is presented a sick man in due season profiteth him much; and simple water being given in time of necessity, is sometimes of as much worth and value as a medicine: even so a pleasure although it be but little and small in value, if it be freely and fitly given, if it be done in due time, and fitting to the occasion, valueth and commendeth itself the more, and surmounteth the estimate and worth of a rich and precious present, which hath been long time devised and dreamt upon.

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Arcesilas (as it is reported) being advertised, that a poor friend of his (who concealed his necessities, as much as in him lay) was fallen sick, and yet notwithstanding would not discover the poverty he endured in his sickness; bethought him that he should not do amiss, to relieve him secretly. For which cause, under color to come and visit him, he left a bag full of money under the sick man's pillow; to the end that the poor fool (being more bashful than wise) might rather think that he had found that which he desired, than that he received it as a benefit. What then? should he not know (sayest thou) from whom the favor came? No. At the first let him be ignorant thereof, sith the not knowing thereof is a better part of the good work. Afterwards I will do him many other pleasures, I will give him so many other things, that in the end he shall perceive who was the first author

of them: finally, he shall not know that he hath received, and I shall understand that I have given.

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Caesar gave Pompeius Pennus his life (if it may be said, that he giveth life that taketh it not away). Afterwards, when he had absolved him, and the other humbled himself to give thanks, Caesar presented him his left foot to kiss. They that pretend to excuse him, and deny that it was done by way of insolence, say, that he did it but to show his gilded buskins; or rather, or more rightly, his buskins of gold, enhanced and enriched with precious pearls. In so doing, what outrage might there be? What evil was it for a man (although in former times he had been consul) to kiss gold and pearl, since no better place might be found more seemly and honest in Caesar's person for him to kiss? A man only born to change and reduce the manners of an absolute and free state into servitude, worse than that of the Persians: he thought it a small matter that an old senator, who in times past had been graced with so many and great honors, should in the presence of princes in submissive sort lie prostrate before him, after the manner of a vanquished enemy before the feet of the conqueror. This was he that endeavored to find something out more baser than the knee, whereby he might subject and suppress the liberty of Rome. Is not this to tread the majesty of a commonweal under foot? Yea with a left foot will some men say (and very answerable to the purpose). For he had not showed himself villainously furious and insolent enough, to have taken his fair buskins to assist and sit in judgment upon the life of one who had been a consul, if the Emperor had not also thrust his studs and golden buttons into a senator's mouth.

. . . . . .

Furnius never won Augustus Caesar's heart more, or knew better by any means to make him his own (whereby he might compass all that which he demanded at his hands) than at that time, when (having obtained his father's pardon, who had been a party in Antonius' ac-

tion) he said unto him: Only this one injury (Great Caesar) have I received at thy hands, which is, that by thy means I live, and by thy means I die, without grateful acknowledgment of that thanks I owe thee. What mind may be more thankful than his, who in no sort satisfieth himself with his own thankfulness, but utterly despaireth to equal the good he hath received? By these and such like speeches let us so endeavor, that our will be not restrained or hidden, but be apparent and manifest every way. And although silence obscure our words, yet if we be so affected as we ought to be, our interior thoughts will appear in our outward countenance. He that will be thankful, no sooner receiveth the courtesy, but conceiveth and bethinketh him how he may make requital. Chrysippus saith, That he that accepteth any friendship, resembleth him that is addressed and ready to run for a wager, and standeth in the list, expecting the signal, whereupon he might speedily set forward. And truly, he that receiveth, had need to be a swift footman and a great competitor, to the intent he may overtake his benefactor, who began the race before him.

. . . . . .

Aeneas overcame his father in courtesy, for his father carried him in his arms when he was an infant (a weight neither dangerous nor heavy) where the other bare him on his shoulders, laden with age, through the midst of the armed enemy, and through the falling ruins of his city, at such time, as the devout old man embraced betwixt his arms his domestic gods, and the sacred relics of his house, loading his son's shoulders with more than his own person, yet went he onward with much ado: carrying him through the flames and ruins of the city (what is it not, but the piety and love of a son may perform) and bringing him out of all danger, ranked him afterwards amongst the gods, and placed him in the number of those first founders of the Roman Empire, to be honored and reverenced with them. The young men of Sicily overcame and surmounted their fathers. For

at such time as Mount Aetna was so highly inflamed, that it vomited fire upon the cities and neighboring plains, and had consumed the greater part of the isle, they carried their fathers thence upon their backs: it is believed that the fire miraculously separated and divided itself, and that the flames retiring themselves on both sides, opened a large passage to suffer those virtuous young men to travel through it, to the end that without danger they might safely perform their great attempt.

Divers examples might I produce of many other memorable children, who have delivered their parents from danger, that from a base degree have raised them to high estate, and from the meanest and ignoblest race of men, have given them eternal and indefinite honors: it cannot be expressed by any force of words or faculty of wit, how great a work it is, how praiseworthy, and how perdurable and lasting in men's memory; justly to be able to say, thus much I have obeyed my parents: I have fulfilled their commandments in whatsoever it were, either right, or wrong; I have showed myself observant and submissive, in this only thing I have been willful, that I would not be overcome by them in benefits: fight valiantly therefore, I pray you young men, and though you were defeated, yet reinforce the fight anew. These that overcome shall be happy. They that shall be overcome shall be no less blessed; what person can ever receive more honor than that young man, who may say unto himself (for it is not lawful for him to say it to another), I have overcome my father in well-doing? Is there any old man more happy, than he that may vaunt in all places, and before the whole world, that he hath been overcome by his son in well-doing and benefiting? What greater happiness is there for a man so to yield unto himself?

. . . . . .

A certain old soldier, who had used some violence towards his neighbors, was drawn in question before Julius Caesar, and seeing himself overcharged, and like to lose the process: Caesar (saith he), remember you not how you once sprained your ankle in Spain near to Sucro,

a river of Valentia? When Caesar had answered him that he remembered it well, the soldier continuing his purpose, said thus: Do you remember likewise, that being couched under a tree, that gave but little shadow, and desirous to rest yourself, to fly the heat of the scorching sun, in a barren and rocky soil, in which there was not but that only tree, that grew from amongst the craggy cliffs, there was one of your soldiers that spread his cloak under you? When Caesar had answered, Yea marry, why should I not remember it? for when I was nigh dead for thirst, because I was not able to go to the next spring, by reason of my foot, I would have crept thither upon all fours, but that a soldier of mine, a man both stout and valiant, brought me water in his helmet. Emperor (said this soldier), do you now know that man, and that helmet, if you see them? Caesar answered, that he knew not the morion, but that he knew the soldier very well, and further said (displeased, as I suppose, for that he interrupted the pleading of the cause, to listen to that old story which he had told him), I am sure thou art not he. Caesar (said the soldier), I blame thee not, in that thou hast forgotten me, for when this was done, I was whole and sound, afterwards I lost an eye at the battle of Munda, certain splinters of my skull were taken out of my head, neither would you know the helmet if you should see it, for it was cleft in pieces by the stroke of a Spanish curtelax. Hereupon Caesar commanded that he should not be troubled any further, and gave unto his soldier those small parcels of land, through which the way lay, that made this strife betwixt him and his neighbors.

Seneca's works have considerable incidental interest in that there are numerous casual references to the social customs of his day.

VIII. PATERCULUS. The only information of importance concerning Velleius Paterculus is obtained from the pages of his own two-volume *History of Rome,* which has survived

in fairly-good condition. It does not appear even that he was named by ancient writers, and for all we know his first name may have been Caius or Publius, or indeed Marcus, as later writers variously called him. It is supposed that he was born about 19 B. C. and died about A. D. 31. His grandfather, of equestrian rank, served in the army under Brutus, Cassius and Decius Magius, as a captain of engineers; his father was a praefect of cavalry, as was also Velleius, who served for nine years under Tiberius Caesar in Germany, and was afterward quaestor and praetor.

His book, written in great haste, "hurried on with the rapidity of a wheel or torrent," though for what reason does not appear, was composed when he was about forty-eight. Though called by his editors a history of Rome, it contained a history of Greece as well. In style it is animated, although its sentences are long and involved, rough and unpolished. The manuscript was found in a convent in Alsace.

IX. Extracts from the "History of Rome." Three brief extracts will give an idea of the style of the *History,* which can scarcely be called a real literary document. The first is the account of Tiberius Gracchus:

> This surrender of Mancinus excited violent dissensions in the state. For Tiberius Gracchus (son of a most illustrious and eminent citizen, and grandson, on his mother's side, of Publius Africanus), who had been quaestor at the time, and by whose encouragement that treaty had been concluded, was both grievously offended

at the annulling of it, and entertained apprehensions for himself of a similar sentence or punishment; from which causes, though in his other conduct a man of the strictest integrity, endowed with the highest abilities, and pure and upright in his intentions, in short, adorned with every virtue of which man when perfected both by nature and cultivation is susceptible, he, on being appointed tribune of the people in the consulate of Publius Mutius Scaevola and Lucius Calpurnius, a hundred and sixty-two years ago, deserted the worthy party, and by promising the rights of citizens to all the inhabitants of Italy, and proposing at the same time agrarian laws, threw all things, while all men were eager to secure a footing in the state, into the utmost confusion, and brought the Commonwealth into imminent danger, of which it was for some time doubtful what would be the event. Octavius, one of his colleagues, who stood up in defense of the public good, he compelled to resign his office, and procured the election of himself, his father-in-law Appius, who had been consul, and his brother Gracchus, then very young, as commissioners to distribute lands, and settle colonies.

On this, Publius Scipio Nasica, grandson of him who had been pronounced by the Senate the best man in the state, son of him who in his censorship had built the porticos to the Capitol, and great-grandson of Cnaeus Scipio, a man of very illustrious character, uncle of Publius Africanus; this Scipio, I say, though not invested with any military or public office, and though he was cousin to Tiberius Gracchus, yet, preferring his country to family connection, and considering whatever injured the public as hurtful to each individual (for which merits he was afterwards, in his absence, created chief pontiff; the first instance of the kind), wrapped the lappet of his own round his left arm, and mounted to the upper part of the Capitol; where, standing on the summit of the steps, he called on all that desired the safety of the Commonwealth to follow him. Immediately the chief of the nobility, the Senate, the greater and better

part of the equestrian body, and such plebeians as were unallured by the pernicious views of the Gracchi, rushed together against Gracchus, who, with some bands of his partisans, was standing in the court, haranguing a concourse of people from almost every part of Italy. Betaking himself to flight, he was struck, as he was running down the descent from the Capitol, with a piece of a broken bench, and thus prematurely closed a life which he might have passed with the greatest honor. This was the commencement of civil bloodshed, and of impunity to the sword, in Rome. Henceforward right was oppressed by strength; the more powerful were the more highly esteemed; disputes between citizens, which were formerly settled on amicable terms, were decided by the sword; and wars were undertaken, not for honorable reasons, but from prospects of gain. Nor can this excite our wonder; for examples do not stop where they begin; but, if allowed to spread through a channel ever so narrow, make way for themselves to any extent; and, when men have once deviated from the right path, they are hurried headlong into wrong; and no one thinks that dishonorable to himself which is gainful to another.

The second extract relates the story of Caius Gracchus:

After an interval of ten years, the same rage which had animated Tiberius Gracchus, seized his brother Caius, who, resembling him in all his virtues as well as in his want of judgment, was in abilities and eloquence far his superior; and who, though he might, without the least anxiety of mind, have become the very first man in the state, yet, prompted by a desire either of revenging his brother's death, or of preparing a way for himself to regal power, he entered on a tribuneship of similar character to that of his brother, forming projects, however, much more extensive and influential. He designed to extend the civic franchise to all the Italians, as far almost as the Alps; to divide the lands, and to prohibit

every citizen from possessing more than five hundred acres; a restriction which had once been enjoined by the Licinian law. He likewise wished to lay new taxes on imported goods, to fill the provinces with new colonies, to transfer the privilege of being judges from the senators to the knights, and to distribute corn to the populace; in short, he was resolved to leave nothing quiet and undisturbed, nothing in the condition in which he found it. He even procured himself to be re-elected tribune. But the consul Lucius Opimius, who in his praetorship had demolished Fregellae, attacked him with an armed force, and put him to death, and together with him Fulvius Flaccus, a man who had been consul, and had triumphed, but was equally inclined to noxious measures; and whom Caius Gracchus had nominated a commissioner in the room of his brother Tiberius, and associated with himself to be a sharer in his king-like power. One particular in Opimius's conduct is mentioned deserving of reprobation, namely, that he offered a reward for the head, not merely of Gracchus, but of any turbulent Roman citizen, promising its weight in gold. Flaccus, while he was collecting a party in arms on the Aventine, with intent to make resistance, was killed, together with his elder son; Gracchus, attempting to escape, and being nearly overtaken by a party sent by Opimius, held out his neck to Euporus his slave, who slew himself with the same fortitude with which he relieved his master. Pomponius, a Roman knight, showed on that day a singular degree of attachment to Gracchus; for, like Cocles, he withstood his enemies on the bridge, and then run himself through with his sword. The body of Caius Gracchus, with great barbarity on the part of the victors, was thrown into the Tiber, as had previously been the case with that of Tiberius.

It is interesting to compare these extracts with the work of Livy; that is, a compendium of events with a literary historical tale. The third selection describes the disgrace of Lepi-

dus and shows a little of the character of Julius Caesar:

In prosecuting the war against Pompey, Caesar had summoned Lepidus from Africa, with twelve legions containing half their complement of men. This man, the vainest of human beings, who merited not by a single good quality so long an indulgence of fortune, had taken the command, as he happened to be nearer to them than any other leader, of the troops of Pompey, who, however, were attracted, not by his influence or honor, but by Caesar's; and inflated with vanity at the number of the legions, which was more than twenty, he proceeded to such a degree of madness, that, though he had been a useless attendant on another's victory, which he had long retarded by dissenting from Caesar's plans, and constantly urging measures different from those recommended by others, he yet claimed the whole credit of the success as his own, and even had the assurance to send notice to Caesar to quit Sicily. But neither by the Scipios, nor by any of the ancient Roman commanders, was a more resolute act ever attempted or executed, than was now performed by Caesar. For, though he was unarmed and in his cloak, carrying with him nothing but his name, he went into the camp of Lepidus, and avoiding the weapons which were thrown at him by the order of that infamous man, one of which pierced through his mantle, he boldly seized the eagle of a legion. Then might be seen the difference between the commanders. The armed troops followed the unarmed leader, and Lepidus, in the tenth year after he had arrived at a height of power not at all merited by his conduct, being deserted by Fortune and his troops, wrapped himself up in a black cloak, and, passing unobserved among the hindmost of the crowd that flocked about Caesar, prostrated himself at his feet. His life, and the disposal of his property, were granted to his entreaties; his dignity, which he was ill qualified to support, was taken from him.

X. The Emperors as Literati. Tiberius,

who received instruction from the Greek Theodorus of Gadara, was well acquainted with the literature of both Greece and Rome, and was himself the author of autobiographical memoirs, of Greek verses and of a Latin poem on the death of Lucius Caesar. His literary tendencies did not make him a patron of authors, but on the other hand, only served to intensify his natural suspicion and to cause him to see in the writings of others slighting allusions to himself, which he punished severely and so made authorship a dangerous occupation.

Caligula's reign was even less favorable to literature, and for much the same reasons. Naturally a good speaker, he thought himself a great orator and competent to criticize. During his later years his insanity manifested itself in a contempt for Homer, whose writings he wished to destroy utterly, and for Vergil and Livy, whose works and busts he removed from the public libraries, on the ground that one was an ignoramus and the other too diffuse and careless in style.

Under Claudius literature revived somewhat, for he seemed devoid of the feeling of jealousy and rivalry, and showed his interest in linguistic matters by the ineffective addition of three letters to the Roman alphabet. A learned man and a prolific writer, he was nevertheless dull and uninfluential, and nothing remains of his numerous works but a few inscriptions which show conclusively the diffuseness and lack of merit in his style. He was fifty

when he came to the throne and began to write a history of Rome from the death of Caesar, a task which he was persuaded to abandon by his mother and grandmother. A history in forty-one books covering forty-one years from the beginning of the reign of Octavian, a history of the Etruscans in twenty books, a history of Carthage in eight books and an essay in defense of Cicero as an orator followed.

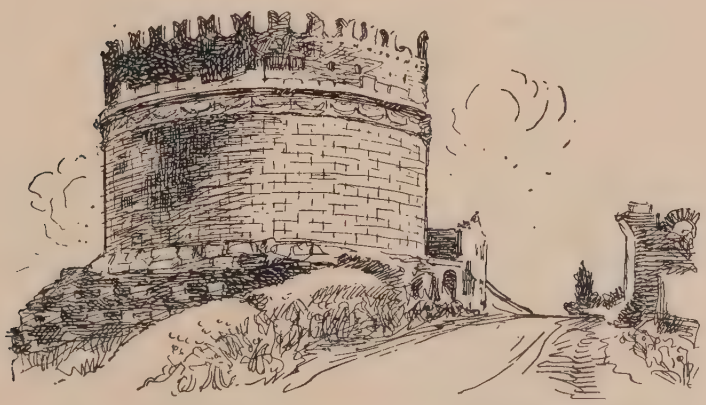
Nero's opposition to literary men was at first confined to jealousy of other poets, for he had written various short poems and an epic on the Trojan War. Of his relations to Lucan we shall speak in another place. Attacks upon himself disturbed him little until Piso's conspiracy opened the vials of his wrath upon philosophers and men of letters generally.

XI. Minor Prose Writers. Valerius Maximus wrote nine books called *Memorable Doings and Sayings,* which were popular during the Middle Ages and are preserved in several manuscripts. While many of the anecdotes are interesting, the style is dull and the gross flattery poured upon Tiberius, Julius Caesar and Augustus is disgusting. Religion, ancient customs, varieties of character, old age, remarkable deaths, etc., are some of the topics considered.

Aulus Cornelius Celsus composed an encyclopedia treating of agriculture, medicine, war, oratory, jurisprudence and philosophy, but only the section on medicine is preserved. The simple, straightforward style is to be com-

mended, and the author was well-versed in medicine. In fact, his book, which was extremely popular and authoritative in the Middle Ages, was one of the first to be produced after the invention of the printing press, and was long a valued reference for medical students.

Orators, grammarians and writers on scientific and practical subjects were numerous, but little of their work has come down to us. The philosophers, chiefly of the Stoic school, exercised much influence upon Roman thought, but their teachings were largely oral or their works are lost, so it is impossible to give them the mention their importance demands. One other prose production remains to be treated, but that seems of sufficient importance to require a chapter by itself.



TOMB OF CECELIA MATELLA

CHAPTER XIX

THE CLAUDIAN ERA OF THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD
(CONTINUED)
A. D. 14 – 68

THE FIRST LATIN NOVEL

PROSE FICTION IN GREEK AND LATIN. We have already studied Greek fiction, but Latin and Greek are so closely interwoven that we cannot altogether separate them, and a knowledge of the latter presupposes the former. Prose fiction is of later development than epic poetry, though the origin of the two

is the same and the only difference is in the form of expression. Greek imagination was caught by the rhythm of poetry, and tales in that medium were immensely more popular than those expressed in plain prose; naturally the Roman mind was of the other type, but so subservient was it to Greek influence that sustained imaginative prose was long in appearing.

Love such as forms the burden of modern fiction had no place in the Latin story, because the tendency of the Roman was to conceal his deeper feelings, keep his subdued family life in the background and to seek whatever of recreation and intellectual companionship he desired among those females of questionable life who lived by their wits. There is then little of variety in the subjects treated in fiction, a general lack of interest and not much of originality.

II. Fables and Fairy Tales. Myths, fictitious as they appear to us, must be regarded as religious or half-religious attempts to discover the meaning of natural phenomena or to express those feelings of awe and reverence which seem to be inherent in the breasts of the lowest savages. The Fable, with its talking animals, its grotesque happenings and its frequent effort to impart a moral, gave free play to the Oriental imagination; from the East it entered Greece, and in time made its way among the Romans as probably the first form of the short story.

Fear, love, suffering, dreams, the feverish imaginings of sickness, all found their expression in the daily conversation of the people and personified themselves in fairy-like characters whose natures partook of the thing they represented. Both the classical nations undoubtedly amassed a folklore which would be extremely interesting if it had been preserved, but comparatively few stories have survived. The love of Cupid and Psyche, of Echo for Narcissus, the pranks of the Lares and the horrid deeds of the Larvae and Lemures are all examples of the subjects that composed the fairy lore of both nations and that have come down to us in various forms.

III. Ghost Stories. From the time of Homer and Herodotus ghost stories appear in literature, usually as episodic creations in epics or by reference in more serious writings. It will be remembered that one of the comedies of Plautus is called the *Haunted House*.

Perhaps the best example we can find of the ghost story is part of a letter from the younger Pliny to his friend Sura. Readers will find its parallel in all literatures even as late as the *Dolph Heyliger* of Washington Irving:

> There was at Athens a large and roomy house, which had a bad name, so that no one could live there. In the dead of the night a noise resembling the clashing of iron was frequently heard, which, if you listened more attentively, sounded like the rattling of chains, distant at first, but approaching nearer by degrees: immediately

afterwards a specter appeared in the form of an old man, of extremely emaciated and squalid appearance, with a long beard and disheveled hair, rattling the chains on his feet and hands. The distressed occupants meanwhile passed their wakeful nights under the most dreadful terrors imaginable. This, as it broke their rest, ruined their health, and brought on distempers, their terror grew upon them, and death ensued. Even in the day time, though the spirit did not appear, yet the impression remained so strong upon their imaginations that it still seemed before their eyes, and kept them in perpetual alarm. Consequently the house was at length deserted, as being deemed absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost.

However, in hopes that some tenant might be found who was ignorant of this very alarming circumstance, a bill was put up, giving notice that it was either to be let or sold. It happened that Athenodorus the philosopher came to Athens at this time, and, reading the bill, inquired the price. The extraordinary cheapness raised his suspicion; nevertheless, when he heard the whole story, he was so far from being discouraged that he was more strongly inclined to hire it, and, in short, actually did so.

When it grew towards evening, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the front part of the house, and, after calling for a light, together with his pencil and tablets, directed all his people to retire. But that his mind might not, for want of employment, be open to the vain terrors of imaginary noises and spirits, he applied himself to writing with the utmost attention.

The first part of the night passed in entire silence, as usual; at length a clanking of iron and rattling of chains was heard: however, he neither lifted up his eyes nor laid down his pen, but in order to keep calm and collected tried to pass the sounds off to himself as something else. The noise increased and advanced nearer, till it seemed at the door, and at last in the chamber. He looked up, saw, and recognized the ghost exactly as it

had been described to him: it stood before him, beckoning with the finger, like a person who calls another.

Athenodorus in reply made a sign with his hand that it should wait a little, and threw his eyes again upon his papers; the ghost then rattled its chains over the head of the philosopher, who looked up upon this, and seeing it beckoning as before, immediately arose, and, light in hand, followed it. The ghost slowly stalked along, as if encumbered with its chains, and, turning into the area of the house, suddenly vanished. Athenodorus, being thus deserted, make a mark with some grass and leaves on the spot where the spirit left him. The next day he gave information to the magistrates, and advised them to order that spot to be dug up. This was accordingly done, and the skeleton of a man in chains was found there; for the body, having lain a considerable time in the ground, was putrefied and moldered away from the fetters. The bones being collected together were publicly buried, and thus after the ghost was appeased by the proper ceremonies, the house was haunted no more.

IV. Milesian Tales. The first pure fiction known to have appeared in Greece was the collection of stories published by Aristides as *Milesian Tales,* a name that became generic for short humorous sketches, frequently indecent, which have been imitated times without number in almost every literature. We still have a very early collection of such tales, published by Parthenius and called *Erotic Experiences.* The work was dedicated to Vergil's friend Cornelius Gallus, and contains thirty-six sketches which seem as though they might have been intended as outlines to be worked at some future time into more elaborate tales. All have been derived from earlier writers. Peck quotes the following as a fair example:

Odysseus, in his wanderings about Sicily and the Tyrrhenian and Sicilian seas, came to the court of Aeolus, in the island of Meligunis. Aeolus, out of respect to his guest's reputation for wisdom, made much of him, questioning him about the downfall of Troy and how, on the return of the Greeks from Troy, their ships had been scattered. In fact, in his hospitable spirit, he detained him for a long time, and Odysseus found his stay extremely pleasant, since Polymela, a daughter of Aeolus, having fallen in love with him, carried on with him a secret amour. When, however, Odysseus, having found a favorable breeze, sailed away, the girl was caught weeping bitterly over some Trojan keepsakes, and thus exposed her secret. Then Aeolus cursed the absent Odysseus, and cast about for some way to punish Polymela. As his brother Diores had fallen in love with her and asked for her in marriage, the father was persuaded to give Polymela to him as his bride.

As an example of the Milesian tale we refer to one of the most famous, which has repeatedly appeared in the writings of different ages, and is generally known as the *Tale of the Ephesian Widow*. In a collection of *Fables*, by some attributed to Phaedrus, it appears thus briefly:

A certain Woman had for some years lost her beloved Husband, and had placed his body in a tomb; and as she could by no means be forced from it, and passed her life in mourning at the sepulcher, she obtained a distinguished character for strict chastity. In the meantime, some persons who had plundered the temple of Jupiter suffered the penalty of crucifixion. In order that no one might remove their remains, soldiers were appointed as guards of the dead bodies, close by the monument in which the woman had shut herself up. Some time after, one of the Guards, being thirsty, asked, in the middle of the night, for some water, of a servant-

maid, who chanced just then to be assisting her mistress, who was going to rest; for she had been watching by a lamp, and had prolonged her vigils to a late hour. The door being a little open, the Soldier peeps in, and beholds a Woman, emaciated indeed, but of beauteous features. His smitten heart is immediately inflamed, and he burns with love. His crafty shrewdness invents a thousand pretenses for seeing her more frequently. Wrought upon by daily intercourse, by degrees she became more complaisant to the stranger, and soon enthralled his heart by a closer tie. While the careful Guard is here passing his nights, a body is missed from one of the crosses. The Soldier in his alarm relates to the Woman what has happened; but the chaste Matron replies: "You have no grounds for fear;" and gives up the body of her Husband to be fastened to the cross, that her lover may not undergo punishment for his negligence.

Apuleius paraphrases it in *The Golden Ass,* and it was made known to the Middle Ages by a translation from Petronius into French. La Fontaine made it the basis of one of his poems; Voltaire uses it as the plot of his *Zadig;* Jeremy Taylor refers to it in that chapter of *Holy Dying* devoted to the proper way of treating the dead. The best antique form is that of Petronius:

There lived at Ephesus a certain lady in such high repute for her chastity that women, even from neighboring countries, came to see her as a miracle. When her husband was carried to the grave, she was not content, after the usual custom, to follow the corpse, with disheveled hair, and beating her bosom in presence of all beholders; but accompanied the dear departed even to his last home; and when his body had been laid in the sepulcher in the Greek manner, she made herself its

guardian, and wept over it both night and day. While she thus punished herself, and threatened her own death by starvation, neither her parents nor her relations could dissuade her from her purpose, and even the magistrates failed in the same attempt. All Ephesus bewailed this exemplary and incomparable woman, who was now dragging through the fifth day without tasting food.

A faithful maid sat with the sorrowing woman, mingled her tears with those of her mistress, and, when occasion required, trimmed a lamp that was burning in the tomb. Throughout the city nothing else was talked of, and all men declared that never had there before been seen so shining an example of chastity and affection.

It happened just then, that the governor of the province had ordered certain robbers to be crucified near the dismal vault where the lady was weeping over her newly-buried husband. On the following night, the sentinel who watched the crosses lest the bodies should be stolen for burial, seeing a light glimmering among the tombs and hearing the moans of some one in sorrow, was led by curiosity to discover who or what it might be. He descended, therefore, into the tomb, where, seeing a very beautiful woman, he stood amazed as though he had beheld some unearthly apparition; but presently noticing the corpse, the lady's tears, and her face torn by her nails, he concluded that she was mourning her recent loss. Upon this he went back, carried his humble meal into the tomb, and began to implore her to desist from superfluous sorrow and from rending her bosom with unavailing sobs; telling her that death was a necessary end, that the grave was the home of all, and repeating all the arguments that are usually employed to soothe an anguished soul. But she, shocked by such unlooked-for attempts to console her, began to beat her breast with redoubled violence, to tear her hair, and to strew it over the dead body.

The soldier, however, did not desist, but endeavored to prevail on her to take some nourishment, till at last

the servant, tempted, no doubt, by the odor of the wine, confessed her defeat by holding out her hand to the charitable consoler, and, after refreshing herself with food and drink, began herself to combat the obstinacy of her mistress.

"What possible good will it do you," she said, "to starve yourself in this way, to bury yourself alive, and to draw your last breath before the Fates demand it? Do you think that such things give pleasure to the dead? Will you not cast off this whim of our sex, and enjoy the good things of this world while you can? The very corpse that lies before you ought to warn you to make the most of life."

No one ever listens reluctantly when he is pressed to take food or to live. The lady, exhausted by an abstinence of several days, yielded to her maid and satisfied her hunger with much eagerness. We all know to what temptations mortal flesh is exposed after a hearty meal. The very same arguments which the soldier had used to combat her despair he now employed against her chastity. The young man, thought this virtuous lady, is neither ill-looking nor lacking in address; and the maid also spoke in his behalf.

In a word, the lady observed the same abstinence in this respect as in the other, and the gallant soldier was a second time successful in his persuasions. They passed not only that first evening together, but the next night also and the next night after that, the doors of the tomb being of course carefully closed, so that if any one, friend or stranger, should come thither, he would conclude that this most virtuous of wives had died over the body of her husband. The soldier, delighted with the beauty of his mistress and with the mystery of the intrigue, bought for her all the good things his means could procure, and, as soon as night came, carried them into the tomb.

In the meantime, the relatives of one of the malefactors, observing the carelessness of the guard, carried off the body during the night and buried it. On the next day, when the circumvented soldier saw one of the crosses

without a body, he was dismayed at the consequences to himself; telling his love that he would not await the sentence of the judge, but that his own sword should punish his negligence, provided she would afford him sepulture, and join the lover to the husband in that fatal place.

"Nay," replied the no less compassionate than chaste widow, "the gods forbid that I should have before my eyes at the same time the dead bodies of the two men who were most dear to me! I will rather hang up the dead than be the death of the living." And in accordance with these sentiments, she ordered the corpse of her husband to be taken out of its coffin and affixed to the vacant cross. The soldier availed himself of the expedient suggested by the ingenious lady; and the next day every one wondered how it was that the dead man had found his way back to the cross!

Many collections of tales similar to the Milesian appeared in ancient times under a variety of names. The subjects grow stale and monotonous, for they all partook of the same pornographic character, and fertility of invention was wasted in finding new ways in which mistresses might exploit lovers, husbands sell wives, fathers abandon children, and lovers cheat mistresses. We find their successors with all the same characteristics in the pages of Boccaccio's *Decameron* and the *Contes Drolatiques* of Balzac.

V. Early Novels. We have elsewhere discussed at length the early Greek novels, and need only to say here that the Romans, imitative in this respect as in others, produced their few novels on the same models as those of the Alexandrian Greeks. Late as they were in

appearing, it may seem curious that there survive but two genuine Latin novels of the early years, and that they belong to different eras of the Post-classical and the later period of decline. However, both excel anything produced in this line by the Greeks, and are worthy of extended study. The first of these novels was the *Satira* of Petronius, and the second, appearing some half century later, the *Metamorphoses,* or *Golden Ass,* of Apuleius.

VI. Petronius. Gaius Petronius was an interesting character, of whom Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism,* says:

> Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
> The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

Tacitus, in the *Annals,* tells us about all we know concerning the man, who was Nero's *arbiter elegantiae* and who committed suicide, to escape execution as one concerned in the conspiracy of Piso which brought to their ends so many famous Romans:

> With regard to Gaius Petronius, his character, his course of life, and the singularity of his manners, seem to merit particular attention. He passed his days in sleep, and his nights in business, or in joy and revelry. Indolence was at once his passion, and his road to fame. What others did by vigor and industry, he accomplished by his love of pleasure and luxurious ease. Unlike the men who profess to understand social enjoyment, and ruin their fortunes, he led a life of expense, without profusion; an epicure, yet not a prodigal; addicted to his appetites, but with taste and judgment; a refined and elegant voluptuary. Gay and airy in his conversation, he charmed by a certain graceful negligence, the more

engaging as it flowed from the natural frankness of his disposition. With all this delicacy, and careless ease, he showed, when he was governor of Bithynia, and, afterwards, in the year of his consulship, that vigor of mind and softness of manners may well unite in the same person. With his love of sensuality he possessed talents for business. From his public station he returned to his usual gratifications, fond of vice, or of pleasures that bordered upon it. His gayety recommended him to the notice of the Prince. Being in favor at court, and cherished as the companion of Nero in all his select parties, he was allowed to be the arbiter of taste and elegance. Without the sanction of Petronius nothing was exquisite, nothing rare or delicious.

Hence the jealousy of Tigellinus, who dreaded a rival in the good graces of the Emperor almost his equal; in the science of luxury his superior. Tigellinus determined to work his downfall; and, accordingly, addressed himself to the cruelty of the Prince; that master-passion, to which all other affections and every motive were sure to give way. He charged Petronius with having lived in close intimacy with Scevinus, the conspirator; and, to give color to that assertion, he bribed a slave to turn informer against his master. The rest of the domestics were loaded with irons. Nor was Petronius suffered to make his defense.

Nero, at that time, happened to be on one of his excursions into Campania. Petronius had followed him as far as Cumae, but was not allowed to proceed further than that place. He scorned to linger in doubt and fear, and yet was not in a hurry to leave a world which he loved. He opened his veins, and closed them again, at intervals losing a small quantity of blood, then binding up the orifice as his own inclination prompted. He conversed during the whole time with his usual gayety, never changing his habitual manners, nor talking sentences to show his contempt of death. He listened to his friends, who endeavored to entertain him, not with grave discourses on the immortality of the soul, or the moral

wisdom of philosophers, but with strains of poetry, and verses of a gay and natural turn. He distributed presents to some of his servants, and ordered others to be chastised. He walked out for his amusement, and even lay down to sleep. In this last scene of his life he acted with such calm tranquillity, that his death, though an act of necessity, seemed no more than the decline of nature. In his will he scorned to follow the example of others, who, like himself, died under the tyrant's stroke; he neither flattered the Emperor, nor Tigellinus, nor any of the creatures of the court; but having written, under the fictitious names of profligate men and women, a narrative of Nero's debauchery, and his new modes of vice, he had the spirit to send to the Emperor that satirical romance, sealed with his own seal, which he took care to break, that, after his death, it might not be used for the destruction of any person whatever.

Nero saw, with surprise, his clandestine passions, and the secrets of his midnight revels, laid open to the world. To whom the discovery was to be imputed still remained a doubt. Amidst his conjectures, Silia, who by her marriage with a senator had risen into notice, occurred to his memory. This woman had often procured for the libidinous pleasures of the Prince, and lived, besides, in close intimacy with Petronius. Nero concluded that she had betrayed him, and for that offense ordered her into banishment.

Fiction has taken Petronius up in modern times, and in *Quo Vadis,* the popular novel by the Polish writer Sienkiewicz, he appears at Nero's side as the dictator who provides a banquet in some respects not unlike that which the *Arbiter* describes in the book we are about to consider.

The death of Petronius is thus vividly described in the last chapter of *Quo Vadis:*

In the evening the guests, who had been at feasts given by Petronius previously, and knew that in comparison with them even Caesar's banquets seemed tiresome and barbarous, began to arrive in numbers. To no one did it occur, even, that that was to be the last "symposium." Many knew, it is true, that the clouds of Caesar's anger were hanging over the exquisite arbiter; but that had happened so often, and Petronius had been able so often to scatter them by some dexterous act or by a single bold word, that no one thought really that serious danger threatened him. His glad face and usual smile, free of care, confirmed all, to the last man, in that opinion. The beautiful Eunice, to whom he had declared his wish to die calmly, and for whom every word of his was like an utterance of fate, had in her features a perfect calmness, and in her eyes a kind of wonderful radiance, which might have been considered delightful. At the door of the triclinium, youths with hair in golden nets put wreaths of roses on the heads of the guests, warning them, as the custom was, to pass the threshold right foot foremost. In the hall there was a slight odor of violets; the lamps burned in Alexandrian glass of various colors. At the couches stood Grecian maidens, whose office it was to moisten the feet of guests with perfumes. At the walls cithara players and Athenian choristers were waiting for the signal of their leader.

The table service gleamed with splendor, but that splendor did not offend or oppress; it seemed a natural development. Joyousness and freedom spread through the hall with the odor of violets The guests as they entered felt that neither threat nor constraint was hanging over them, as in Caesar's house, where a man might forfeit his life for praises not sufficiently great or sufficiently apposite. At sight of the lamps, the goblets entwined with ivy, the wine cooling on banks of snow, and the exquisite dishes, the hearts of the guests became joyous. Conversation of various kinds began to buzz, as bees buzz on an apple-tree in blossom. At moments it was interrupted by an outburst of glad laughter, at

moments by murmurs of applause, at moments by a kiss placed too loudly on some white shoulder.

The guests, while drinking wine, spilled from their goblets a few drops to the immortal gods, to gain their protection, and their favor for the host. It mattered not that many of them had no belief in the gods. Custom and superstition prescribed it. Petronius, inclining near Eunice, talked of Rome, of the latest divorces, of love affairs, of the races, of Spiculus, who had become famous recently in the arena, and of the latest books in the shops of Atractus and the Sozii. When he spilled wine, he said that he spilled it only in honor of the Lady of Cyprus, the most ancient divinity and the greatest, the only immortal, enduring, and ruling one.

His conversation was like sunlight which lights up some new object every instant, or like the summer breeze which stirs flowers in a garden. At last he gave a signal to the leader of the music, and at that signal the citharae began to sound lightly, and youthful voices accompanied. Then maidens from Kos, the birthplace of Eunice, danced, and showed their rosy forms through robes of gauze. Finally, an Egyptian soothsayer told the guests their future from the movement of rainbow colors in a vessel of crystal.

When they had enough of these amusements, Petronius rose somewhat on his Syrian cushion, and said with hesitation:

"Pardon me, friends, for asking a favor at a feast. Will each man accept as a gift that goblet from which he first shook wine in honor of the gods and to my prosperity?"

The goblets of Petronius were gleaming in gold, precious stones, and the carving of artists; hence, though gift-giving was common in Rome, delight filled every heart. Some thanked him loudly, others said that Jove had never honored gods with such gifts in Olympus; finally, there were some who refused to accept, since the gifts surpassed common estimate.

But he raised aloft the Myrrhene vase, which resem-

bled a rainbow in brilliancy, and was simply beyond price.

"This," said he, "is the one out of which I poured in honor of the Lady of Cyprus. The lips of no man may touch it henceforth, and no hand may ever pour from it in honor of another divinity."

He cast the precious vessel to the pavement, which was covered with lily-colored saffron flowers; and when it was broken into small pieces, he said, seeing around him astonished faces,—

"My dear friends, be glad and not astonished. Old age and weakness are sad attendants in the last years of life. But I will give you a good example and good advice: Ye have the power, as ye see, not to wait for old age; ye can depart before it comes, as I do."

"What dost thou wish?" asked a number of voices, with alarm.

"I wish to rejoice, to drink wine, to hear music, to look on those divine forms which ye see around me, and fall asleep with a garlanded head. I have taken farewell of Caesar, and do ye wish to hear what I wrote him at parting?"

He took from beneath the purple cushion a paper, and read as follows:—

"I know, O Caesar, that thou art awaiting my arrival with impatience, that thy true heart of a friend is yearning day and night for me. I know that thou art ready to cover me with gifts, make me prefect of the Praetorian Guards, and command Tigellinus to be that which the gods made him, a mule-driver in those lands which thou didst inherit after poisoning Domitius. Pardon me, however, for I swear to thee by Hades, and by the shades of thy mother, thy wife, thy brother, and Seneca, that I cannot go to thee. Life is a great treasure. I have taken the most precious jewels from that treasure, but in life there are many things which I cannot endure any longer. Do not suppose, I pray, that I am offended because thou didst kill thy mother, thy wife, and thy brother; that thou didst burn Rome and send to Erebus

all the honest men in thy dominions. No, grandson of Chronos. Death is the inheritance of man; from thee other deeds could not have been expected. But to destroy one's ear for whole years with thy poetry, to see thy belly of a Domitius on slim legs whirled about in a Pyrrhic dance; to hear thy music, thy declamation, thy doggerel verses, wretched poet of the suburbs,—is a thing surpassing my power, and it has roused in me the wish to die. Rome stuffs its ears when it hears thee; the world reviles thee. I can blush for thee no longer, and I have no wish to do so. The howls of Cerberus, though resembling thy music, will be less offensive to me, for I have never been the friend of Cerberus, and I need not be ashamed of his howling. Farewell, but make no music; commit murder, but write no verses; poison people, but dance not; be an incendiary, but play not on a cithara. This is the wish and last friendly counsel sent thee by the—Arbiter Elegantiae."

The guests were terrified, for they knew that the loss of dominion would have been less cruel to Nero than this blow. They understood, too, that the man who had written that paper must die; and at the same time pale fear flew over them because they had heard such a paper.

But Petronius laughed with sincere and gladsome joy, as if it were a question of the most innocent joke; then he cast his eyes on all present, and said:

"Be joyous, and drive away fear. No one need boast that he heard this letter. I will boast of it only to Charon when I am crossing in the boat with him."

He beckoned then to the Greek physician, and stretched out his arm. The skilled Greek in the twinkle of an eye opened the vein at the bend of the arm. Blood fell on the cushion, and covered Eunice, who, supporting the head of Petronius, bent over him and said:

"Didst thou think that I would leave thee? If the gods gave me immortality, and Caesar gave me power over the earth, I would follow thee still."

Petronius smiled, raised himself a little, touched her lips with his, and said:

"Come with me."

She stretched her rosy arm to the physician, and after a while her blood began to mingle and be lost in his blood.

Then he gave a signal to the leader of the music, and again the voices and citharae were heard. They sang "Harmodius;" next the song of Anacreon resounded,—that song in which he complained that on a time he had found Aphrodite's boy chilled and weeping under trees; that he brought him in, warmed him, dried his wings, and the ungrateful child pierced his heart with an arrow—from that moment peace had deserted the poet.

Petronius and Eunice, resting against each other, beautiful as two divinities, listened, smiling and growing pale. At the end of the song Petronius gave directions to serve more wine and food; then he conversed with the guests sitting near him of trifling but pleasant things, such as are mentioned usually at feasts. Finally, he called to the Greek to bind his arm for a moment; for he said that sleep was tormenting him, and he wanted to yield himself to Hypnos before Thanatos put him to sleep forever.

In fact, he fell asleep. When he woke, the head of Eunice was lying on his breast like a white flower. He placed it on the pillow to look at it once more. After that his veins were opened again.

At his signal the singers raised the song of Anacreon anew, and the citharae accompanied them so softly as not to drown a word. Petronius grew paler and paler; but when the last sound had ceased, he turned to his guests again and said:

"Friends, confess that with us perishes—"

But he had not power to finish; his arm with its last movement embraced Eunice, his head fell on the pillow, and he died.

The guests looking at those two white forms, which resembled two wonderful statues, understood well that with them perished all that was left to their world at that time—poetry and beauty.

That this Petronius was not the author of the *Satira* has been maintained by some critics; by others it is thought that the *Satira* is really the libelous book the condemned favorite sent to Nero, but neither hypothesis seems tenable. Everything points to the identity of this Petronius and the author, and the contents of the book are not at all in harmony with the character that Tacitus gives the much-sought-for disclosures.

VII. The "Satira." The *Satires,* a mixture of poetry and prose, can scarcely be called a romance, nor is it a satire, though it possesses characteristics of both.

The narrative is a slender thread, upon which are hung a variety of episodic tales, most of which appear to have been neither attractive nor moral, and one of which we have already seen under the name of *The Ephesian Widow*. The hero is Encolpius, who begins by bewailing to a rhetorician named Agamemnon the decline of native eloquence, which his friend admits and ascribes to the general laxity of education. While the discussion is in progress, Encolpius is carried off and passes through many adventures, most of them of a more or less questionable character. One day he dines with the rich Trimalchio, after which he meets the poet Eumolpus, who complains of poverty and neglect, and in the ensuing debate the decline in the liberal arts is attributed to avarice. A picture which represents the sack of Troy suggests a long mock-tragic poem,

doubtless meant to satirize some of Nero's work. The poet, pelted as a bore, is obliged to run away, but soon returns with a longer poem, which some approve and others condemn. Encolpius is seized by a fit of melancholy and contemplates suicide, but he is persuaded to abandon his rash design, and continues his adventures till toward the close, where the fragmentary state of the book makes it impossible for us to follow him.

The introduced material, a valuable mine of unusual matter, is varied enough: moral teachings; descriptions of refined pleasures; bitter revolting cynicism and serious discussions, and many indecent anecdotes and tales. The last is the unfortunate characteristic, for the book would otherwise be valuable to general readers, as in reality it is the greatest novel of antiquity and contains the prototypes of many stories, expecially those of such French writers as Gustave Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant.

The episodic nature of the *Satira* lent itself readily to the making of extracts and to the use of parts of it for school texts, thereby causing the destruction of the work as a whole, but the preservation of parts of it. Originally the *Satira* consisted of some twenty books, of which there are now extant parts of the fifteenth and sixteenth in about twenty manuscripts distributed among eleven European libraries. Of the manuscripts the most important is the *Codex Traguriensis,* so-called because it was discovered in the library of an

Italian gentleman in the town of Trau (Tragurium) in 1663. This contains the whole of the *Cena Trimalchionis* (*Trimalchio's Dinner*), the longest and most important fragment extant.

VIII. The "Cena Trimalchionis." This picture of a sumptuous dinner given by a wealthy, conceited and ignorant Roman of the middle class is one of the most vivid and realistic of all time, a masterpiece of comic literature. The student finds it full of important details of Roman archaeology and composed in pure classical Latin, with continual descents into the common tongue of the people and the slang of the day whenever an uneducated character is represented as speaking. Moreover, it is an amusing tale, something of the type of those of Fielding or Dickens. The snobbishness of the host, the profusion of food and the wonders of its service, the utter lack of taste in arrangement, and the lavish display are accentuated by the childish garrulity of the bald, red-faced braggart, whose manners are indicated by his arriving late at his own dinner, picking his teeth with a pin, and for a time silently playing chess or backgammon with a friend without noticing his other guests or taking any part in the conversation. But he is a well-drawn character, a distinct personality, and not a manikin; in fact, his friend, his wife and his friend's wife seem like living beings, and do great credit to the author who created them. The *Dinner* is too long to print

in full, but we will try to give an epitome of it, which may help to create a clearer concept of the wonderful old tale.

IX. THE STORY OF "TRIMALCHIO'S DINNER." Encolpius and his companion Ascyltus have been invited to dine with Trimalchio, "a most sumptuous person who keeps a timepiece in his dining-room and requires a servant to blow a horn every hour in order that he may know just how much of life he's losing." The story is told in the first person.

The two young men, taking with them their friend Giton, begin a preliminary stroll and meet "a bald-headed old man in reddish clothes playing tennis in the midst of a number of long-haired slaves. The old gentleman, with slippers on his feet, was serving a green ball. As soon as one fell to the ground, refusing to touch it again, he took a fresh one from a bag which a slave by his side held out." This luxurious individual is Trimalchio, whom they see a little later taking his bath in an even more luxurious way, after which, "wrapped up in a scarlet dressing-gown, he took his seat on a litter, preceded by four gorgeously-decorated footmen and by a wheeled chair, in which was his favorite slave, a blear-eyed old fellow, homelier than his master."

Encolpius and his companions follow the procession to the house of Trimalchio, where they are met by a door-keeper "dressed in green, with a cherry-colored belt about his waist, and engaged in shelling peas into a silver

dish." A chattering magpie calls to them, and they are startled by observing a mosaic picture of a huge dog snarling at them, after the manner of the one in Pompeii which we have elsewhere described. Other paintings show Trimalchio entering Rome guided by Mercury and in many important positions, always attended by Greek divinities.

On entering the dining-room, the guests are warned "Right foot first!" for to enter it any other way was by the host considered ill-omened and contrary to orders. Just here they are met by a slave, who begs their intercession to save him from punishment by the steward. Having granted this favor, they enter the dining-room and take their places at the table, where slaves pour water cooled with snow over the hands of the guests, pare their corns, give them drink, all the time keeping up an incessant singing, which would make one think himself "in the green room of a comic opera troupe rather than in the private dining-room of a gentleman."

Instead of following the story, it will perhaps aid us if we consider first the food, dainties and manner of service, then the entertainments furnished the guests, and lastly the persons who appear and talk from time to time.

1. In the service of appetizers to precede the meal a young ass of Corinthian bronze was brought in and placed before the guests; he was equipped with a kind of side-saddle, in one compartment of which were green olives and in

the other dark ones; beside him were two dishes, each of which was engraved with the name of the host and the weight of the silver; little iron structures resembling bridges contained dormice seasoned with honey and poppy seed; on a silver grill, under which were dark Syrian plums, and scarlet pomegranate seeds to represent live coals, were smoking sausages.

Before these *hors d' oeuvres* were consumed, slaves brought in a tray, upon which was sitting a large wooden hen, as upon a nest, and from beneath her were drawn forth pea-fowl eggs, which were handed to the guests. The comment of Trimalchio at this time illustrates his vulgarity: "Gentlemen, I placed the eggs under this fowl, but I am afraid they have chickens in them. Let us see if they are fit to suck." When the eggs, which weighed nearly half a pound apiece and were made of flour paste, were broken open, they were found to contain plump reed-birds surrounded by the yolk of an egg and daintily seasoned. Honeyed wine was given the guests to drink, their hands were washed in wine, and the tables were cleared. Immediately, however, jars of wine sealed and marked "Falerian Opimian, one hundred years old" were brought in and the guests were urged to drink. As a matter of fact, real Opimian wine was much older, and its service under such a label was only another evidence of the ignorance of Trimalchio.

The next course was served from a double tray in which were set the twelve signs of the

zodiac, and over each sign were appropiate kinds of food, thus: over the ram, chick-peas with tendrils that curled like the ram's horns; over the bull, beef; over the twins, lamb fries and kidneys; over the lion, African figs; over the balance, a pair of scales, on one of which was placed a tart and on the other a cake; and thus on to the end. In the middle a piece of fresh turf supported a honeycomb. Bread was passed in a silver plate. Underneath the cover on the upper part of the tray appeared capons, sows' breasts, and a hare decorated with feathers to represent Pegasus. From a figure of Marsyas, holding a wine-skin, highly seasoned sauce flowed over the meats like a stream.

Pieces of tapestry embroidered with all the insignia of the hunt were hung along in front of the couches, to herald the next course, which appeared only after Spartan dogs had been introduced and sent dashing around the tables. On a huge tray was set a great boar, wearing a liberty cap and carrying suspended from his tusks two little palm leaf baskets filled with dates. All around the boar were little pigs of pastry, intended to be carried away as keep-sakes. When the sides of the boar were slashed by the carver, live thrushes flew out, which bird-catchers with long rods soon imprisoned again and handed one to each of the guests.

This by no means finished the dinner. A little later three white swine, decorated with muzzles and little bells, were brought in, and after the

guests were told that one was two years old, another three, and the third six, the butler was ordered to cook, prepare and serve the oldest. Before it seemed possible a huge tray containing an immense pig was placed upon the table and when the guests noticed that it seemed larger than before it was killed, with a coarseness fully characteristic, Trimalchio suggested that it had not been drawn and insisted that it should be done at once. When the cuts had been made, sausages of various kinds came tumbling out, and the guests applauded. Later a boiled calf was brought in upon an enormous dish, and tragic actors, who had previously been introduced and were playing a piece, hacked the calf to pieces and presented bits of it upon their swords to the surprised guests.

All this was nothing, however, to the great surprise of the evening, which occurred when suddenly there was a sound of heavy rumbling, the whole dining-room began to shake, and the ceiling to separate, slide apart, and permit a great hoop to fall through as though shaken from a hogshead. Upon this hoop were great crowns with jars of perfume hanging about, which the guests took as keepsakes; and no sooner was the hoop emptied than a tray full of cakes, with a confectionery image of Priapus as centerpiece holding grapes of every sort, was brought in, but when seized by the guests the grapes were found to be artificial and to squirt saffron-water into their astonished faces.

Special dainties such as fat hens and goose eggs prepared with pastry followed in sickening prodigality. Then the dining-room was entirely cleared, even the tables removed, the floor again sprinkled with red and yellow sawdust and mica ground to powder. By this time the guests were becoming affected by the great quantities of wine they had drunk, but at the same time they were able to appreciate a dessert consisting of pastry thrushes filled with nuts and raisins and of quinces stuck full of thorns to represent hedgehogs. Yet a fat goose surrounded by fish and every kind of birds did disturb their stomachs until Trimalchio explained that all were made by his cook from pork. Two slaves, carrying water jars on their necks, came in quarreling violently, and as their passion grew the vessels were broken, and out came tumbling oysters, scallops and snails that were gathered up and served to the guests.

After the hair and feet of the guests had been anointed, their hands washed, their legs and ankles bound with garlands, they were conducted to the baths, and the entertainment ended in a drunken debauch.

2. Aside from the fanciful manner in which the food was served, Trimalchio had provided some amusements for his guests, although most of them were directly or indirectly related to the food. While they were drinking wine, a servant brought in a small silver skeleton which the host repeatedly threw upon the table, where

it assumed all sorts of shapes, the purpose being to afford a suggestion for an epigram to the effect that man is nothing but bones at the end of a brief span, and therefore he should lead a jolly life. Dancing and singing by slaves, singing and labored witticisms by the host formed an almost continuous performance; a handsome boy, dressed as Bacchus, passed around grapes, recited his master's poems, and in reward was granted his freedom. Acrobats performed, and one, a boy, sang and danced upon the top rung of a ladder held by another, leaped through a blazing hoop, and finally in one of his most daring feats fell upon Trimalchio and injured the host's arm, but as he showed little pain, scolded a slave for using white cloth instead of purple in bandaging his arm, pardoned the acrobat in a particularly gracious way, and finally used the incident as a subject for a bibulous epigram, the guests thought the whole affair pre-arranged. Homeric tragic actors produced a short dialogue which Trimalchio explained in the following absurd jumble of mythological errors: Diomede and Ganymede were brothers who had Helen for a sister. When Agamemnon carried her off he put a deer in her place for Diana, and now Homer is explaining how the Trojans and the Tarentines are making war. Agamemnon came out victor and gave his daughter Iphigenia to be the wife of Achilles. Thereupon Ajax went mad.

Trimalchio placed his household gods upon

the table, introducing them as the God of Business, the God of Luck, and the God of Gain. With them was a bust of himself which everybody kissed. Later mine host gave an exhibition of trumpet blowing, and would have danced for the pleasure of his guests had not his wife discouraged him. A monstrous dog fastened by a chain was led in and fed by his master, whereupon a small black, disagreeably fat dog which the slave Croesus had been petting, was put upon the floor and encouraged to fight the big fellow. The whole dining-room was filled with loud barking, the small dog was shaken almost to pieces, a tall, branched candlestick was upset upon the table, glass dishes were broken, and burning oil spattered over the guests. Trimalchio seemed to enjoy it all, forgave the slave who had caused the disturbance, and himself offered to play horse for the entertainment of the diners. As the influence of the wine came to be more apparent, the entertainment grew fast and furious. It was interrupted by the entrance of another guest, Habinnas, clothed royally and followed by his wife and a procession of retainers. This new arrival, royal as he was in appearance, proved to be merely a stone-cutter who made particularly fine gravestones and was a special friend of Trimalchio. Fortunata and Scintilla, the wife of Habinnas, exhibited their jewels and compared the expensiveness of their costumes with much hilarity, while Trimalchio had his steward give public reports of the

revenues from his different farms, his purchases of slaves, and other statistics tending to show how enormously wealthy he was. Later an Alexandrian slave imitated the song of a nightingale, another rendered lines from Vergil in most excruciating fashion, while a third, who is described as a perfect jack-of-all-trades, for half an hour gave on a clay lamp, which he took from his pocket, an imitation of trumpeters, in which he was joined by Habinnas, who flipped his lower lip with his finger. Further versatility was shown by the slave in the imitation of flute players and in putting on a cloak, taking a whip and acting the part of a mule-driver. When Trimalchio grew sentimental, he had his will brought in, read it to the guests, described the monument he intended to have erected over his body, read them the epitaph, and by that time was ready to conduct his guests to the bath, where the drunken revelry continued in ridiculous sports until the fumes of wine had been dispelled.

The performances in the second dining-room were less entertaining, as all the participants were under the influence of liquor. Trimalchio became more disgusting than ever, and after giving a maudlin and lachrymose account of his family life, decided to affect that he was dead, had himself laid out, and required horn blowers to play a funeral march over him. So loud grew the noise that the guards, thinking the house was on fire, broke

in with axes and brought water. In the confusion Encolpius and his companion succeeded in escaping.

All these vulgar attempts at entertainment seem tame and uninteresting when described in this manner, but the naïve pride of Trimalchio and his constant exhibition of ignorance while trying to appear learned makes most of them highly amusing. The conversation of the guests, too, contributes much to the entertainment, for one tells a thrilling ghost story, another an adventure with a werewolf, and others add their quota of jollity.

3. The chief character, Trimalchio, has already exhibited something of his attributes, but the vivid realism with which he is depicted cannot be shown in such a discussion as this. However, a few more of his performances will intensify our conception of this very strongly-drawn personage. His attempts at witticisms are as painful as they are numerous and may be illustrated by his continually calling, "Carver, carve her!" while the slave is slashing about in his work, and explaining thereafter that the slave's name was Carver, so that when he calls his name he tells him what to do. Punning was apparently as much of a weakness with him as bragging, so that it is not surprising to find him constantly making elaborate preparations that lead up to an opportunity for a poor pun or a weak epigram. He explains fully at intervals how he made his money, how much he has, how he spends it,

how he treats his slaves and how noble and good he is. Taken ill at the table, however, he explains the troubles he experiences with his digestion and recommends to his guests the various things that have mitigated his sufferings.

His wife Fortunata is quite as much of a character as himself, but her efforts to keep things picked up, to economize in small matters and to restrain her lord on occasions are more noticeable than her anxiety to entertain the guests. After Habinnas has entered and exhibited a somewhat shocking familiarity with Fortunata, a quarrel arises between Trimalchio and his wife, in which he pours over her a power of Billingsgate, taunts her with her lowly origin and makes all manner of threats as to his future treatment of her. He has already explained that she is to appear in the carvings upon his elaborate tombstone, but after the quarrel he declares that no such fame shall be granted her. It is with great difficulty that he is pacified, but after a while he forgives her, though from time to time as he remembers the quarrel he calls her names and charges her bitterly with ingratitude and inconstancy. Still, one gathers the impression that such quarrels may be of daily occurrence and that this one will not end any more seriously than have the others.

Enough has been said to give a good idea of Trimalchio's banquet and to show how real is the fat old parvenu. The descriptive part of

the narrative is written in classic Latin, but the dialogues and speeches are in the popular dialect of Southern Italy, full of mistakes in grammar and of popular proverbs that are difficult of translation.

Those who care for a more intimate acquaintance with this classic masterpiece will find a very lively translation of the Latin, together with a long and interesting introduction in *Trimalchio's Dinner,* by Harry Thurston Peck, published by Dodd, Mead & Company.

ANCIENT GATE OF ASINARIA

CHAPTER XX

THE CLAUDIAN ERA OF THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

A. D. 14 – 68

POETRY

INTRODUCTION. No really great poets lived in the Claudian Era, and few whose works have survived to our day. Considering the brilliancy of the prose produced at this time, the absence of poetic excellence seems surprising, unless one brings to mind the jealousy with which the imperial poetasters regarded their rivals and the fact that the character of the writings was almost invariably such that the Christian monks, in whose hands the preservation of Latin literature lay for so many years, would be likely to destroy it in their ardor for morality. The Claudian Era, however, produced a little which was different from that of any other age, in that subjects, the most solemn and profound even, were treated with a vivacity and spright-

liness that is nowhere else noticeable, but which then permeated every department of poetry and prose, if we except the work of the brilliant Petronius, who, perhaps, exhausted his wit and gayety in the conversations with which he entertained his ungovernable patron. With the work of only three poets will we be concerned, namely Persius, Phaedrus and Lucan.

II. Persius. Aulus Persius Flaccus, known generally by his middle name, was born at Volaterrae, on the fourth of December, A. D. 34, and died just before he reached his twenty-eighth year. At the age of twelve his noble parents brought him to Rome and began his education, which was conducted with the greatest care. His first tutor was the grammarian Virginius Flavus, an eloquent man of strong character, who brought upon himself the displeasure of Caligula by the earnest morality of his lectures. Among the schools which Persius attended was that of the grammarian Palaemon; but at seventeen, when he assumed the *toga virilis,* he attached himself to the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, became the intimate friend and faithful disciple of his master, and was thenceforward an enthusiastic adherent of the Stoic school. Amid the vice and corruption of the age Persius preserved his character without a stain.

The poet was related to Arria, the wife of the great Paetus Thrasea, whose righteous life is perhaps the most remarkable and praiseworthy of the whole imperial period. He took

as his model Cato the Censor, and while in his sense of justice he equaled the latter, in goodness, gentleness and humanity he far excelled his model and did it under much more difficult circumstances. A character such as his was bound to attract the attention of Nero and to rouse the antagonism of that jealous tyrant, who in the end sacrificed the life of the patriotic nobleman. Upon Persius the influence of Thrasea was profound, for he made of the young author a great favorite, took him into his family and taught him to put in practice the theories of philosophy with which he had already been imbued.

As a writer, Persius was much admired by his contemporaries, and even throughout the Middle Ages he was read and commented upon, but there seems nothing in his style to merit admiration, for he is one of the most difficult of Latin authors to read, and the contents of his poems, while moral and ethical, are yet trite and lacking in originality. He draws little or nothing from his own experiences, but finds in books the sources of his information. Striking expressions, novelty of form, a peculiar splenetic nature and a tendency to indulge in indecent allusions are his most notable characteristics. What induced the boy to write his satires is difficult to understand, and critics have debated as violently over his qualities as over any other Roman writer.

III. The Satires of Persius. Although Persius may have intended to publish his work

before his death, it did not appear until afterward, when it was brought out by a friend, so we may charitably suppose that the author was still hesitating about the advisability of suppressing it. In spite of their crabbedness, coarseness and unpleasantness, the satires immediately obtained a remarkable popularity, and Lucan, Quintilian and Martial all praised them without limit.

There are six of them, although, strictly speaking, only the first with its prologue should be called a satire. It is devoted to an attack upon the literary style of the day and the prevalent love of notoriety. It opens with a dialogue between the poet himself and some one who breaks in upon his meditations. He sees that the decay of taste is closely related to the decay in morals, and in the delicate connections he draws between the two lies the chief merit of the production. His picture of the depraved poets who pander to the gross lusts of their heroes is particularly vivid. In a desire not to mince matters, he needlessly offends against propriety, yet his characterization of the fashionable rhetorician with languishing eyes and throat made flexible with a liquid gargle, warbling his lascivious ditties to an excited audience, is vivid indeed. The effect of such diatribe upon the writers of the day can well be imagined.

The second satire, as well as the tenth of Juvenal, is based upon the *Alcibiades* of Plato and resembles it closely. Its object is the prop-

er use of prayers, which, with the majority of persons, says Persius, are mere *buying* petitions and, as a rule, not innocent. Few dare to acknowledge the inmost meaning of their prayers. After his indignant remonstrance he closes with the following apostrophe, which seems almost worthy of a Christian writer:

> Say ye, ye priests! of what avail is gold in sacrifice? As much, forsooth, as the dolls which the maiden bestows on Venus! Why do we not offer that to the gods which the blear-eyed progeny of great Messala cannot give even from his high-heaped charger? Justice to god and man enshrined within the heart; the inner chambers of the soul free from pollution; the breast imbued with generous honor. Give me these to present at the temples, and I will make my successful offering with a little meal.

The third and fourth satires, as well as the second, deal with the dogmas of Stoicism. He complains of the universal ignorance of our true interest, the ridicule which the world pays to philosophy and the haphazard way in which men prepare for their duties. Of the third we shall speak more at length.

In the fifth poem, usually considered one of the best, Persius praises Cornutus, who had trained him in Stoic philosophy, and describes that true freedom which releases men from the tyranny of their passions. The sixth is a more personal poem, for it is addressed to his friend, the poet Bassus, and discusses the true use of this world's goods.

IV. The Third Satire. This, more than any other, gives the poet's idea of the real doctrine of the Stoics, whose highest principle

of life may be expressed in the formula, "The sound mind in the sound body." The object of the satire is to reclaim the idle and profligate young nobles from their vicious habits by the principles of his philosophy. The opening scene is laid in the bedchamber of one of these young noblemen, where, accompanied by other youths, probably of inferior birth and station, he is indulging in sleep many hours after the sun has risen. His Stoic tutor enters and, disturbing their slumbers, breaks into a passionate outburst at their trifling excuses and points out the irretrievable evils that will follow their wasteful and pernicious habits. But we will let the satire, slightly abridged, speak for itself:

What! always thus! Already the bright morning is entering the windows, and extending the narrow chinks with light. We are snoring as much as would suffice to work off the potent Falernian. See! What are you about? The raging Dog-star is long since ripening the parched harvest, and all the flock is under the wide-spreading elm. One of the fellow-students says, "Is it really so? Come hither, some one, quickly. Is nobody coming!" His vitreous bile is swelling. He is bursting with rage: so that you would fancy whole herds of Arcadia were braying. Now his book, and the two-colored parchment cleared of the hair, and paper, and the knotty reed is taken in hand. Then he complains that the ink, grown thick, clogs in his pen; then that the black sepia vanishes altogether, if water is poured into it; then that the reed makes blots with the drops being diluted. O wretch! and every day still more a wretch! Are we come to such a pitch? Why do you not rather, like the tender ring-dove, or the sons of kings, call for minced pap, and fractiously refuse your nurse's lullaby! Can I work with such a pen as this, then?

Whom are you deceiving? Why reiterate these paltry shifts? The stake is your own! You are leaking away, idiot! You will become an object of contempt. The ill-baked jar of half-prepared clay betrays by its ring its defect, and gives back a cracked sound. You are now clay, moist and pliant: even now you ought to be hastily molded and fashioned unintermittingly by the rapid wheel. But, you will say, you have a fair competence from your hereditary estate; a pure and stainless salt-cellar. Why should you fear? And you have a paten free from care, since it worships your household deities. And is this enough? Is it then fitting you should puff out your lungs to bursting because you trace the thousandth in descent from a Tuscan stock; or because robed in your trabea you salute the Censor, your own kinsman? Thy trappings to the people! I know thee intimately, inside and out! Are you not ashamed to live after the manner of the dissolute Natta? But he is besotted by vicious indulgence; the gross fat is incrusted round his heart: he is free from moral guilt; for he knows not what he is losing; and sunk in the very depth of vice, will never rise again to the surface of the wave.

O mighty father of the gods! when once fell lust, imbued with raging venom, has fired their spirits, vouchsafe to punish fierce tyrants in no other way than this. Let them see Virtue, and pine away at having forsaken her! Did the brass of the Sicilian bull give a deeper groan, or the sword suspended from the gilded ceiling over the purple-clad neck strike deeper terror, than if one should say to himself, "We are sinking, sinking headlong down," and in his inmost soul, poor wretch, grow pale at what even the wife of his bosom must not know?

I remember when I was young I often used to touch my eyes with oil, if I was unwilling to learn the noble words of the dying Cato; that would win great applause from my senseless master, and which my father, sweating with anxiety, would listen to with the friends he had brought to hear me. And naturally enough. For the summit of my wishes was to know what the lucky six

would gain; how much the ruinous ace would sweep off; not to miss the neck of the narrow jar; and that none more skillfully than I should lash the top with a whip.

And are you snoring still? and does your drooping head, with muscles all relaxed, and jaws ready to split with gaping, nod off your yesterday's debauch? Is there indeed an object at which you aim, at which you bend your bow? Or are you following the crows, with potsherd and mud, careless whither your steps lead you?

When once the diseased skin begins to swell, you will see men asking in vain for hellebore. Meet the disease on its way to attack you. Of what avail is it to promise mountains of gold to Craterus? Learn, wretched men, and investigate the causes of things;—what we are,—what course of life we are born to run,—what rank is assigned to us,—how delicate the turning round the goal, and whence the starting-point,—what limit must be set to money,—what it is right to wish for,—what uses the rough coin possesses,—how much you ought to bestow on your country and dear relations,—what man the Deity destined you to be, and in what portion of the human commonwealth your station is assigned.

Learn: and be not envious because full many a jar grows rancid in his well-stored larder, for defending the fat Umbrians, and pepper, and hams, the remembrances of his Marsian client; or because the pilchard has not yet failed from the first jar.

Here some one of the rank brood of centurions may say, "I have philosophy enough to satisfy me. I care not to be what Arcesilas was, and woe-begone Solons, with head awry and eyes fastened on the ground, while they mumble suppressed mutterings, or idiotic silence, or balance words on their lip pouting out, pondering over the dreams of some palsied dotard, 'that nothing can be generated from nothing; nothing can return to nothing.' —Is it this over which you grow pale? Is it this for which one should go without his dinner?" At this the people laugh, and with wrinkling nose the brawny youth loudly reëcho the hearty peals of laughter.

"Examine me! My breast palpitates unusually; and my breath heaves oppressedly from my fevered jaws: examine me, pray!" He that speaks thus to his physician, being ordered to keep quiet, when the third night has seen his veins flow with steady pulse, begs from some wealthier mansion some mellow Surrentine, in a flagon of moderate capacity, as he is about to bathe. "Ho! my good fellow, you look pale!" "It is nothing!" "But have an eye to it, whatever it is! Your sallow skin is insensibly rising." "Well, you look pale too! worse than I! Don't play the guardian to me! I buried him long ago—you remain." "Go on! I will hold my peace!" So, bloated with feasting he takes his bath, while his throat slowly exhales sulphurous malaria. But shivering comes on over his cups, and shakes the streaming beaker from his hands; his teeth, grinning, rattle in his head; then the rich dainties dribble from his flaccid lips.

Next follow the trumpets and funeral-torches; and at last this votary of pleasure, laid out on a lofty bier, and plastered over with thick unguents, stretches out his rigid heels to the door.

"Feel my pulse, you wretch! put your hand on my breast. There is no heat here! touch the extremities of my feet and hands. They are not cold!"

If money has haply met your eye, or the fair maiden of your neighbor has smiled sweetly on you, does your heart beat steadily? If hard cabbage has been served up to you in a cold dish, or flour shaken through the people's sieve, let me examine your jaws. A putrid ulcer lurks in your tender mouth, which it would not be right to grate against with vulgar beet. You grow cold, when pallid fear has roused the bristles on your limbs. Now, when a torch is placed beneath, your blood begins to boil, and your eyes sparkle with anger; and you say and do what even Orestes himself, in his hour of madness, would swear to be proofs of madness.

V. PHAEDRUS. In the early part of the Claudian Era the only poet of importance was

Phaedrus, and he seems to have been little known in his own times, as the only mention of him is one by Quintilian. He was born in Macedonia, but went as a slave to Italy and probably at a very early age to Rome. Here he attracted the attention of Augustus, who set him free. These facts appear from his own works, and the little more known comes from the same source. For a time he was favored by the Emperor Tiberius, but after Sejanus acquired his influence over the imperial debauchee, and while the latter was wasting his failing years in sensual orgies at Capri, Phaedrus in some way acquired the enmity of the court favorite and was subjected to persecutions from which he narrowly escaped with his life. However, the prologues to his works show that he lived beyond the death of Sejanus and Tiberius and probably far into the reign of Claudius, so that we may assume his death to have occurred after A. D. 40.

VI. The Works of Phaedrus. Although his labors consumed so many years, he produced but five small volumes or books, containing in all less than a hundred fables, some of which are little more than anecdotes. The first book he introduces with the following words: "The matter which Aesop, the inventor of fables, has provided, I have polished in iambic verse." His second book professedly contains some of his own writings; the third book is closed with an epilogue, in which he says he will write no more; while the prologue to the

fourth explains his reasons for continuing to write. The fifth book again refers to the fables of Aesop, but the intimation is that Phaedrus merely imitates and does not pretend to quote in the last of his volumes.

VII. The Style and Character of the Fables. The fables are written in simple classical Latin, and as it is quite easy to read, the selections have been much used as text-books in schools. As a writer of iambics, Phaedrus had considerable skill and produced a pleasing rhythm, though not always fully in accord with the highest classical standards. It is his custom to introduce or close each of his fables with a moral, which is frequently so obvious or so trite as rather to detract from the interest of the little tale. Phaedrus considers himself a sage, and all his animals are little moralists. He claims that "the advantages of this little work are twofold: that it excites laughter and by counsel guides the life of man." In other places he predicts freely the immortality of his own work, in which connection it is interesting to know that it was only by an accident that the only manuscript in existence was not burned in an abbey of France, which certain zealous Calvinists destroyed in 1561.

VIII. Selections from Phaedrus. Christopher Smart has rendered into English verse most of the fables attributed to Phaedrus, and from his translations we select the examples in meter given below.

1. *The Faithful House-dog* is from the first book:

A Man that's gen'rous all at once
May dupe a novice or a dunce;
But to no purpose are the snares
He for the knowing ones prepares.
When late at night a felon tried
To bribe a Dog with food, he cried,
"What ho! do you attempt to stop
The mouth of him that guards the shop?
You're mightily mistaken, sir,
For this strange kindness is a spur,
To make me double all my din,
Lest such a scoundrel should come in."

2. *The Proud Frog,* from the same book, is an Aesopian fable familiar in some dress to almost every child:

When poor men to expenses run,
And ape their betters, they're undone.
An Ox the Frog a-grazing view'd,
And envying his magnitude,
She puffs her wrinkled skin, and tries
To vie with his enormous size:
Then asks her young to own at least
That she was bigger than the beast.
They answer, No. With might and main
She swells and strains, and swells again.
"Now for it, who has got the day?"
The Ox is larger still, they say.
At length, with more and more ado,
She raged and puffed, and burst in two.

3. *Caesar to the Chamberlain,* which is an example of the anecdote classified with the beast-fable, is translated literally by Henry T. Riley:

There is a certain set of busybodies at Rome, hurriedly running to and fro, busily engaged in idleness, out of breath about nothing at all, with much ado doing nothing, a trouble to themselves, and most annoying to others. It is my object, by a true story, to reform this race, if indeed I can: it is worth your while to attend.

Tiberius Caesar, when on his way to Naples, came to his country-seat at Misenum, which, placed by the hand of Lucullus on the summit of the heights, beholds the Sicilian sea in the distance, and that of Etruria close at hand. One of the highly girt Chamberlains, whose tunic of Pelusian linen was nicely smoothed from his shoulders downwards, with hanging fringes, while his master was walking through the pleasant shrubberies, began with bustling officiousness to sprinkle the parched ground with a wooden watering-pot; but only got laughed at. Thence, by short cuts to him well known, he runs before into another walk, laying the dust. Caesar takes notice of the fellow, and discerns his object. Just as he is supposing that there is some extraordinary good fortune in store for him: "Come hither," says his master; on which he skips up to him, quickened by the joyous hope of a sure reward. Then, in a jesting tone, thus spoke the mighty majesty of the prince: "You have not profited much; your labor is all in vain; manumission stands at a much higher price with me."

4. *The Mules and the Robbers* is from the same translation as the preceding:

Laden with burdens, two Mules were traveling along; the one was carrying baskets with money, the other sacks distended with store of barley. The former, rich with his burden, goes exulting along, with neck erect, and tossing to-and-fro upon his throat his clear-toned bell: his companion follows, with quiet and easy step. Suddenly some Robbers rush from ambush upon them, and amid the slaughter pierce the Mule with a sword, and carry off the money; the valueless barley they neglect. While, then, the one despoiled was bewailing their mishaps:

"For my part," says the other, "I am glad I was thought so little of; for I have lost nothing, nor have I received hurt by a wound."

According to the moral of this Fable, poverty is safe; great riches are liable to danger.

5. *The Fly and the Mule,* from the third book, is thus translated by Smart:

A Fly that sat upon the beam
Rated the Mule: "Why, sure you dream?
Pray get on faster with the cart
Or I shall sting you till you smart!"
She answers: "All this talk I hear
With small attention, but must fear
Him who upon the box sustains
The pliant whip, and holds the reins.
Cease then your pertness—for I know
When to give back, and when to go."
This tale derides the talking crew,
Whose empty threats are all they do.

6. In the game with nuts, to which frequent allusion is made, the Roman boys stood at some distance from a jar and tried to throw nuts into its narrowed orifice. The fable *Aesop at Play* is from Riley's translation of Phaedrus:

An Athenian seeing Aesop in a crowd of boys at play with nuts, stopped and laughed at him for a madman. As soon as the Sage,—a laugher at others rather than one to be laughed at,—perceived this, he placed an unstrung bow in the middle of the road: "Hark you, wise man," said he, "unriddle what I have done." The people gather round. The man torments his invention a long time, but cannot make out the reason of the proposed question. At last he gives up. Upon this, the victorious Philosopher says: "You will soon break the bow,

if you always keep it bent; but if you loosen it, it will be fit for use when you want it."

Thus ought recreation sometimes to be given to the mind, that it may return to you better fitted for thought.

7. Fable XX of Book Four is merely a personal statement, and reflects a peculiarity of the poet. It is called *Phaedrus:*

Although malice may dissemble for the present, I am still perfectly aware what judgment it will think proper to arrive at. Whatever it shall here deem worthy to be transmitted to posterity, it will say belongs to Aesop; if it shall be not so well pleased with any portion, it will, for any wager, contend that the same was composed by me. One who thus thinks, I would refute once for all by this my answer: whether this work is silly, or whether it is worthy of praise, he was the inventor: my hand has brought it to perfection.

8. *The Bald Man and the Fly* is thus rendered by Smart:

As on his head she chanced to sit,
A Man's bald pate a Gadfly bit;
He, prompt to crush the little foe,
Dealt on himself a grievous blow:
At which the Fly, deriding said,
"You that would strike an insect dead
For one slight sting, in wrath so strict,
What punishment will you inflict
Upon yourself, who was so blunt
To do yourself this gross affront?"—
"O," says the party, "as for me,
I with myself can soon agree.
The spirit of th' intention's all;
But thou, detested cannibal!
Blood-sucker! to have thee secured
More would I gladly have endured."

What by this moral tale is meant
Is—those who wrong not with intent
Are venial; but to those that do
Severity, I think, is due.

IX. Lucan. Marcus Annaeus Lucanus, grandson of the elder Seneca and nephew of the younger, was born at Corduba in Spain, in the year A. D. 39. As an omen of his future poetic glory, a legend tells us that in his infancy a swarm of bees settled upon his cradle and that, accepting the omen, his parents took him early to Rome and gave him the greatest of teachers, among whose pupils Lucan early distinguished himself by his powers of declamation and his excellence in rhetoric. Even as a boy he is said to have attracted large audiences and expressed himself with equal facility and eloquence in both Greek and Latin.

Seneca soon introduced him to Nero, with whom he became extremely popular, and the two entered upon what promised to be a friendly rivalry in poetic composition. For a time Lucan had the skill to conceal his superiority and to flatter Nero, but, becoming careless, he vaunted his success, or, to say the least, the people of Rome discovered his superiority over the Emperor and were not slow in showing it. Seeing that the young Spaniard was more popular than himself, the Emperor became insanely jealous and, after a poetic contest in which Lucan was successful, at least so the story goes, gave way to his rage, forbade Lucan to write any more poetry or even to engage in

his legal profession, and left the public hall in a passion. Unable to win success in practice, Lucan withdrew from public gaze and wrote, or at least finished, the *Pharsalia* in A. D. 65.

His anger, however, had gotten the better of his reason, and in the poem he libeled Nero and with astonishing lack of judgment joined in the conspiracy of Piso. When this attempt against Nero was discovered, the Emperor saw his opportunity for the revenge he sought, and although Lucan confessed everything, servilely abased himself, indulged in the most piteous entreaties and even denounced his own mother in the hope of regaining the Emperor's favor, he was condemned to die. Accordingly, with an unexpected courage the poet caused his veins to be opened and slowly expired. Tacitus relates the incident thus:

> Lucan, the famous poet, was the next sacrifice to the vengeance of Nero. His blood flowed freely from him, and being soon well-nigh exhausted, he perceived that the vital heat had left the extremities of his limbs, his hands and feet were chilled, but, the warmth retiring to his heart, he still retained his senses and the vigor of his mind. The lines in his poem, which describe a soldier dying in the same condition, occurred to his memory. He repeated the passage, and expired. His own verses were the last words he uttered.

Curious historians have attempted to tell exactly which lines Lucan quoted, but two different passages seem to meet with equal approval. The first is in the third book, and is found in the description of the sailor who was caught by grappling hooks and torn asunder:

The veins torn asunder, on every side the blood falls; and the downward flood of his life's blood, passing into the rent limbs, is intercepted by the waters. No one slain is bounded by a distance so great; his lower limbs, mutilated, quickly die, but where the swelling lungs are situate, there does death delay for a long time.

Others quote the following lines as the last words of Lucan, which occur in the ninth book in connection with the effect which a snake-bite had upon one of the soldiers:

And just as the pressure of the Corycian saffron is wont to discharge itself from all the statues of the Theater, in such manner do all the members at the same moment send forth a red virus instead of blood. His tears are blood; whatever outlets the moisture finds, from them the gore distils in streams; his mouth is running over, the distended nostrils too; his sweat is red; all his members flow from the gorged veins; his whole body is as though one wound.

X. Lucan's Works. Lucan wrote several works, chiefly in prose, but the only one extant is the *De Bello Civili* (*On the Civil War*), an epic in ten books, which is commonly known as the *Pharsalia*. In it he tells the story of the Civil War from its beginning to the time when Caesar was besieged at Alexandria. In the matter of diction it is noticeably Vergilian, although critics find in it traces of both Horace and Ovid. Rather pompous and bombastic, somewhat prosaic and dull, it still contains some vivid descriptions and a number of really eloquent speeches which show the author's rhetorical ability and evident training.

The subject is scarcely suitable for an epic, and, important as the *Pharsalia* is from some points of view, it will never have rank among the great poems of the world. The author shows his personality frankly, and we can see in it the prosperous Roman gentleman who has been bitterly disappointed by the turn his political flatteries have taken and who cannot recover his equanimity. Certainly the poem itself was enough to ruin him with Nero, if it were known. In the first three books Lucan appears still friendly to Nero, though a keen reader would suspect his flattering words to be ironical. Of these books, Pompey is the hero, and the writer speaks with admiration of both Cato and Brutus, while throughout the entire work Caesar, the founder of the Empire, is constantly the object of the poet's bitter hostility. This, however, seems a personal antipathy rather than an opposition to the Empire as a form of government and does not intimate any desire to return to the Republic. That this was in reality Lucan's personal opinion we may gather from the fact that he joined in the conspiracy of Piso, which contemplated no change in the form of government but merely the substitution of a better emperor for the debased Nero.

XI. A SPEECH FROM THE "PHARSALIA." Lucan's oratorical spirit and brilliancy as shown by the speeches which he writes for the characters in his epic may be seen in the following extract from the ninth book, an address of

Cato to the Roman soldiers of Pompey's army in Egypt after the death of that hero and when the army was on the point of joining Caesar:

So for no higher cause you waged your wars?
You, too, youths, fought for masters, and you were
No Roman force, but only Pompey's band?
Since not for royalty you're toiling now,
Since for yourselves, not for your leaders' gain
You live and die, since not for any man
You seek to gain the world, since now for you
'Tis safe to conquer, you shrink back from wars,
And seek a yoke to press your empty necks,
And know not how to live without a king!
Yet now you have a cause worth risk for men.
Your blood could be for Pompey shed in streams,
And do you now refuse your country's call
For lives and swords when liberty is nigh?
Of three lords Fortune now has left but one.
O shame! The royal palace of the Nile
And Parthian soldier's bow have more than you
Upheld the Roman laws. Go now, despise
The merit Ptolemy by arms has won!
Degenerate soldiers! Who will think that e'er
Your hands were red with any battle's blood?
He will believe you quickly turned your backs
In flight before him; he will think that you
Fled first from dire Philippi's Thracian field.
So go in safety! You have saved your lives,
In Caesar's judgment, not subdued by arms,
Nor yet by siege. O base, unmanly slaves!
Your former master dead, go to his heir!
Why will you not earn more than life and more
Than pardon? Let great Pompey's wretched wife
And let Metellus' offspring o'er the waves
Be borne in chains; take captive Pompey's sons;
Let Ptolemy's deserts be less than yours!
My own head, too, whoever brings and gives
The hateful tyrant, reaps no mean reward.

Those men will know by my head's price that they
Served no mean standard when they followed mine.
Then come, and by great slaughter gain deserts.
Mere flight is a base crime.

XII. "CROSSING THE RUBICON." Another extract, a literal prose translation from the first book, will show Lucan's method of treating a well-known historic incident:

Now had Caesar in his course passed the icy Alps, and revolved in his mind the vast commotions and the future war. When he had arrived at the waves of the little Rubicon, the mighty image of his trembling country distinctly appeared to the chieftain in the darkness of the night, bearing marks of extreme sadness on her features, letting loose the white hair from her tower-bearing head, with her long locks disheveled, standing with her arms bare, and uttering these words, mingled with sighs: "Whither beyond this do you proceed? Whither, ye men, do you bear my standards? If rightfully you come, if as citizens, thus far only may you advance."

Then did horror smite the limbs of the chieftain, his hair stood on end, and languor that checked his course withheld his steps on the verge of the bank. Soon he exclaims, "O Thunderer, who dost look down upon the walls of the mighty city from the Tarpeian rock, and ye Phrygian Penates of the Julian race, ye secret mysteries, too, of Quirinus borne away, and Jove of Latium, who dost reside in lofty Alba, and ye Vestal hearths, and thou, O Rome, the equal of a supreme Deity, favor my designs! With no fatal arms am I pursuing thee; lo! here am I, Caesar, conqueror by land and by sea, everywhere (if only it is permitted me) thine own soldier even still. He will it be, he the guilty one, who shall make me thy foe!"

Then did he end the respite from the warfare, and swiftly bore the standards through the swollen stream. Just as when in the parched plains of sultry Libya a

lion, his enemy at hand, crouches undecided until he collects all his fury; soon as he has aroused himself by the lashings of his infuriate tail, has raised his mane erect, and from his vast throat the loud roar reëchoes; then, if the light lance of the Moor, hurled, pierces him, or the hunting spears enter his broad chest, amid the weapons, careless of wounds so great, he rushes on.

From a small spring rises the ruddy Rubicon, and, when fervid summer glows, it is impelled with humble waves, and through the lowly vales creeps along, and, a fixed boundary, separates from the Ausonian husbandmen the Gallic fields. At that time winter gave it strength, and the showery Cynthia with her blunted horn for the third time had swollen the waves, and the Alps were thawed by the watery blasts of the eastern breeze. First of all the charger is opposed obliquely to the stream, to bear the brunt of the floods; then the rest of the throng bursts through the pliant waves of the river, now broken in its course, across the easy ford.

When Caesar, the stream surmounted, reached the opposite banks, and stood upon the forbidden fields of Hesperia; "Here," said he, "here do I leave peace, and the violated laws behind; thee, Fortune, do I follow; henceforth, far hence be treaties! The Destinies have we trusted; War as our umpire we must adopt."

Thus having said, the active leader, in the shades of night, hurries on his troops, and swifter than the hurled charge of the Balearic sling and the arrow shot behind the back of the Parthian, he surprises Ariminum. Lucifer left behind, the stars fled from the fires of the sun, and now arose the day doomed to behold the first outbreak of the war. Either by the will of the gods, or impelled by the murky south wind, clouds obscured the saddened light. When in the captured Forum the soldier halted, commanded to pitch his standard, the clash of clarions and the clang of trumpets sounded the ill-omened signals together with the hoarse-sounding horn. The rest of the people was broken, and, aroused from their beds, the youth snatched down the arms fixed up

near the hallowed Penates, which a prolonged peace still afforded; they laid hold of shields decaying with the frames now bare, and darts with blunted points, and swords rough with the cankering of swarthy rust.

XIII. A SEA-FIGHT FROM THE "PHARSALIA." The vividness of Lucan's power of description may be gained from the following account of the fight between the Romans and the Greeks, given in the third book:

Hope of victory by land now departed from the conquered, and it pleased them to try their fortune on the deep sea. Not with painted oak did the resplendent tutelary Deity grace the ornamented barks, but rough, and just as the tree falls on the mountains were the boats put together for naval warfare.

And now, attending the towered ship of Brutus, the fleet had come into the waves of the Rhone with the tide, making for certain islands in the sea. The Grecian youth was wishful to entrust all its strength to the Fates, and armed the aged men, with the lads intermingled. Not only did the fleet, which was then standing on the waves, receive the men; they sought also the ships worn out in the dock-yards.

When Phoebus, spreading his morning rays upon the seas, has refracted them on the waters; and the sky is free from clouds; and, Boreas being banished and the south winds holding their peace, prepared for the warfare the sea lies calm; then each one moves his ship from its station, and by equal arms on the one side the ships of Caesar, on the other by the Grecian rowers, two fleets are impelled; urged on by oars the ships shake again, and repeated strokes move on the lofty barks. Both strong three-oared galleys, and those which the rising ranks of rowers built up fourfold, move on, and those which dip in the seas still more pinewood oars, ships in numbers, surround the wings of the Roman fleet. This force breasts the open sea. In the center, in form of a

crescent, the Liburnian barks, content with two ranks of oars, fall back. But the Praitorian ship of Brutus more lofty than all is impelled by six tiers of oars, and carries a tower along the deep, and seeks the seas from afar with its highest oars.

Where there is just so much sea intervening that either fleet could cross over to the other with one pull on the oars, innumerable voices are mingled in the vast expanse; and the sound of the oars is drowned in the clamor, nor can any trumpets be heard. Then the boats skim along the azure main, and the sailors stretch along the benches, and strike their breasts with the oars. When first beaks meeting beaks send forth a sound, the ships run astern, and the hurled darts as they fall fill the air and the vacant deep. And now with prows separated the fleet is divided only to rush together again. Just as, so oft as the tide struggles against the Zephyrs and the eastern gales, in this direction run the waves, in that the sea; so, when the ships in the plowed-up tide describe their varying tracks, the sea which the one fleet impels onwards with its oars, the other beats back.

The pine-tree ships of the Greeks were skillful both to enter the battle and to resort to flight, and to change their course with no wide sweep, and with no tardiness to obey the turning helm: but the Roman ship was more sure in affording a keel firmly laid, and convenience for the warriors to stand equal to the dry land. Then said Brutus to the pilot sitting at the ensign-bearing stern: "Dost thou suffer the battle to be shifting about upon the deep, and dost thou contend with the vagaries of the ocean? Now close the warfare; oppose the mid part of the vessels to the Phocaean beaks."

He obeyed, and sidelong he laid the alder barks before the foe. Then, whatever ship tried the oaken sides of that of Brutus, conquered by her own blow, captured, she stuck fast. But others both grappling-irons and smooth chains united, and they held themselves on by the oars; on the covered sea the warfare stood fixed to the same spot.

Now no longer are the darts hurled from the shaken arms, nor do the wounds fall from afar by means of the hurled weapons; and hand meets hand. In a naval fight the sword effects the most. Each one stands upon the bulwark of his own ship, facing full the blows of the enemy; and none fall slain in their own vessels. The deep blood foams in the waves, and the tide is thickened with clotted gore. The ships, too, which the chains of iron thrown on board are dragging are kept apart by the dead bodies clogged together. Some, half-dead, fall into the vast deep, and drink of the sea mingled with their own blood. Some, clinging to life, struggling with slowly-coming death, perish in the sudden wreck of the dismantled ships. Javelins, missing their aim, accomplish their slaughter in the sea, and whatever weapon falls, with its weight used to no purpose, inflicts a wound in the midst of the waves. A Roman ship hemmed in by Phocaean barks, its crew divided, with equal warfare defends the right side and the left; from the high stern of which, while Tagus is fighting and boldly seizing hold of the Grecian flag, he is pierced both in back and breast at the same moment by hurled darts; in the midst of his breast the irons meet, and the blood stands, uncertain from which wound to flow, until the plenteous gore at the same time expels both the spears, rends asunder his life, and scatters death in the wounds.

Hither also the right hand of hapless Telon directed his ship, than which no hand more aptly, when the sea was boisterous, did the barks obey; nor was the morrow's weather better known to any one, whether he looks at Phoebus or whether at the horns of the moon, in order always to trim the sails to the coming winds. He with the beak had broken the ribs of a Latian bark; but quivering javelins entered the middle of his breast, and the right hand of the dying pilot turned away the ship. While Gyareus attempted to lead on board the friendly bark to take his place, he received the iron driven through his suspended body, and pinned to the ship, the dart holding him back, there he hung.

Twin brothers are standing, the glory of their fruitful mother, whom the same womb bore to differing fates. Cruel death separates the heroes; and the wretched parents recognize the one left behind, a cause for everlasting tears. He always renews their grief, and reminds them of his lost brother as they mourn. The oars of two ships being mingled sideways, comb-like indented, the lost brother dares from a Grecian stern to lay hands upon a Roman bark, but, from above, a heavy blow lops it off; still, however, with the effort with which it has grasped it keeps hold, and as it dies, holding fast with tightened nerve, it stiffens. Because of his mischance his valor waxes stronger; mutilated, more high-spirited wrath has he, and renews the combat with valorous left hand, and about to tear his right, he stretches the other out over the waves. This hand, too, is cut off with the entire arm. Now deprived of shield and weapons, he does not fall to the bottom of the ship, but, exposed and covering his brother's arms with his naked breast, pierced by many a spear, he still persists; and weapons that were to have fallen to the destruction of many of his own friends he receives with a death that he has now earned. Then he summons his life, fleeting with many a wound, into his wearied limbs, and nerves his members with all the blood that is remaining, and leaps on board the hostile bark, destined to sink it by his weight alone. The ship, heaped up with the slaughtered men, and filled with much blood, received numerous blows on its slanting sides. But after, its ribs broken, the sea has filled it to the top of the hatches, it descended into the waves, sucking in the neighboring waters with a whirling eddy. Cleft asunder by the sunk ship, the waves divided, and in the place of the bark the sea closed up.

Many wondrous instances of various fates besides did that day afford upon the main. While a grappling-iron was fastening its grasping hooks upon a ship, it fixed on Lycidas. He would have been sunk in the deep; but his friends hindered it and held fast his suspended thighs. Torn away he is rent in two; nor, as though from a

wound, does his blood slowly flow; the veins torn asunder, on every side it falls; and the downward flow of his life's blood passing into his rent limbs is intercepted by the waters. No one slain is parted with by a distance so great; the lower part of him mutilated gives to death the limbs deprived of their vitals; but where the swelling lungs are situate, there does death delay for a long time; and having struggled much with this portion of the man, hardly does it take possession of all the limbs.

While, too eager for fight, the company of one ship is pressing straight against the side, and leaves the deck empty where it is free from the enemy, the vessel, overturned by the accumulated weight, within its hollow hull incloses both sea and sailors; nor is it allowed them to throw out their arms in the vast deep, but they perish in the inclosed waves.

Then was a remarkable kind of dreadful death beheld, when by chance ships of opposite sides transfixed with their beaks a youth as he swam. His breast divided in the middle at such mighty blows; through his mouth the blood spouted forth with corrupt matter. After they backed the ships with the oars, and the beaks withdrew, the pierced breast admitted the water into the wounds.

The greatest part of a crew being shipwrecked, struggling against death with expanded arms, rushed to receive the aid of a friendly ship; but when they caught hold of the woodwork on high with forbidden arms, and the bark, likely to perish, swayed to and fro from the multitude received, the impious crew from above struck at the middle of their arms with the sword: leaving their arms hanging from the Grecian ship, they were slain by the hands of their own side; no longer did the waves support on the surface of the sea the heavy trunks.

And now, all the soldiers stripped bare, the weapons being expended, fury finds arms; one hurls an oar at the foe; but others whirl round with stout arms the wrenched-up flagstaff, and the benches torn away, the rowers being driven off. For the purposes of fighting

they break up the ships. The bodies slain they catch as they are falling overboard, and despoil the carcasses of weapons. Many, wanting darts, draw the deadly javelin wrenched out from their own entrails, and with the left hand clench fast their wounds, so that the blood may allow a firm blow, may start forth after having hurled the hostile spear.

Yet in this battle nothing causes more destruction than the antagonist opposed to the sea. For fire fixed to unctuous torches, and alive, beneath a covering of sulphur, is spread about; the ships ready to afford a nutriment, now with pitch, now with melted wax, spread the conflagration. Nor do the waves conquer the flames; but the fierce fire claims the fragments of the barks now scattered over the sea for itself. One man takes to the waves, that in the sea he may extinguish the flames; others, that they may not be drowned, cling to the burning spars. Amid a thousand forms of death, that single end is an object of dread, by which they have begun to perish. Nor is their valor idle in shipwreck. They collect darts thrown up by the sea, and supply them to the ships, and with failing efforts ply their erring hands through the waves. Now as small is the supply of weapons afforded, they make use of the sea. Fierce enemy clutches hold of enemy, and they delight to sink with arms entwined, and to die drowning their antagonists.

In that mode of fighting there was one Phocaean skilled at keeping his breath beneath the waves, and examining if anything had been sunk in the sands, and at wrenching up the tooth of the fluke too firmly fixed, as often as the anchor had not moved to the tightened rope. He took the enemy quite down when grappled with, and then, victorious, returned to the surface of the water; but, at last when he believed that he was rising amid the vacant waves, he struck with the ships, and remained forever beneath the sea.

Some threw their arms around the hostile oars, and withheld the flight of the ships. Not to throw away their deaths was the greatest care; many a one, dying,

applied his wounds to the stern, and warded off the blows from the beaks.

Lygdamus, a slinger with the Balearic sling, aiming with the hurled bullet at Tyrrhenus as he stood on the lofty elevation of the prow, shattered his hollow temples with the solid lead. Expelled from their sockets, after the blood had burst all the ligaments, the eyes started forth; his sight destroyed, he stood amazed, and thought that this was the darkness of death; but after he found that strength existed in his limbs, he said: "You, O companions, just as you are wont to direct the missiles, place me also straight in a direction for hurling darts. Employ, Tyrrhenus, what remains of life in all the chances of war. This carcass, although dead, in a great degree is of considerable use to the warriors; in the place of one living, shalt thou be struck by my blow." Thus having said, with aimless hand he hurled the dart against the foe, and not without effect, for Argus, a youth of noble blood, received it, not quite where the midriff slopes down to the loins, and falling down he aided the weapon with his own weight.

Now stood the unhappy sire of Argus in the opposite part of the conquered ship; in the days of his youth he would not have yielded to any one in Phocaean arms: conquered by age his strength had decayed, and, worn out with old age, he was a model of valor, not a soldier. He, seeing his son's misfortune, often stumbling, came between the benches of the long ship to the stern, and found the panting limbs. No tears fell from his cheeks, he did not beat his breast, but grew still all over his body with distended hands. Night came on, dense shades spread over his eyes, and as he looked upon the body he ceased to recognize the wretched Argus. On seeing his father, the young man raised his head and his now languid neck; no voice issued from his loosened jaws; only with his silent features did he ask a kiss and invite his father's right hand to close his eyes. When the old man was relieved from his torpor, and his grief, caused by the bloodshed, began to gain strength, "I will not,"

he exclaimed, "lose the time granted by the cruel gods: I will pierce the aged throat. Argus, grant pardon to thy wretched parent, that I have fled from thy embrace, thy last kisses. The warm blood has not yet quitted thy wounds, but half-dead thou dost lie, and mayst still be the survivor."

Thus having said, although he had stained the hilt of the sword by driving it through his body, still, with a headlong leap, he descended beneath the waves. Hastening to precede the end of his son he did not entrust his life to but one form of death.

Now do the fates of the chieftains take a turn, nor is the event of the warfare any longer doubtful: of the Grecian fleet the greatest part is sunk; and other ships, with changed rowers, carry their own conquerors; a few with precipitate flight reach their haven. What wailing of parents was there in the city! What lamentations of matrons along the shore! Often did the wife, the features being disfigured by the waves, embracing the dead body of a Roman, believe it to be that of her husband; and, the funeral pile being lighted, wretched parents contended for the mutilated body.

But Brutus, victorious on the deep, added to the arms of Caesar the first honor gained on the waves.

TEMPLE TO APOLLO, AT SELINUNTE

CHAPTER XXI

THE FLAVIAN ERA OF THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD

A. D. 69 – 96

POETRY

THE SILVER AGE. By some writers the years which mark the Flavian Era are said to constitute the Silver Age of Latin literature, because under the more favorable influence of the emperors taste in literature revived, and a calm or more dignified style succeeded the exaggerated rhetoric of Claudian times. The writers follow more the style of the great authors of the Augustan Period, but none of them reaches an equal rank, so that as a descriptive name Silver Age shows very neatly the rank of its writers.

II. THE FLAVIAN EMPERORS. The death of Nero did not put an end to the disorders of his reign, which continued throughout the suc-

ceeding year and were marked by the accession to the throne, the overthrow and sudden death of the three emperors, Galba, Otho and Vitellius. When Vespasian assumed the throne, affairs in Rome quieted down, business resumed its normal course, and the people again felt at liberty to devote themselves to such pursuits as they chose. The new Emperor had been a brave soldier and an able general, and he proved in most respects a firm and gentle ruler. He was not without culture, and had a few literary interests, which, however, did not manifest themselves in writing anything more than a book of memoirs. However, he was extremely liberal to poets and artists, encouraged dramatic performances, restored to the Capitol copies of the bronze tablets that had perished in the fire, and was the first to establish a system of public education. Incomplete and unsatisfactory as this may have been, yet it was the germ of a great idea, for he provided that the state should pay certain rhetors, or teachers in oratory, to whom the young men of Rome might resort for instruction. On the other hand, while his banishment of the philosophers and astrologers may be cited against him, the reason for this act is to be found rather in politics than in any opposition to philosophy itself.

Vespasian reigned ten years, and then was succeeded by Titus, who held the throne for two years only. The latter was in character not unlike his predecessor, and his rule was

ARCH OF TITUS
ROME

ERECTED BY DOMITIAN, A. D. 81, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE TAKING OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS, A. D. 70. PARTLY REBUILT IN 1822.

similar in most respects, so far at least as concerned literature.

Domitian, who became emperor in A. D. 81 and reigned for fifteen years, was a very different character, as while still in private life he had shown a marked taste for literary work, had written some poems, and been flattered to the utmost by those who desired to curry his favor, until he appeared to consider himself one of the greatest writers of his age. Nothing, however, remains of his work except a brief military poem and a treatise on the care of the hair. In fact, when he began his reign, he appeared to lose all interest in literature and to allow his envy of other writers to inflame his already jealous disposition. Although he restored some public libraries that had been burned and instituted some competitive games in which poets and orators took part, yet his cruel disposition led him to persecute authors on the slightest pretext and to punish them so severely that the last years of his reign were among the most terrifying through which literary men were obliged to pass. As in the reign of Vespasian, the philosophers and astrologers were banished twice, but both times some excuse may be found for the act in their political activity. No excuse, however, can be urged for his treatment of other writers.

III. The Poetry of the Silver Age. Even the prose of the Flavian Era cannot be ranked as great classic masterpieces, and the poetry falls far below it in excellence. The best that

can be said of the poets is that they had a mastery of form and handled the common themes of the time with some skill, but were wholly lacking in that inspiration which marks the real poet and did not possess those graces which added so much to the writings of the Augustan Age. No one of them can give the reader a thrill of real pleasure, and no one ever enriched humanity with a single great idea. Poetry should give an uplift to humanity, should pay tribute to goodness, and not content itself with groveling in meanness and vulgarity; no really great inspiration has come in response to the bribery of a despot or to the ignoble desires of a writer.

It will not be necessary to spend a great deal of time with the poets of this age; in fact, a brief mention is sufficient for all but one. Valerius Flaccus, Silius, Statius, and to a greater extent Martial, are the only ones we need to mention.

IV. Flaccus. Like many of his contemporaries, Gaius Valerius Flaccus is known only through his works, and as they are rather impersonal, information is very limited. That he lived in Rome and wrote between the years 70 and 79 and that he died shortly before 90 are practically all the known facts. Setinus and Balbus are other names which have been given him by different critics, and not infrequently he is called by the whole five. We may infer that he was born at Setia and that at one time he filled a public office of some im-

portance. His only contribution to literature is a long epic, the *Argonautica.*

V. THE "ARGONAUTICA." The manuscript of this epic was discovered in 1417, and was first printed in 1474. Of its original length we cannot be certain, for only eight cantos now survive. As the title suggests, it deals with the adventures of Jason and his comrades in quest of the Golden Fleece. Since it mentions the capture of Jerusalem by Titus and the eruption of Vesuvius, we are able to locate its author approximately, as we have indicated in the preceding paragraph. In his general treatment of the subject, and even in his use of words, he imitates Apollonius Rhodius, the Greek poet who wrote upon the same subject, but he does not follow his original closely, omits entirely much of the superfluous learning shown by the Greek author, together with many incidents which he replaces by others not to be found in the more ancient story, and where the latter has been brief in many instances Flaccus treats the incidents at great length. We might say that where Valerius changes the treatment of Apollonius he betters it; his character-painting is of a higher order, his insight into the mental struggles of his characters far deeper, and some of his descriptions much more effective; in fact, it is in these descriptions that he reaches his highest level, and occasionally they are extremely vivid and picturesque. The defects of his work are those of the man who depends upon reminiscence

and upon books for the things which he might obtain at first hand and also upon his persistent endeavor to be emphatic and fulsome.

VI. Silius. Silius Italicus, whose whole name was sometimes given as Gaius Tiberius Cattius Silius Italicus, was born about A. D. 25, and rose to some prominence in Roman political life, for during the year of Nero's death he was a consul and later a governor of Asia, under Vespasian. Throughout his career he was a pleader of some repute, and though accused of having been an informer under Nero, he retained the respect of his friends and spent the latter part of his life in honorable retirement in the Campania. Knowing that he was suffering from an incurable disease, he starved himself to death in A. D. 101.

One of the letters of Pliny gives an account of his last hours and, in fact, affords us most of the information we possess concerning him. The letter, somewhat condensed, is as follows:

I have just heard that Silius has closed his life in his Neapolitan villa by voluntary abstinence. The cause of his preferring to die was ill-health. He suffered from an incurable tumor, the trouble arising from which determined him with singular resolution to seek death as a relief. His whole life had been unvaryingly fortunate, except that he had lost the younger of his two sons. On the other hand, he had lived to see his elder and more promising son succeed in life and obtain the consulship. He had injured his reputation under Nero. It was believed he had acted as an informer. But afterwards, while enjoying Vitellius's friendship, he had conducted himself with courtesy and prudence. He had gained

much credit by his proconsulship in Asia, and had since by an honorable leisure wiped out the blot which stained the activity of his former years. He ranked among the first men in the state, but he neither retained power nor excited envy. He was saluted, courted; he received levees often in his bed, always in his chamber, which was crowded with visitors who came attracted by no considerations of his fortune. When not occupied with writing, he passed his days in learned discourse. His poems evince more diligence than talent: he now and then by reciting challenged men's opinions upon them. Latterly, owing to advancing years, he retired from Rome and remained in Campania, nor did even the accession of a new emperor draw him forth. To allow this inactivity was most liberal on the emperor's part, to have the courage to accept it was equally honorable to Silius. He was a virtuoso, and was even blamed for his propensities for collecting. He owned several country-houses in the same district, and was always so taken with each new house he purchased as to neglect the old for it. All of them were well stocked with books, statues, and busts of great men. These last he not only treasured but revered; above all, that of Vergil, whose birthday he kept more religiously than his own. He preferred celebrating it at Naples, where he visited the poet's tomb as if it had been a temple. Amid such complete tranquillity he passed his seventy-fifth year, not exactly weak in body, but delicate.

His chief poetic work, and the only one which survives, is the *Punica,* a long epic in seventeen books dealing with the conflict between Rome and Carthage.

VII. The "Punica." The story of the Second Punic War up to the decisive battle of Zama forms the subject of the epic upon which rests the fame of Silius. As his historical information comes direct from Livy, it is correct

in essential things; but it follows the chronological order and contains little of interest beside what is in the events themselves, though in style and manner it is an imitation of Homer and Vergil. It is a long and tedious work, pieced together in a straggling manner, unreal and insipid. To interest all the machinery of the gods and heroes of the Trojan War in so real a subject is absurd, and ridiculous indeed it seems to read of Hannibal with crested helmet, sword and spear "fatal to thousands," raging around Saguntum as Achilles did around the walls of Troy. That Jupiter should guide an arrow into Hannibal's body and Juno should immediately withdraw it or that at Cannae Aeolus should yield to the prayer of Juno and blind the Romans by her whirlwind of dust is too amusing for an epic. Although, metrically speaking, the *Punica* is a good poem, it has no just claim to popularity.

VIII. Statius. A third epic poet was Publius Papinius Statius, who was born in Naples about A. D. 40, spent most of his life at Rome, then returned to Naples, where the last date possible to fix from his works is A. D. 95. His father, a somewhat distinguished poet and teacher, first at Naples and later at Rome, where he appeared as a tutor to Domitian, was of a distinguished family, although not a wealthy one. Nevertheless, he gave his son an excellent education, and by his own love for poetry undoubtedly cultivated the instinct in his son, who before the death of his father, by

a poem in honor of Ceres, won the victory in the Neapolitan poetical games. In his twenty-first year he married Claudia, a young widow of a singer or harpist, and their mutual attachment is a pleasing testimony to his kindness and gentleness, traits of character which, if we are to believe his contemporaries, his manner did not show.

Domitian had instituted poetical games in honor of Minerva, which were held each year upon the Alban mount. Into these contests Statius threw himself, and on three separate occasions won the prize, the subject in each instance being a poem in praise of Domitian, who always regarded the poet with great favor and frequently made him a guest of honor. However, in the great quinquennial contest held on the Capitoline Hill, Statius was defeated, and the disappointment to him was so serious that it seems he never quite overcame it, and frequent allusions to the failure appear in his subsequent work, in spite of the fact that at a later time he won the victory at the same festival.

His works are the two epics, the *Thebais* and the *Achilleis,* and a collection of shorter poems on various subjects, divided into five books and called the *Silvae.* The only lost works to which any allusion is made are a pantomime called *Agave* and an epic on Domitian's German war.

IX. The "Thebais." Upon this work the poet was engaged for twelve years, and the epic itself is divided into twelve books, of which

the subject is the strife between Eteocles and Polynices, the two sons of Oedipus, and the legendary history of Thebes to the death of Creon. The poem is an elaborate imitation of the *Aeneid,* not only in language but in arrangement of subject-matter, in plan, and even in the selection of incidents. Lacking the sense of proportion and with small dramatic power, it was impossible for Statius to reach high epic art, although his descriptions are fine and his similes beautiful, but so numerous as to become wearisome. Learned and correct, artificial and imitative, the poem lacks true inspiration and is tedious to a degree. Nevertheless, Statius had some of the elements of a true poet. In one respect, at least, he resembled some of our more modern artists, who find in flowers and birds, trees, landscapes and the sky a delight which creep into their writings at frequent intervals. There is, too, a brilliance about his fluent verses which impressed his hearers, and, if we may believe Quintilian and others, he had an astonishing faculty for improvisation. We could perhaps forgive his tediousness for the sake of his other bright qualities, if he were not such a tiresome flatterer who poured out his fulsome praises upon the Emperor and his court with an unstinting hand.

Statius, too, had a liking for the grotesque and the horrible, a trait which is shown to good advantage in the scene where Oedipus, hearing of the death of his sons, comes forth to lament over their bodies:

But when their father heard the tale of crime,
He rushed from the deep shadows where he dwelt,
And on the cruel threshold brought to view
His half-dead form; his hoary locks unkempt
Were vile with ancient filth, and stiff with gore
The hair that veiled his Fury-driven head;
His mouth and cheeks were sunken deep, and clots
Of blood were remnants of his torn-out eyes.

X. THE "ACHILLEIS" AND THE "SILVAE." The *Thebais* was finished at Naples, to which place Statius had gone in order that he might be near the country he loved and where he hoped to find a husband for the step-daughter, on whom, lacking children of his own, he lavished a wealth of affection. In the same place, too, he wrote the fragment that remains of his still more ambitious *Achilleis,* which with its predecessor obtained an immediate popularity that was continued through the Middle Ages, though, as we have intimated, in modern times the verdict upon his work has been completely reversed. The *Achilleis* aimed to treat all legends of which Achilles was the hero and which were not included in the *Iliad,* but, while its style shows a slight improvement over that of his earlier epic, yet the poem was evidently designed to be equally long-winded, if perchance a trifle more natural.

It is in the *Silvae,* however, that Statius shows to the best advantage and acquires a rank which enables him to dispute with Martial the claim for first honors in poetry during the Silver Age. Nevertheless, the *Silvae* are merely occasional poems which were written

apparently in haste, chiefly to please some noble or wealthy patron, and upon trivial subjects, such as a parrot, a beautiful tree or a fine bath house belonging to the person whom he addressed. Most of the poems are in hexameters, and while they contain little poetic fervor, they are nevertheless fashioned with extreme skill and show a remarkable appreciation of what is demanded under such circumstances. In one of the poems, addressed to Sleep, the wakeful poet begs the "youth, most gentle of the gods, to come and with his wand touch lightly the poet's eyes and bring him rest." Mere trifles as his verses are, they are charming and might be popular still, were they not versatile flatteries paid apparently to any person who asked them.

For the most part the *Silvae* were read or recited in public, and recitations such as these, which had been introduced by Pollio at an earlier day, became popular. The plan itself was not a bad one, and many of the poets of the imperial period read their works to friends or to the public generally before placing them on sale or endeavoring to locate them in a library. Statius lived when these readings were most willingly attended, and as Juvenal says, "The poet made the whole city glad when he promised a day of reading." The meetings were held in the houses of the wealthy, and it was to them that Statius addressed so many of his brief lyrics, hoping by such means to secure countenance, patronage or more substantial

pay. It is probable, however, that the results did not equal the effort, and after a time Statius grew tired of hiring himself out to amuse the public and abandoned his scheme entirely for the graver writing which he considered more worthy of his talents. After he left Rome, the frenzy for public readings declined rapidly and in a few years was heard of no more.

XI. Martial. Marcus Valerius Martialis, known in English as Martial, was born on the first of March, probably in the year A. D. 40, in the town of Bilbilis, in Northeastern Spain. His father Fronto and his mother Flacilla were in the lower ranks of life, but were able to give their son the usual grammatical education, either at Bilbilis or some neighboring town. In the year 64 he went to Rome, then under the reign of Nero, and became a hanger-on or client of the Seneca family and others of wealth and position. Although it seems that he practiced law for a time, yet he lived largely on the bounty of his patrons.

He did not attract the attention of Nero, or, if he did, he failed to profit by it, but he succeeded in winning the friendship of Titus, whose patronage was continued by Domitian, who raised him to the equestrian rank by bestowing upon him the title of military tribune.

From the facts that drift down concerning Martial we know that he was poor in his early years, but may infer easy circumstances later, for we hear of a small country estate near Nomentum, which perhaps was the gift of

Polla, the wife of Lucan, and of a house in Rome, where he kept some slaves. Yet he was continually complaining of poverty and lack of patronage. The manner in which he obtained the favors that were given him is unpleasantly proved in his epigrams, for not only are they humiliating in their fulsome praises, but they are confessedly insincere. When Domitian was assassinated and the Senate refused him funereal honors because of his fiendlike abominations, Martial, who had portrayed the Emperor while living as the embodiment of every virtue, took great pleasure in exposing the monstrous crimes, of which he must have all along been conscious. In fact, it is evident that if Martial did not share the criminal debaucheries of the time, he was at least indifferent toward them and lenient to those who indulged themselves, although he claimed to be a moralist and explained that, though his works might be obscene, his life was pure. The only serious objection he seemed to find to the infamous Nero was that he had killed the poet Lucan, as we may infer from the following epigram addressed to Lucan's wife on the anniversary of the poet's birth:

> This is the day which, witness of an illustrious birth, gave Lucan to the people and to thee, Polla. Alas, cruel Nero, more detested on account of no one of your victims than this, such a crime at least should not have been permitted you.

His first wife was Cleopatra, of whose temper he complains and from whom he was soon

divorced; his second wife, Marcella, whom he married after his return to Spain and of whom he frequently speaks with respect and even admiration. Among his numerous and prominent friends and patrons were Pliny, Regulus, the famous pleader, Quintilian, Valerius Flaccus and Juvenal.

After the death of Domitian, Martial returned to his native country and passed the remainder of his life in retirement. As late as 104 Pliny speaks of the death of the poet in a letter, from which we quote:

I hear with regret that Valerius Martial is dead. He was a man of talent, acuteness and spirit, with plenty of wit and gall, and as sincere as he was witty. I gave him a parting present when he left Rome, which was due both to our friendship and to some verses which he wrote in my praise. It was an ancestral custom of ours to enrich with honors or money those who had written the praises of individuals or cities, but among other noble and seemly customs this has now become obsolete. I suppose since we have ceased to do things worthy of laudation, we think it in bad taste to receive it.

Pliny then proceeds to quote the following verses which Martial had sent with a copy of his book:

Go, my Thalia, and present to the eloquent Pliny my little book, which though not learned enough or very grave, is not entirely devoid of elegance. When you have passed the Suburra, it is no long labor to ascend the steep pathway over the Esquiline Hill. There you will see a glittering statue of Orpheus on the top of a perfume-sprinkled theater, surrounded by beasts wondering at his music; and among them the royal bird which carried off Ganymede for the Thunderer. Near it is the humble

house of your friend Pedo, surmounted by an eagle with smaller wings. But take care lest, in a moment of indiscretion, you knock at the learned Pliny's door at an inauspicious time. He devotes his whole days to the severe Minerva, while preparing for the ears of the centumviri that which our own age and posterity may compare even with the eloquent pages of Cicero. You will go with the best chance of success when the evening lamps are lighted. That hour is for you the best when the god of wine reigns, when the rose holds its sway, and the hair is moistened with perfumes. Then even rigid Catos read me.

Pliny then continues as follows:

Was I not justified in parting on the most friendly terms with one who wrote so prettily of me, and am I not justified now in mourning his loss as that of an intimate friend? What he could he gave me; if he had had more he would have gladly given it. And yet what gift can be greater than glory, praise, and immortality? It is possible, indeed, as I think I hear you saying, that his poems may not last forever. Nevertheless, he wrote them in the belief that they would.

XII. Martial's Works. The poems of Martial are all short, are included under the general name *epigrammata,* and are divided into fourteen books. One book celebrates the imperial theatrical performances and other shows in which the Romans delighted, and two are given up to inscriptions for gifts, which it was customary to present to friends during the Saturnalia; the remaining are all epigrams, of which the longest consists of but fifty-one lines and the shortest of one hexameter only. The epigrams are addressed to friends, rivals, enemies, acquaintances, people of good repute

and ill repute, and touch upon an almost endless variety of subjects. His verses are sententious, witty, cynical, caustic, but never dull. Written principally in elegiac verse, there are, however, numerous variations therefrom, and whatever his indebtedness may be to former epigrammatists, Martial devised that characteristic of the epigram to-day, the little surprise or witty turn in the phrase with which the stanza ends.

His Latin is difficult to read, and his style is such that almost everything he has written must be spelled out word for word. It is an artificial, unnatural style, brilliant indeed, but so terse as to compel the reader to weigh each phrase for all the suggestions and allusions which any word may contain. The difficulty is largely due to local contemporary allusions.

Unfortunately, Martial is the most obscene of the Roman writers and much of his work is untranslatable, but the fourth book is the least offensive in this respect and contains perhaps some of his best epigrams.

XIII. SELECTIONS FROM MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS. 1. The first four selections are translations by Goldwin Smith. The following lines are commemorative of the death of Arria, who slew herself when her husband Paetus was condemned to death:

> The poniard, with her life-blood dyed,
> When Arria to her Paetus gave,
> "'Twere painless, my beloved," she cried,
> "If but my death thy life could save."

The next lines are complimentary to the work of the great Phidias:

> These fishes Phidias wrought; with life by him
> They are endowed; add water and they swim.

This couplet refers to the work of another artist:

> That lizard on the goblet makes thee start.
> Fear not; it lives only by Mentor's art.

In the fourth book occur these lines, descriptive of daily life in Rome:

Visits consume the first, the second, hour;
When comes the third, hoarse pleaders show their power;
At four to business Rome herself betakes;
At six she goes to sleep, by seven she wakes;
By nine well breathed from exercise we rest,
And in the banquet hall the couch is pressed.
Now, when thy skill, greatest of cooks, has spread
The ambrosial feast, let Martial's rhymes be read,
With mighty hand while Caesar holds the bowl,
When drafts of nectar have relaxed his soul.
Now trifles pass. My giddy Muse would fear
Jove to approach in morning mood severe.

2. The two following selections show Martial at his best. The first may be called *Not at Home:*

> May I not live, but, were it in my power,
> With thee I'd pass both day and night each hour.
> Two miles I go to see you; and two more
> When I return; and two and two make four.
> Often denied; often from home you're gone;
> Are busy oft; and oft would be alone.
> Two miles, to see you, give me no great pain;
> Four, not to see you, go against the grain.

These stanzas are addressed to Chloe:

I could resign that eye of blue
  Howe'er its splendor used to thrill me;
And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue—
  To lose it, Chloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
  However much I've raved about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
  I think I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learned to fast,
  That sooth, my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last
  —To do without you altogether.

3. The following humorous imitation of one of the early epigrams was translated from the Spanish by Dr. Lisle:

When Orpheus went down to the regions below,
  Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
  To set his Eurydice free.

All hell was astonish'd a person so wise
  Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far—but how vast their surprise,
  When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due to his fault
  Old Pluto long puzzled his brain,
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought—
  So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
  And, pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art;
  Such merit had music in hell.

4. The following translation of an epigrammatic address to Cato appeared in *The Spectator,* No. 446:

Why dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage?
With awful countenance and brow severe,
What in the name of goodness dost thou here?
See the mix'd crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Didst thou come in but to go out again?

5. This whimsical notion constitutes an epigram to *Aelia;* the translation is by Fletcher:

Aelia just four teeth had, if I told right;
One cough ejected two, another two:
Now she may cough securely day and night;
There's nothing left for the third cough to do.

6. A translation published in 1695 gives the epigram on Sabidius as follows:

I love thee not, but why, I can't display;
I love thee not, is all that I can say.

Some Oxford wit in 1686 paraphrased the lines for the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. John Fell, as follows:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I'm sure I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

7. The couplet on Fidentius reading aloud the epigrams of Martial has been thus translated:

With faulty accents, and so vile a tone,
You quote my lines, I took them for your own.

8. This neat appeal for the friendship of Fuscus is translated by Hay:

You, whom your faithful friends surround,
Can there within your breast be found
One spot another friend to grace?
Oh! grant to me that happy place
Refuse me not, because untried;
So once were all your friends beside.
Weigh well the man; for from the new
May grow a good old friend and true.

9. Some one has imitated an epigram on Linus in the following clever manner:

Lend Spunge a guinea! Ned, you'd best refuse,
And give him half. Sure, that's enough to lose.

10. In this manner Martial tells us that Charinus does not blush at his own infamy:

Charinus is perfectly well, and yet he is pale; Charinus drinks sparingly, and yet he is pale; Charinus digests well, and yet he is pale; Charinus suns himself, and yet he is pale; Charinus dyes his skin, and yet he is pale; Charinus indulges in infamous debauchery, and yet he is pale.

11. And in this caustic manner he pays his compliments to Laelius:

You do not publish your own verses, Laelius; you criticize mine. Pray cease to criticize mine, or else publish your own.

12. The following is on Aquinas and Fabricius, two soldier friends:

Here reposes Aquinas, reunited to his faithful Fabricius, who rejoices in having preceded him to the Elysian retreats. This double altar bears record that each was

honored with the rank of chief centurion; but that praise is of still greater worth which you read in this shorter inscription: *Both were united in the sacred bond of a well-spent life, and, what is rarely known to fame, were friends.*

13. On Selius, flattering Martial for a dinner:

Hark how Selius praises you, when spreading his nets for a dinner, whether you are reading your verses, or pleading at the bar. "Excellent! how sagacious! how ready! how clever! well done! how successful!" There, that is all I want; your supper is earned; be quiet.

14. Fletcher renders a retort to Linus in this manner:

Linus, dost ask what my field yields to me?
Even this profit, that I ne'er see thee.

15. To illustrate the manner in which later writers have used the ideas of Martial, take the following paraphrase of an epigram on Maximus and see how, in the manner of Dean Swift, the Rev. R. Graves gives advice to a chaplain:

Parson! 't is false; I'll ne'er believe
With liberty you wish to live:
You hug your chains, and cut your jokes
On us, poor independent folks.
But would you then indeed be free?
Come, I'll prescribe—without a fee.
First, then, 't is plain you love to eat,
And haunt the tables of the great:
You shun the man, and think him poor,
That cannot give you "four and four."
Indeed, my friend, this must not be;
A parasite can ne'er be free.

Next, Doctor, you must drink no wine.—
Ch. Why so? Saint Paul, that great divine,
Says, "Drink a little."—*F.* That's not the question;
You can't afford it—*Ch.* But for digestion—
F. A glass of cider, or old mead,
Or e'en mild ale, will do the deed.
Then, you're a captain in your dress;
A good black frieze would cost you less,
And look more venerable too,
Than that gray cloth which I call blue.
Talk what you please, you'll ne'er be free,
If you despise economy.
Perhaps, too, you may think a wife
Amongst the requisites of life:
Why, take some healthy farmer's daughter,
Some *Blousalind*—nay, spare your laughter:
She'll mend your shirts, inspect your brewing;—
A lady, sir, would be your ruin.
Your pars'nage house, I own, is mean;
But see! that fragrant jessamine;
See! how that woodbine round the door
And lattice blooms—What would you more?
Oh! Doctor, could you but despise
Life's pompous superfluities;
Could you but learn to live content
With what indulgent Heav'n has sent;
Whate'er your lot, you'd live more free
Than any prince—in *Germany*.

16. This, addressed to Ponticus, is an example of the power of Martial's sarcasm:

Why do you maim your slave, Ponticus, by cutting out his tongue? Do you not know that the public says what he cannot?

17. Hodgson has thus paraphrased a caustic epigram on Cinna:

Jack writes severe lampoons on me, 't is said—
But he writes nothing, who is never read.

18. Martial's response to the request of a friend to aid him politically is thus rendered by Hay:

How often do you ask me to go down,
To aid your interest in your borough town?
I would do all to serve you that I can:
Yet cannot go: but I will send my man.
You say, 't is not the same; I'll prove it more.
I scarce can follow you; he'll go before.
Is there a mob? he'll elbow folks away:
I am infirm, not used to such rough play.
I can't repeat the popular things you say;
He will extol them, more than once a day.
Is there a quarrel? he'll be very loud:
I am ashamed to bully in a crowd.
"What! will my friend do nothing, then?" say you:
All, that a servant cannot do, I'll do.

19. The following, addressed to Bassus and descriptive of the country-house of Faustinus, is an interesting picture:

Our friend Faustinus's Baian farm, Bassus, does not occupy an ungrateful expanse of broad land, laid out with useless myrtle groves, sterile plane-trees, and clipped box-rows, but rejoices in a real unsophisticated country scene. Here close-pressed heaps of corn are crammed into every corner, and many a cask is redolent with wine of old vintages. Here, after November, when winter is at hand, the rough vine-dresser brings in the ripened grapes; the savage bulls bellow in the deep valley, and the steer, with forehead still unarmed, yearns for the fight. The whole muster of the farmyard roams at large, the screaming goose, the spangled peacock, the bird which derives its name from its red wings, the spotted partridge, the speckled fowls of Numidia, and

the pheasants of the impious Colchians; the proud cocks caress their Rhodian mates, and the turrets resound with the murmur of pigeons. On this side mourns the ring-dove, on that the wax-colored turtle-dove; the greedy swine follow the apron of the bailiff's wife, and the tender lamb bleats after its well-filled mother. Young house-bred slaves, sleek as milk, surround the cheerful fire, and piles of wood blaze near the joyous Lares. The steward does not, through inactivity, grow pale with enervating ease, nor waste oil in anointing himself for wrestling, but sets crafty nets for greedy thrushes, or draws up fish captured with the tremulous line, or brings home deer caught in the hunter's toils. The productive garden amuses the well-pleased townsmen, and long-haired children, freed from the rule of their instructor, delight to obey the farm-bailiff, and even the effeminate eunuch finds enjoyment in working. Nor does the rustic come empty-handed to pay his respects; he brings with him white honey in its waxen cells, and the conical cheese from the forest of Sassina. This one offers the sleepy dormouse, that the bleating young of the hairy she-goat; another, the capon debarred from loving. Tall maidens, daughters of honest husbandmen, bring their mothers' presents in baskets of osiers. Work being over, the cheerful neighborhood is invited in; nor does a stinted table reserve its dainties for the morrow, but every one eats his fill, and the well-fed attendant has no cause to envy the reeling guest. But you, Bassus, possess in the suburbs of the city a splendid mansion, where your visitor is starved, and where, from lofty towers, you look over mere laurels secure in a garden where Priapus need fear no thief. You feed your vine-dresser on corn which you have bought in town, and carry idly to your ornamental farm vegetables, eggs, chickens, fruits, cheese, and wine. Should your dwelling be called a country-house, or a town-house out of town?

20. His description of a beau is thus paraphrased by Elton:

They tell me, Cotilus, that you're a beau:
What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know.
"A beau is one who, with the nicest care,
In parted locks divides his curling hair;
One who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet,
Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat;
Whose naked arms are smooth'd with pumice-stone,
And toss'd about with graces all his own:
A beau is one who takes his constant seat,
From morn to evening, where the ladies meet;
And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
Whispers some nothing in some fair one's ear;
Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day;
Still reads and scribbles, reads, and sends away:
A beau is one who shrinks, if nearly press'd
By the coarse garment of a neighbor guest;
Who knows who flirts with whom, and still is found
At each good table in successive round:
A beau is one—none better knows than he
A race-horse, and his noble pedigree"—
Indeed? Why, Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing trifling thing is call'd a beau!

21. On his book, sent as a present to Faustinus:

While my book is yet new and unpolished, while the page scarcely dry fears to be touched, go, boy, and bear the little present to a dear friend, who deserves beyond all others to have first sight of my trifles. Run, but not without being duly equipped; let a Carthaginian sponge accompany the book; for it is a suitable addition to my present. Many erasures, Faustinus, would not remove all its faults; one sponging would.

22. To Rufus, on a happy marriage:

Claudia Peregrina, Rufus, is about to be married to my friend Pudens. Be propitious, Hymen, with thy torches. As fitly is precious cinnamon united with nard,

and Massic wine with Attic honey. Nor are elms more fitly wedded to tender vines, the lotus more love the waters, or the myrtle the river's bank. Mayest thou always hover over their couch, fair Concord, and may Venus ever be auspicious to a couple so well matched. In after years may the wife cherish her husband in his old age; and may she, when grown old, not seem so to her husband.

23. On a bee inclosed in amber. The translation is by May:

> Here shines a bee closed in an amber tomb,
> As if interr'd in her own honey-comb.
> A fit reward fate to her labors gave;
> No other death would she have wish'd to have.

24. The following epitaph on the young Erotion shows how Martial modified the nature of the Greek epigram and made it more like our own—with a sting at the end, but in this instance it is a mark of bad taste:

Child, more sweet to me than the song of aged swans, more tender than a lamb of Phalantine Galaesus, more delicate than a shell of the Lucrine lake; thou to whom no one could prefer the pearls of the Indian Ocean, or the newly polished tooth of the Indian elephant, or the newly fallen snow, or the untouched lily; whose hair surpassed the fleece of the Spanish flock, the knotted tresses of the dwellers on the Rhine, and the golden-colored field-mouse; whose breath was redolent with odors which rivaled the rose-beds of Paestum, or the new honey of Attic combs, or amber just rubbed in the hand; compared to whom the peacock was ugly, the squirrel unattractive, the phoenix a common object; O Erotion, thy funeral pyre is yet warm. The cruel law of the inexorable Fates has carried thee off, my love, my delight, my plaything, in thy sixth winter yet incomplete. Yet

my friend Paetus forbids me to be sad, although he smites his own breast and tears his hair equally with myself. "Are you not ashamed (says he) to bewail the death of a little slave? I have buried a wife,—a wife distinguished, haughty, noble, rich, and yet am alive." What fortitude can be greater than that of my friend Paetus? —He inherits (by the death of his wife) twenty millions of sesterces, and yet can live.

25. To Theodorus, a brother writer:

Do you wonder for what reason, Theodorus, notwithstanding your frequent requests and importunities, I have never presented you with my works? I have an excellent reason; it is lest you should present me with yours.

26. Williams paraphrases an erotic epigram thus:

Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure girl never gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?

I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then, prithee, my charmer, be kind,
For, while I love thee above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confined.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing;
Count the flowers that enamel its fields;
Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying;
Or the grain that rich Sicily yields.

Go, number the stars in the heaven;
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
To a heart, which, dear Chloe, is thine;
With my arms I'll for ever enfold thee,
And twist round thy limbs like a vine.

What joy can be greater than this is?
My life on thy lips shall be spent;
But the wretch that can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

27. An epitaph upon the baby Urbicus:

Here I, the child Urbicus, to whom the mighty city of Rome gave both birth and name, repose; an object of mourning to Bassus. Six months were wanting to complete my third year, when the stern goddesses broke my fatal thread. What did my beauty, my prattle, my tender years avail me? Thou who readest the inscription before thee, drop a tear upon my tomb. So may he, whom thou shalt desire to survive thyself, be preserved from the waters of Lethe till he has reached an age greater than that of Nestor.

28. On lending his barber to the beau Caedicianus:

Caedicianus, I lent my barber (a young man, but skilled in his art even beyond Nero's Thalamus, whose lot it was to clip the beards of the Drusi) to Rufus, at his request, to make his cheeks smooth for once. But, at Rufus's orders, he was so long occupied in going over the same hairs again and again, consulting the mirror that guided his hand, cleaning the skin, and making a tedious second attack on the locks previously shorn, that my barber at last returned to me with his own beard full grown.

29. To his friend, Quintus Ovidius:

If you but believe me, Quintus Ovidius, I love, as you deserve, the first of April, your natal day, as much as

I love my own first of March. Happy is either morn! and may both days be marked by us with the whitest of stones! The one gave me life, but the other a friend. Yours, Quintus, gave me more than my own.

30. The question, what makes a happy life, is answered by Martial in this manner:

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind:

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom join'd with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress:

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night.
Contented with thine own estate;
Ne wish for Death, ne fear his might.

31. Domitian's architect, Rabirius, held his parents in affection, and Martial praises him for it:

Whoever thou art that desirest for thy parents a long and happy life, regard with sympathy the short inscription upon this marble tomb:—"Here Rabirius consigned two dear departed ones to the earth; no aged couple ever died under happier circumstances. Sixty years of married life were gently closed in one and the same night; a single pyre sufficed for both funerals." Yet Rabirius mourns them as though they had been snatched from him

in the flower of their youth; nothing can be more unjustifiable than such lamentations.

32. To Marinus on his baldness:

You collect your straggling hairs on each side, Marinus, endeavoring to conceal the vast expanse of your shining bald pate by the locks which still grow on your temples. But the hairs disperse, and return to their own place with every gust of wind; flanking your bare poll on either side with crude tufts. Why not confess yourself an old man? Be content to seem what you really are, and let the barber shave off the rest of your hair. There is nothing more contemptible than a bald man who pretends to have hair.

33. The following epigrams are taken from the book named *Xenia,* and all are inscriptions for presents sent to friends:

These radishes which I present to you, and which are suited to the cold season of winter, Romulus still eats in heaven.

If we possessed Libyan fowl and pheasants, you should receive them; as it is, receive birds from the hen-coop.

Disdain not this amphora of Egyptian vinegar. It was much worse when it was wine.

I, a parrot, am taught by you the names of others; I have learned of myself to say, "Hail! Caesar!"

This piece of oak [a five-foot rule], marked with spots, and tipped with a sharp point, frequently exposes the fraudulent dealings of the contractor.

Accept this humble cup, a memorial of the cobbler Vatinius; it is not so big as his nose.

CHAPTER XXII

THE FLAVIAN ERA OF THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

A. D. 69 – 96

PROSE

MINOR WRITERS. During the Flavian Era there was produced a large quantity of prose, most of it upon scientific subjects, by writers of great learning. However, if we may possibly except Frontinus, there were very few who reached a high rank as masters of style or who contributed anything of permanent value either to knowledge or culture. In fact, we may pass over the

minor writers without even mention and confine ourselves to a study of the two men who really stood for highest scholarship and a mastery of the Latin tongue. We allude to the elder Pliny and Quintilian.

II. Pliny the Elder. Gaius Plinius Secundus, commonly known as Pliny the Elder, probably was born at Como, in Northern Italy, in A. D. 23, though there are writers who locate his birthplace as Verona. Certain it is that at Como his family resided and had large estates in the neighborhood. His nephew, the younger Pliny, was born there, and numerous inscriptions relating to the family have been found in that neighborhood. While still young, the subject of this sketch was sent to Rome, where, through the ample means his family provided and the high connections they enjoyed, he secured the best of education and was placed in line for promotion.

At the age of twenty-three he entered the army and served in Germany as commander of a troop of cavalry, traveling over nearly all the frontier of that province and extending his journeys to the sources of the Danube.

In A. D. 52 he returned to Rome with Pomponius, under whose command he had been in Germany, and entered upon the study of jurisprudence, at which profession he showed no great capacity and in consequence retired to his native place, where he spent the greater part of Nero's reign in literary study and authorship. Shortly before the death of Nero,

however, he was a procurator in Spain, and while there, owing to a brother-in-law's death, he found himself entrusted with the guardianship of Pliny the Younger, whom, in 73, on his return to Rome, he adopted as his son.

Vespasian, whom Pliny had known in Germany, had become Emperor and extended not only patronage, but a warm friendship, to the rising historian, who now located in the busy world of Rome.

III. Pliny's Habits of Work. His habits of study at this time made a deep impression on his nephew, who in one of his letters has given us the following account of his uncle's studious habits:

After the Vulcanalia (the 23d of August) he always began work at dead of night, in winter at 1 A. M., never later than 2 A. M., often at midnight. He was most sparing of sleep; at times it would catch him unawares while studying. After his interview with Vespasian was over, he went to business, then to study for the rest of the day. After a light meal, which like our ancestors he ate by day, he would in summer, if he had any leisure, lie in the sun, while some one read to him and he made notes or extracts. He never read without making extracts; no book, he said, was so bad but that something might be gained from it. After sunning himself he would take a cold bath, then a little food, then a short nap. Then, as if it were a new day, he studied till supper. During this meal a book was read, he all the while making notes. I remember once, when the reader mispronounced a word, that one of our friends compelled him to repeat it. My uncle asked him if he had not understood the word. On his replying, "Yes," my uncle said sharply, "Then why did you interrupt him? we have lost more than ten lines;" so frugal was he of

his time. He rose from supper before dark in summer, before 7 P. M. in winter; and this habit was law to him.

Such was his life in town; but in the country his one and only interruption from study was the bath. I mean the actual *bathing;* for while he was being rubbed he always either dictated, or listened to reading. On a journey, having nothing else to do, he gave himself wholly to study; at his side was an amanuensis, who in winter wore gloves, that his master's work might not be interrupted by the cold. Even in Rome he always traveled in a sedan. I remember his chiding me for taking a walk, saying, "You might have saved those hours"—for every moment not given to study he thought lost time. By this application he contrived to compose that vast array of volumes which we possess, besides bequeathing to me 160 rolls of selected notes, each roll written on both sides and in the smallest possible hand, which practically doubles their number. To call myself studious with his example before me is absurd; compared with him, I am an idle vagabond.

IV. THE DEATH OF PLINY. Pliny was more than a bookworm or mere collector of facts. He was a strong, practical man of affairs and an interested observer of men and events. In A. D. 79 he was in command of the fleet at Misenum when the eruption of Vesuvius, which buried Pompeii, took place. In his zeal for investigating these strange phenomena, Pliny went in a war galley to the neighborhood of the volcano and remained there observing the eruption until, caught in the whirl of the ashes and noxious gases, he was smothered. These facts have been told in a letter of charming style by the younger Pliny, from which we quote:

He was at Misenum in command of the fleet. On the 24th August (A. D. 79), about 1 P. M., my mother pointed out to him a cloud of unusual size and shape. He had then sunned himself, had his cold bath, tasted some food, and was lying down reading. He at once asked for his shoes, and mounted a height from which the best view might be obtained. The cloud was rising from a mountain afterwards ascertained to have been Vesuvius; its form was more like a pine-tree than anything else. It was raised into the air by what seemed its trunk, and then branched out in different directions; the reason probably was that the blast, at first irresistible, but afterwards losing strength or unable to counteract gravity, spent itself by spreading out on either side. The cloud was either bright, or dark and spotty, according as earth or ashes were thrown up.

As a man of science he determined to inspect the phenomenon more closely. He ordered a light vessel to be prepared, and offered to take me with him. I replied that I would rather study; as it happened, he himself had set me something to write. He was just starting when a letter was brought from Rectina imploring aid for Nascus, who was in imminent danger; his villa lay below, and no escape was possible except by sea. He now changed his plan, and what he had begun from scientific enthusiasm he carried out with self-sacrificing courage. He launched some quadriremes, and embarked with the intention of succoring not only Rectina but others who lived on that populous and picturesque coast. Thus he hurried to the spot from which all others were flying, and steered straight for the danger, so absolutely devoid of fear that he dictated an account with full comments of all the movements and changing shapes of the phenomenon, each as it presented itself. Ashes were now falling on the decks, and became hotter and denser as the vessel approached. Scorched and blackened pumice-stones and bits of rock split by fire were mingled with them. The sea suddenly became shallow, and fragments from the mountain filled the coast, seeming to bar all

further progress. He hesitated whether to return; but on the master strongly advising it, he cried, "Fortune favors the brave: make for Pomponianus's house." This was at Stabiae, and was cut off from the coast near Vesuvius by an inlet, which had been gradually scooped out by encroachments of the sea. The owner was in sight, intending, should the danger (which was visible, but not immediate) approach so near as to be urgent, to escape by ship. For this purpose he had embarked all his effects, and was waiting for a change of wind. My uncle, whom the breeze favored, soon reached him, and, embracing him with much affection, tried to console his fears. To show his own unconcern he caused himself to be carried to a bath; and having washed, sat down to dinner with cheerfulness or (what is equally creditable to him) with the appearance of it.

Meanwhile from many parts of the mountain broad flames burst forth; the blaze shone back from the sky, and a dark night enhanced the lurid glare. To soothe his friend's terror he declared that what they saw was only the deserted villages which the inhabitants in their flight had set on fire. Then he retired to rest, and there can be no doubt that he slept, since the sound of his breathing (which a broad chest made deep and resonant), was clearly heard by those watching at the door. Soon the court which led to the chamber was so choked with cinders and stones that longer delay would have made escape impossible. He was aroused from sleep, and went to Pomponianus and the rest, who had sat up all night. They debated whether to stay indoors or to wander about in the open. For on the one hand constant shocks of earthquake made the houses rock to and fro, and loosened their foundations; while on the other, the open air was rendered dangerous by the fall of pumice-stones, though these were light and very porous. On the whole they preferred the open air, but what to the rest had been a weighing of fears had to him been a balancing of reasons. They tied cushions over their heads to guard them from the falling stones.

Though it was now day elsewhere, it was here darker than the darkest night, though the gloom was broken by torches and other lights. They next walked to the sea to try whether it would admit of vessels being launched, but it was still a waste of raging waters. He then spread a linen cloth, and, reclining on it, asked several times for water, which he drank; soon, however, the flames and that sulphurous vapor which preceded them put his companions to flight and compelled him to arise. He rose by the help of two slaves, but immediately fell down dead.

His death no doubt arose from suffocation by the dense vapor, as well as from an obstruction of his stomach, a part which had been always weak and liable to inflammation and other discomforts. When daylight returned, *i. e.*, after three days, his body was found entire, just as it was, covered with the clothes in which he had died; his appearance was that of sleep rather than of death.

V. Pliny's Works. With such habits as have been described, it was possible for Pliny to produce a great quantity of excellent writing, but for our knowledge of most of it and even for the titles we are dependent upon mention by his nephew and others, for all but one important creation has perished. He was in the midst of his work when death came upon him, but we know that he wrote *A History of the German Wars,* in twenty books, a history *From the End of the History of Aufidius Bassus,* famous works on tactics, rhetoric and grammar, besides the thirty-seven books of his great *Naturalis Historia* (*Natural History*), which alone survives.

VI. The "Natural History." During the Middle Ages the *Natural History* was consid-

ered an encyclopedia of secular knowledge, but now only antiquarians are acquainted with it. The greatest admirers of Latin, even those who would learn Vergil by heart, have scarcely consented to read through the tiresome and conceited preface of the *Natural History*. Yet undoubtedly within the limits of that vast work are given discussions of interesting subjects which would be read with pleasure to-day if they were separated from the context. The author, speaking of the work, says that it contains twenty thousand facts and extracts or redactions of two thousand books and treatises, and that its range is so wide as to include something attractive to every taste. All the subjects do not belong to natural history; but the chatty anecdotes and the discussions of the fine arts are among the pleasantest parts.

There is little originality, even in arrangement or in the collection of subject-matter, and it is assumed that Pliny himself lacked originality and was borne down by the weight of his own extreme erudition. He was not the first, nor by any means the last, of authors who knew too much to write well.

This great work was ready for publication in A. D. 77, and was sent to Titus with a preface and dedication. So far as literary studies are concerned, it may be dismissed with the remark that it stands as a great monument to the learning of imperial Rome.

VII. QUINTILIAN. Marcus Fabius Quintilianus was another Spaniard who took part in

the revival of Roman letters. Although the time of his birth is uncertain, it must have occurred about A. D. 35, at the town of Calagurris, on the Ebro. Of his father we know nothing except from a single allusion in the works of the son, who, however, was carefully educated both in Spain and in Rome. It appears that about A. D. 68 Galba brought Quintilian from a retirement in Spain to the capital of his Empire, where he distinguished himself in two professions at once, namely, that of a pleader and of a teacher of eloquence. Numerous scholars, among whom was Pliny the Younger, came to this public school, for teaching which Quintilian received from the public treasury a salary of about four thousand dollars of our money. Domitian found in him a suitable tutor for his two grand-nephews, and the rising teacher added to his income by his constant pleading, but of its merits little judgment can be formed because the only oration he published is lost, and the only records of others are incorrect copies by those who took notes hastily in shorthand.

After twenty years of teaching he abandoned his school and gave himself up to the composition of his great work, *Institutiones Oratoriae* (*Institutes of Oratory*), which was completed and published about A. D. 93.

Among the prominent men of that licentious age Quintilian appears as a man of high character and ambitions, but as one who suffered pathetically. Family bereavements of the most

trying kind fell upon him in quick succession. What these were can best be understood from his own statements, which appear in the introduction to Book Six of his *Institutes*. Incidentally, the phraseology is a striking commentary on the manners of the age, and it seems difficult for us to understand how a man suffering from such misfortune could speak with such affectation and apparent selfishness. We quote from Watson's translation:

Having entered upon this undertaking, Marcellus Victor, principally at your request, but with a desire, at the same time, that some profit to well-disposed youth might arise from my labors, I have applied to it recently with great diligence, from the necessity, almost, of the office conferred upon me, yet with a regard also to my own gratification, thinking that I should leave this work to my son, whose remarkable ability deserved even the most anxious attention of a father, as the best portion of his inheritance, so that if the fates should cut me off before him, as would have been but just and desirable, he might still have his father's precepts to guide him. But while I was pursuing my design day and night, and hastening the completion of it, through fear of being prevented by death, fortune sent so sudden an affliction upon me, that the result of my industry interests no one less than myself, for I have lost by a second severe bereavement that son, of whom I had conceived the highest expectations; and in whom I reposed my only hopes for the solace of my age. What shall I now do? Or what further use can I suppose that there is for me upon the earth, when the gods thus animadvert upon me? When I had just begun to write the book which I have published, *On the Causes of the Corruption of Eloquence,* it happened that I was struck with a similar blow. It would have been best for me, therefore, to have thrown that inauspicious work, and whatever ill-omened learning

there is in me, into the flames of that premature funeral pile which was to consume what I loved, and not to have wearied my unnatural prolongation of life with new and additional anxieties. What parent, of right feelings at least, would pardon me, if I could pursue my studies with my accustomed diligence, and would not hate my insensibility, if I had any other use for my voice than to accuse the gods for causing me to survive all my children, and to testify that divine providence pays no regard to terrestrial affairs? If such neglect of the gods is not visible in my own person, to whom nothing can be objected but that I am still alive, it is certainly manifest in the fate of those whom cruel death has condemned to perish so undeservedly, their mother having been previously snatched from me, who, after giving birth to a second son, before she had completed her nineteenth year, died, though cut off prematurely, a happy death. By that one calamity I was so deeply afflicted, that no good fortune could ever afterwards render me completely happy; for, exhibiting every virtue that can grace a woman, she not only caused incurable grief to her husband, but, being of so girlish an age, especially when compared with my own, her loss might be counted even as that of a daughter. I consoled myself, however, with my surviving children; and she, knowing, what was contrary to the order of nature, though she herself desired it, that I should be left alive, escaped the greatest of pangs in her untimely death. My younger son dying, first of the two, when he had just passed his fifth year, took from me, as it were, the sight of one of my eyes. I am not ostentatious of my misfortunes, nor desirous to exaggerate the causes which I have for tears; on the contrary, I wish that I had some mode of lessening them; but how can I forbear to contemplate what beauty he showed in his countenance, what sweetness in his expressions, what nascent fire in his understanding, and what substantial tokens he gave (such as I know are scarcely credible in one so young), not only of calm but of deep thought? Such a child, even if he had been the son of

a stranger, would have won my love. It was the will, too, of insidious fortune, with a view to torture me the more severely, that he should show more affection for me than for any one else, that he should prefer me to his nurses, to his grandmother who was educating him, and to all such as gain the love of children of that age. I, therefore, feel indebted to that grief which I experienced a few months before for the loss of his excellent mother, whose character is beyond all praise, for I have less reason to mourn on my own, than to rejoice on her account.

I then rested for my only hope and pleasure on my younger son, my little Quintilian, and he might have sufficed to console me, for he did not put forth merely flowers, like the other, but, having entered his tenth year, certain and well-formed fruits. I swear by my own sufferings, by the sorrowful testimony of my feelings, by his own shade, the deity that my grief worships, that I discerned in him such excellences of mind (not in receiving instruction only, for which, in a long course of experience, I have seen no child more remarkable, or in steady application, requiring, even at that age, as his teachers know, no compulsion, but in indications of honorable, pious, humane, and generous feelings), that the dread of such a thunder-stroke might have been felt even from that cause, as it has been generally observed, that precocious maturity is most liable to early death, and that there reigns some malignant influence to destroy our fairest hopes, in order that our enjoyments may not be exalted beyond what is appointed to man. He had also every adventitious advantage, agreeableness and clearness of voice, sweetness of tone, and a peculiar facility in sounding every letter in either language, as if he had been born to speak that only. But these were still only promising appearances; he had greater qualities, fortitude, resolution, and strength to resist pain and fear; for with what courage, with what admiration on the part of his physicians, did he endure an illness of eight months! How did he console me at the last! How, when he was

losing his senses, and unable to recognize me, did he fix his thoughts in delirium only on learning! O disappointment of my hopes! Did I endure, my son, to contemplate your eyes sinking in death, and your breath taking its flight? Could I, after embracing your cold and lifeless body, and receiving your last breath, breathe again the common air? Justly do I deserve the affliction which I endure, and the thoughts which affect me! Have I, your parent, lost you, when just raised, by being adopted by a man of consular dignity, to the hopes of enjoying all the honors of your father; you, who were destined to be son-in-law to the praetor, your maternal uncle; you who, in the opinion of all, were a candidate for the highest distinctions of Attic eloquence, surviving myself only to grieve? May my sufferings at least, if not my obstinate clinging to life, make atonement to you during the rest of my existence! We in vain impute all our ills to the injustice of fortune, for no man grieves long but through his own fault. But I still live, and some occupation for life must be sought, and I must put faith in the learned, who have pronounced letters the only consolation in adversity.

Considerable uncertainty exists as to his private life, and we are not certain whether he had more children than two boys or in fact that he had more than the one wife, the girl who died at nineteen. A letter from Pliny addressed to Quintilian refers to the wedding of a daughter and offers a gift to her, because of the warm feeling Pliny has for her father. Critics are inclined to believe that this letter must have been addressed to a different Quintilian, although it has long been considered to refer to the author of the *Institutes*. When Quintilian died it is impossible to ascertain, but it is not probable that he lived long after the close of

the first century, if indeed he passed that date at all.

VIII. THE "INSTITUTES OF ORATORY." Quintilian's great work is a textbook of oratory, which, however, is no mere technical treatise on the art of public speaking. The author was an enthusiastic lover of his profession who believed that the highest expression of human thought was in oratory, and like Cato, Cicero and others, he demanded that the orator should not only have a complete education in his art, but that it should be based upon a sound preliminary training and that the speaker himself should in all respects be a good man. Accordingly, the education of an orator must begin in the cradle, and the twelve books of his *Institutes* are written to carry out this comprehensive idea.

The first book treats of the elements of a general education, and contains observations upon the family life. Early impressions are of the greatest importance, even the very earliest, an idea which he illustrates by quoting the influence of Cornelia upon her sons and by giving other similar instances from Roman history. The selection of a good nurse is important, and after the child has outgrown the nursery comes the question whether or not he shall be sent to school. In our day those who patronize the private schools or place their children in the hands of tutors do so because they fear the contaminating influence of the public schools, but Quintilian advises that the

childish orator be sent to the public school in order that he may escape the contaminating influences at home, a striking commentary on life in Rome and the debasing influence exerted by slaves and servants. This book contains many additional maxims which have had no little part in determining the underlying principles of education in later times, and some of them are in direct line with the precepts upon which modern instructors lay great stress.

In the second book the author considers the instruction of a youth who attends the lectures of a rhetorician, and gives the fundamental principles of rhetoric, the duties of the professor and his pupil, and the various tasks which each should perform.

The next five books are the most technical in the work and are not interesting to the general reader. Under the main heads of invention or disposition or arrangement he discusses the different departments of oratory, following Aristotle in the main, but adapting his principles and those of other authorities to the different requirements of his own age and people. His points are illustrated by frequent references to the practice of celebrated orators and by the introduction of numerous quotations from historians and other writers.

The four following books treat of expression and all that is covered by the word style, besides a discussion of memorizing and delivery. Under the head of style the figures of speech are illustrated at length, and much material

of value to the student is put into limited space. In the tenth book all of these principles are brought to a focus, and the advice is given that in order to secure versatility and excellence the student should read widely and with discrimination the leading Greek and Roman writers. This leads Quintilian to give his estimate of the great classics, which he does in all soberness and justice, although with dullness. To the student of literature these criticisms are invaluable, and accordingly in another section we shall reproduce them at length.

The eleventh book has memory for its chief text, a faculty which the Romans cultivated with great care, and which in many instances reached a remarkable state of dexterity and accuracy. We who are so habituated to committing to notes those things which we would remember are not apt to appreciate the importance in which memory was held by the Romans, who depended upon it for the smallest details of action. In the eleventh book, too, delivery comes in for a special treatment, and the vehement style, which characterized the authors of the classical era, is advocated effectively. With the possible exception of the French, no nation now tolerates in its public speakers that vehemence of delivery and excess of gesture which were so carefully exacted and so artificially created by the Romans.

In the twelfth book Quintilian insists strongly on the moral qualifications of a great speaker, claims that the highest talents are worth-

less if distorted by evil thoughts, and that only by the most rigid self-control can the orator expect to rise to eminence. Spurious popularity is easily obtained by the degradation of oratory to an instrument of tyranny or to a means of instigating vice, and the reckless conduct that always must be condemned.

IX. Quintilian's Method and Style. That Quintilian admired the style of Cicero his own manner of speech clearly indicates, for he abandoned to a considerable extent the high-flown periods of Seneca and his school and endeavored to imitate the severe classicism of the earlier period. At times, in fact, he reaches a level little if any inferior to that of his great master, and must be considered the foremost representative of the classic revival in his era. Knowing the state of Roman society as we now do, it is not surprising that his influence, great as it was, should have been inadequate to stop or change the course of decay which rapidly brought the early language of the Latins into disrepute.

X. A Few of Quintilian's Educational Maxims. The following extracts are taken from the first book of the *Institutes:*

Let us not lose even the earliest period of life, and so much the less as the elements of learning depend upon the memory alone, which not only exists in children but is at that time of life even most tenacious.

Yet I am not so unacquainted with differences of age as to think that we should urge those of tender years severely, or exact a full complement of work from them; for it will be necessary above all things to take care lest

a child should conceive a dislike to the application which he cannot yet love, and continue to dread the bitterness which he has once tasted, even beyond the years of infancy. Let his instruction be an amusement to him; let him be questioned and praised; and sometimes, if he is unwilling to learn, let another be taught before him to provoke emulation; let him strive for victory now and then, and generally suppose that he gains it; and let his powers be called forth by rewards such as that age prizes.

. . . . . .

For that at least, which I see practiced in regard to most children, by no means pleases me, namely, that they learn the names and order of the letters before they learn their shapes. This method hinders their recognition of them, as, while they follow their memory that takes the lead, they do not fix their attention on the forms of the letters. This is the reason why teachers, even when they appear to have fixed them sufficiently in the minds of children, in the straight order in which they are usually first written, make them go over them again the contrary way, and confuse them by variously changing the arrangement, until their pupils know them by their shape, not by their place. It will be best for children, therefore, to be taught the appearances and names of the letters at once, as they are taught those of men.

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It is incredible how much retardation is caused to reading by haste; for hence arise hesitation, interruption, and repetition, as children attempt more than they can manage; and then, after making mistakes, they become distrustful even of what they know. Let reading, therefore, be at first sure, then continuous, and for a long time slow, until, by exercise, a correct quickness is gained. For to look to the right, as everybody teaches, and to look forward, depends not merely on rule, but on habit, since, while the child is looking to what follows, he has to pronounce what goes before, and, what is very difficult, the direction of his thoughts must be divided, so

that one duty may be discharged with his voice, and another with his eyes.

. . . . . .

Would that we ourselves did not corrupt the morals of our children! We enervate their very infancy with luxuries. That delicacy of education, which we call fondness, weakens all the powers, both of body and mind. What luxury will he not covet in his manhood, who crawls about on purple! He cannot yet articulate his first words, when he already distinguishes scarlet, and wants his purple. We form the palate of children before we form their pronunciation. They grow up in sedan chairs; if they touch the ground, they hang by the hands of attendants supporting them on each side. We are delighted if they utter anything immodest. Expressions which would not be tolerated even from the effeminate youths of Alexandria, we hear from them with a smile and a kiss. Nor is this wonderful; we have taught them; they have heard such language from ourselves. Every dining-room rings with impure songs; things shameful to be told are objects of sight. From such practices springs habit, and afterwards nature. The unfortunate children learn these vices before they know that they are vices; and hence, rendered effeminate and luxurious, they do not imbibe immorality from schools, but carry it themselves into schools.

. . . . . .

First of all, let him who is to be an orator, and who must live amidst the greatest publicity, and in the full daylight of public affairs, accustom himself, from his boyhood, not to be abashed at the sight of men, nor pine in a solitary and as it were recluse way of life. The mind requires to be constantly excited and roused, while in such retirement it either languishes, and contracts rust, as it were, in the shade, or, on the other hand, becomes swollen with empty conceit, since he who compares himself to no one else will necessarily attribute too much to his own powers. Besides, when his acquirements are to be displayed in public, he is blinded at the light of

the sun, and stumbles at every new object, as having learned in solitude that which is to be done in public. I say nothing of friendships formed at school, which remain in full force even to old age, as if cemented with a certain religious obligation; for to have been initiated in the same studies is a not less sacred bond than to have been initiated in the same sacred rites. That sense, too, which is called common sense, where shall a young man learn when he has separated himself from society, which is natural not to men only, but even to dumb animals? Add to this, that, at home, he can learn only what is taught himself; at school, even what is taught others. He will daily hear many things commended, many things corrected; the idleness of a fellow student, when reproved, will be a warning to him; the industry of any one, when commended, will be a stimulus; emulation will be excited by praise; and he will think it a disgrace to yield to his equals in age, and an honor to surpass his seniors. All these matters excite the mind; and though ambition itself be a vice, yet it is often the parent of virtues.

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When a tutor has observed these indications, let him next consider how the mind of his pupil is to be managed. Some boys are indolent, unless you stimulate them; some are indignant at being commanded; fear restrains some, and unnerves others; continued labor forms some; with others, hasty efforts succeed better. Let the boy be given to me, whom praise stimulates, whom honor delights, who weeps when he is unsuccessful. His powers must be cultivated under the influence of ambition; reproach will sting him to the quick; honor will incite him; and in such a boy I shall never be apprehensive of indifference.

. . . . . .

But that boys should suffer corporal punishment, though it be a received custom, and Chrysippus makes no objection to it, I by no means approve; first, because it is a disgrace, and a punishment for slaves, and in reality

(as will be evident if you imagine the age changed) an affront; secondly, because, if a boy's disposition be so abject as not to be amended by reproof, he will be hardened, like the worst of slaves, even to stripes; and lastly, because, if one who regularly exacts his tasks be with him, there will not be the least need of any such chastisement. At present, the negligence of *paedagogi* seems to be made amends for in such a way that boys are not obliged to do what is right, but are punished whenever they have not done it. Besides, after you have coerced a boy with stripes, how will you treat him when he becomes a young man, to whom such terror cannot be held out, and by whom more difficult studies must be pursued? If, moreover, there has been too little care in choosing governors and tutors of reputable character, I am ashamed to say how scandalously unworthy men may abuse their privilege of punishing, and what opportunity also the terror of the unhappy children may sometimes afford to others. I will not dwell upon this point; what is already understood is more than enough. It will be sufficient therefore to intimate that no man should be allowed too much authority over an age so weak and so unable to resist ill-treatment.

XI. On "Delivery." Quite like a modern author writes Quintilian to the student of rhetoric on the subject of delivery:

Delivery is by most writers called action; but it appears to derive the one name from the voice, and the other from the gesture; for Cicero calls action sometimes the language, as it were, and sometimes the eloquence of the body. Yet he makes two constituent parts of action, which are the same as those of delivery, voice and motion. We, therefore, make use of either term indiscriminately.

As for the thing itself, it has a wonderful power and efficacy in oratory; for it is not of so much importance what sort of thoughts we conceive within ourselves, as it is in what manner we express them; since those whom we

address are moved only as they hear. Accordingly there is no proof, that proceeds in any way from a pleader, of such strength that it may not lose its effect, unless it be supported by a tone of affirmation in the speaker. All attempts at exciting the feelings must prove ineffectual, unless they be enlivened by the voice of the speaker, by his look, and by the action of almost his whole body. For when we have displayed energy in all these respects, we may think ourselves happy, if the judge catches a single spark of our fire; and we surely cannot hope to move him if we are languid and supine, or expect that he will not slumber if we yawn. Even actors on the stage give proof of the power of delivery, since they add so much grace even to the best of our poets, that the same passages delight us infinitely more when they are heard than when they are read; and they gain a favorable hearing for the most contemptible performances, insomuch that pieces which have no place in our libraries are welcomed time after time at the theater. If, then, in matters which we know to be fictitious and unreal, delivery is of such effect as to excite in us anger, tears, and concern, how much additional weight must it have when we also believe the subjects on which it is bestowed? For my own part, I should be inclined to say that language of but moderate merit, recommended by a forcible delivery, will make more impression than the very best, if it be unattended with that advantage. Accordingly Demosthenes, when he was asked what was the chief excellence in the whole art of oratory, gave the palm to delivery, and assigned to it also the second and third place, until he ceased to be questioned; so that he may be thought to have esteemed it not merely the principal, but the only excellence. Cicero also thinks that delivery has supreme power in oratory. He says that Cneius Lentulus obtained more reputation by his delivery than by any real power of eloquence; that it was by delivery that Caius Gracchus, in deploring his brother's death, excited the tears of the whole Roman people; and that Antonius and Crassus produced great impression by it, but

Hortensius more than either of them. A proof of this remark regarding Hortensius, is, that his writings are so much below that character for which he was long accounted the chief of our orators, then the rival of Cicero, and at last, as long as he lived, second to him; whence it appears that there was some charm in his delivery which we do not find in reading him. Indeed, as words have much power of themselves, as the voice adds a particular force to thought, and as gesture and motion are not without meaning, some great excellence must necessarily result when these sources of power are combined.

XII. Quintilian's Estimate of Classic Roman Writers. The passage to which allusion was made in the earlier part of this chapter contains, besides the comments upon the real writers, much flattery and fulsome praise for Domitian, but we include it to show how sycophantic even a great man might be in that age. The extract, slightly condensed, is as follows:

The same order will be observed in treating the Roman writers. As Homer among the Greeks, so Vergil among our own authors will best head the list; he is beyond doubt the second epic poet of either nation. I will use the words I heard Domitius Afer use when I was a boy. When I asked him who he considered came nearest to Homer, he replied, "Vergil is the second, but he is nearer the first than the third;" and in truth, while Rome cannot but yield to that celestial and deathless genius, yet we can observe more care and diligence in Vergil; for this very reason, perhaps, that he was obliged to labor more. And so it is that we make up for the lack of occasional splendor by consistent and equable excellence.

All the other epicists will follow at a respectful distance. Macer and Lucretius are indeed worth reading, but are of no value for the phraseology, which is the

main body of eloquence. Each is good in his own subject; but the former is humble, the latter difficult. Ennius let us reverence as we should groves of holy antiquity, whose grand and venerable trees have more sanctity than beauty. Others are nearer our own day, and more useful for the matter in hand. Ovid in his heroics is as usual wanton, and too fond of his own talent, but in parts he deserves praise. We have lost much in Valerius Flaccus. Lucan is ardent, earnest, and full of admirably expressed sentiments, and, to give my real opinion, should be classed with orators rather than poets.

We have named these because Germanicus Augustus (Domitian) has been diverted from his favorite pursuit by the care of the world, and the gods thought it too little for him to be the first of poets. Yet what can be more sublime, learned, matchless in every way, than the poems in which, giving up empire, he spent the privacy of his youth? Who could sing of wars so well as he who has so successfully waged them? To whom would the goddesses who watch over studies listen so propitiously? To whom would Minerva, the patroness of his house, more willingly reveal the mysteries of her art? Future ages will recount these things at greater length. For now this glory is obscured by the splendor of his other virtues. We, however, who worship at the shrine of letters will crave your indulgence, Caesar, for not passing the subject by in silence, and will at least bear witness, as Vergil says,

"That ivy wreathes the laurels of your crown."

In elegy, too, we challenge the Greeks. The tersest and most elegant author of it is in my opinion Tibullus. Others prefer Propertius. Ovid is more luxuriant, Gallus harsher, than either.

Satire is all our own. In this Lucilius first gained great renown, and even now has many admirers so wedded to him as to prefer him not only to all other satirists but to all other poets. I disagree with them as much as I disagree with Horace, who thinks Lucilius flows in a

muddy stream, and that there is much that one would wish to remove. For there is wonderful learning in him, freedom of speech, with the bitterness that comes therefrom, and an inexhaustible wit. Horace is far terser and purer, and without a rival in his sketches of character. Persius has earned much true glory by his single book. There are men now living who are renowned, and others who will be so hereafter. That earlier sort of satire not written exclusively in verse was founded by Terentius Varro, the most learned of the Romans. He composed a vast number of extremely erudite treatises, being well versed in the Latin tongue as well as in every kind of antiquarian knowledge; he will, however, contribute much more to science than to oratory.

The iambus is not much in vogue among the Romans as a separate form of poetry; it is more often interspersed with other rhythms. Its bitterness is found in Catullus, Bibaculus and Horace, though in the last the epode breaks its monotony.

Of lyricists Horace is, I may say, the only one worth reading; for he sometimes rises, and he is always full of sweetness and grace, and most happily daring in figures and expressions. If any one else be added, it must be Caesius Bassus, whom we have lately seen, but there are living lyricists far greater than he.

Of the ancient tragedians Accius and Pacuvius are the most renowned for the gravity of their sentiments, the weight of their words, and the dignity of their characters. But brilliancy of touch and the last polish in completing their work seems to have been wanting, not so much to themselves as to their times. Accius is held to be the more powerful writer; Pacuvius (by those who wish to be thought learned) the more learned. The *Medea* of Ovid shows what that poet might have achieved if he had but controlled instead of indulging his inspiration.

In comedy we halt most lamentably. It is true that Varro declares (after Aelius Stilo) that the Muses, had they been willing to talk Latin, would have used the

language of Plautus. It is true also that the ancients had a high respect for Caecilius, and that they attributed the plays of Terence to Scipio—plays that are of their kind most elegant, and would be even more pleasing if they had kept within the iambic meter. We can scarcely reproduce in comedy a faint shadow of our originals, so that I am compelled to believe the language incapable of that grace, which even in Greek is peculiar to the Attic, or at any rate has never been attained in any other dialect.

In history at all events, I would not yield the palm to Greece. I should have no fear in matching Sallust against Thucydides, nor would Herodotus disdain to be compared with Livy—Livy, the most delightful in narration, the most candid in judgment, the most eloquent in his speeches that can be conceived. Everything is perfectly adapted both to the circumstances and personages introduced. The affections, and, above all, the softer ones, have never (to say the least) been more persuasively introduced by any writer. Thus by a different kind of excellence he had equaled the immortal rapidity of Sallust. There still survives and adorns the literary glory of our age a man worthy of an immortal record, who will be named some day, but now is only alluded to. He has many to admire, none to imitate him, as if freedom, though he clips her wings, had injured him. But even in what he has allowed to remain you can detect a spirit full lofty, and opinions courageously stated. There are other good writers; but at present we are tasting, as it were, the samples, not ransacking the libraries.

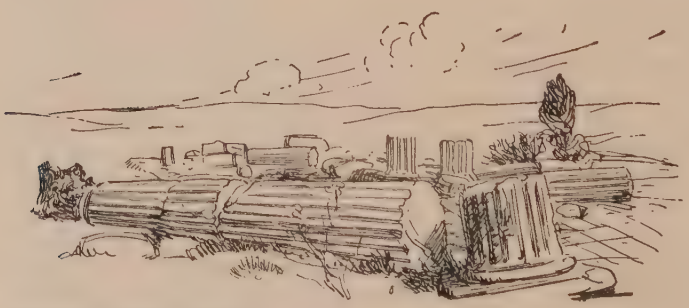
It is the orators who more than any have made Latin eloquence a match for that of Greece. For I could boldly pitch Cicero against any of their champions. Nor am I ignorant how great a strife I should be stirring up (especially as it is no part of my plan), were I to compare him with Demosthenes. This is the less necessary, since I think Demosthenes should be read (or rather learnt by heart) above every one else. Their excellences seem to me to be very similar; there is the same plan,

order of division, method of preparation, proof, and all that belongs to invention. In the oratorical style there is some difference. The one is closer, the other more fluent; the one draws his conclusion with more incisiveness, the other with greater breadth; the one always wields a weapon with a sharp edge, the other frequently a heavy one as well; from the one nothing can be taken, to the other nothing can be added; the one shows more care, the other more natural gift. In wit and pathos, both important points, Cicero is clearly first. Perhaps the custom of his state did not allow Demosthenes to use the epilogue, but then neither does the genius of Latin oratory allow us to employ ornaments which the Athenians admire. In their letters, of which both have left several, there can be no comparison; nor in their dialogues, of which Demosthenes has not left any. In one point we must yield: Demosthenes came first, and of course had a great share in making Cicero what he was. For to me Cicero seems in his intense zeal for imitating the Greeks to have united the force of Demosthenes, the copiousness of Plato, and the sweetness of Isocrates. Nor has he only acquired by study all that was best in each, but has even exalted the majority if not the whole of their excellences by the inexpressible fertility of his glorious talent. For, as Pindar says, he does not collect rainwater, but bursts forth in a living stream; born by the gift of providence that eloquence might put forth and test all her powers. For who can teach more earnestly or move more vehemently? To whom was such sweetness ever given? The very concessions he extorts you think he begs, and while by his swing he carries the judge right across the course, the man seems all the while to be following of his own accord. Then in everything he advances there is such strength of assertion that one is ashamed to disagree; nor does he bring to bear the eagerness of an advocate, but the moral confidence of a juryman or a witness; and meanwhile all those graces, which separate individuals with the most constant care can hardly obtain, flow from him without any premeditation; and that eloquence

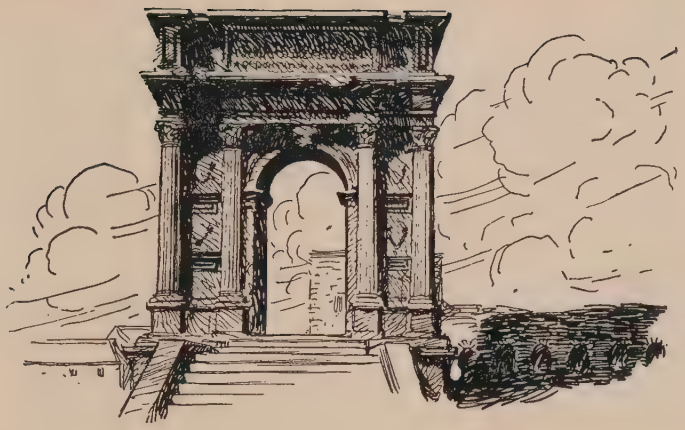
which is so delicious to listen to seems to carry on its surface the most perfect freedom from labor. Wherefore his contemporaries did right to call him "king of the courts;" and posterity to give him such renown that Cicero stands for the name not of a man but of eloquence itself. Let us then fix our eyes on him; let his be the example we set before us; let him who loves Cicero well know that his own progress has been great. In Asinius Pollio there is much invention, much, according to some, excessive, diligence; but he is so far from the brilliancy and sweetness of Cicero that he might be a generation earlier. If Julius Caesar had only had leisure for the forum, he would be the one we should select as the rival of Cicero. He has such force, point, and vehemence of style, that it is clear he spoke with the same mind that he warred. Yet all is covered with a wondrous elegance of expression, of which he was peculiarly studious.

There remain the philosophers, few of whom have attained to eloquence. Cicero, here as ever, is the rival of Plato. Brutus stands in this department much higher than as an orator; he suffices for the weight of his matter; you can see he feels what he says. I have purposely deferred Seneca until the end, because of the false report current that I condemn him, and even personally dislike him. This results from my endeavor to recall to a severer standard a corrupt and effeminate taste. When I began my crusade, Seneca was almost the only writer in the hands of the young. Nor did I try to "disestablish" him altogether, but only to prevent his being placed above better men, whom he continually attacked, from a consciousness that his special talents would never allow him to please in the way they pleased. And then his pupils loved him better than they imitated him, and in their imitations fell as much below him as he had fallen below the ancients. I only wish they could have been equals or seconds to such a man. But he pleased them solely through his faults; and it was to reproduce these that they all strove with their utmost efforts, and then, boasting that they spoke in his style, they greatly injured

his fame. He, indeed, had many and great excellences; an easy and fertile talent, much study, much knowledge, though in this he was often led astray by those he employed to "research" for him. He treated nearly the whole cycle of knowledge. For he has left speeches, poems, letters, and dialogues. In philosophy he was not very accurate, but he was a notable rebuker of vice. Many brilliant apophthegms are scattered through his works; much, too, may be read with a moral purpose. But from the point of view of eloquence his style is corrupt, and the more pernicious because he abounds in pleasant faults. One could wish he had used his own talent and another person's judgment. For had he despised some modes of effect, had he not striven after others, if he had not loved all that was his own, if he had not broken the weight of his subjects by his short, cut-up sentences, he would be approved by the consent of the learned rather than by the enthusiasm of boys. For all this, he should be read, but only by those who are robust and well prepared by a course of stricter models; and for this object, to exercise their judgment on both sides. For there is much that is good in him, much to admire; only it requires picking out, a thing he himself ought to have done. A nature which could always achieve its object was worthy of having striven after a better object than it did.



STONES OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE



CHAPTER XXIII

THE ERA OF LITERARY REVIVAL IN THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD

A. D. 96–117

TACITUS

TWO GOOD EMPERORS. Nerva and Trajan were educated men, and both wrote, the former a collection of poems and the latter a history, but of the work of neither does anything remain. However, they permitted a freedom of speech and of writing that should have produced a greater literature, but the people were so sunken in immorality and lived so recklessly that few remained who could wield the pen in a graceful manner. Trajan gave considerable attention to the education of the young, founded the Ulpian library, and while he permitted authors great freedom did not burden them with the patronage which so

often stifles or hampers genius even more than persecution. It was an age of many writers, but of few works of genius. The productions of three men, however, stand out prominently, and of their writings there remains a sufficient quantity to enable them to be judged with justice: Tacitus, the historian; Juvenal, the satirist, and Pliny the Younger, most charming of letter writers.

II. Tacitus. Publius or Gaius Cornelius Tacitus was born about A. D. 55 of a respectable family, probably at Rome, though it may have been at Terni. He was a good student, a well-educated man, and became a popular and successful pleader. In the year A. D. 78 he married the daughter of Agricola, the governor of Britain. The simplicity and directness of his father-in-law's character had always seemed admirable to him, and he gave expression to it in a biography which he subsequently wrote. It is assumed that later he was sent to Germany in an official capacity, and while there studied the manners and customs of the country and collected the material which he afterwards used in his *Germania*. His political career was successful, and under the emperors Vespasian, Titus, Domitian and Trajan he was always in favor and finally, about A. D. 116, closed his public career as proconsul of Asia. How much longer he lived we are unable to tell, but his death must have followed very soon.

In order of composition, the works of Taci-

tus are the *Dialogue on Orators,* the *Germania,* the *Agricola,* the *Histories* and the *Annals.*

III. THE "DIALOGUE ON ORATORS." The *Dialogue on Orators* is an inquiry into the decay of oratory, and follows in form, and in style as well, Cicero's famous *De Oratore.* Unlike any of his following works, the *Dialogue* has been by many considered spurious, for elsewhere Tacitus showed so much originality that few critics seem willing to attribute to him so imitative a production; but as it was an early work, written when he was fresh from Ciceronian schools, it seems a natural enough beginning for a young orator, and the tendency of opinion of late is to consider it genuine.

Beginning with an attractive dialogue, in which the quiet life of the poet is contrasted with the more stirring life of the orator, Tacitus continues with a discussion of the real subject and draws the conclusion that oratory has decayed, partly on account of faulty education in rhetoric, but still more because under an imperial form of government there is not that stimulus to oratory nor freedom in its practice which prevailed during the days of the Republic.

IV. THE "AGRICOLA." The *Agricola,* whose full title is *Concerning the Life and Death of Julius Agricola,* is a biography and panegyric of the historian's father-in-law. In a passage which deserves quoting, Tacitus explains why he did not write during the reign of Domitian and expresses in it the attitude which he main-

tained thereafter. Having mentioned the fact that under Domitian two eminent Stoics had been executed and their works publicly burned, he proceeds as follows:

They thought forsooth that in that fire the voice of the Roman people and the freedom of the Senate and the conscience of the human race were being consumed, especially since the teachers of philosophy had been banished and every good profession driven into exile that nothing honorable might offend them. We have indeed given a great proof of our patience; and just as the ancient time saw the utmost limit of liberty, so we have seen the utmost limit of servitude, when even the intercourse of speech and hearing was taken away by the inquisitions. And with our speech we should have lost even our very memory, if we had been as able to forget as to keep silent. Now at last our courage has returned, but although . . . Trajan is daily adding to the blessedness of the times, . . . and the state has gained confidence and strength, nevertheless by the nature of human weakness remedies are slower than diseases; and just as our bodies grow slowly, but are quickly destroyed, so you can oppress genius and learning more quickly than you can revive them. For the charm of sloth also comes over us, and the inactivity we hated at first grows dear at last. Throughout fifteen years, a great part of the life of man, many have fallen through chance mishaps, and all the most energetic ones by the cruelty of the Emperor, and a few of us are left, so to speak, as survivors not only of the others, but even of ourselves, since there have been taken out of our lives so many years in which we who were youths have passed to old age and as old men have almost reached the limit of life itself without a word.

In order to make successful a eulogy on so quiet and negative a man as Agricola, Tacitus felt compelled to devote most of his attention

to his father-in-law's administration of affairs in Britain, to give some account of the country and of previous Roman expeditions thither, thus writing, in fact, an excellent history of one era in Great Britain and making Agricola the principal character in it, a method by which the reader's interest is retained to the eloquent apostrophe with which the panegyric closes.

V. THE "GERMANIA." The *Germania* was probably written at about the same time as the *Agricola,* but it is much inferior in style, largely because the writer lacked the inspiration which he felt when writing of his much admired father-in-law. Nevertheless, the work is well written and shows evidence of the mature and highly-finished style which characterized the later works of Tacitus, but its chief interest lies in the fact that it is the earliest connected account that we have of the inhabitants and countries of Northern Europe.

VI. THE "HISTORIES." Some years before the expiration of the first century Tacitus determined to write a history of his own times, beginning with the accession of Galba and continuing in chronological order, but when he had reached the death of Domitian he went back to the death of Augustus and wrote the history from that date to the accession of Galba. He never finished his work, and the account of the reigns of Nerva and Trajan remained unwritten. That part which, though written later, treats of the earlier time, is usually called the *Annals,* while that which

describes the later era is called by the simple name *Histories.* The two sections fill thirty books, of which sixteen belong to the *Annals,* and of which the first four, the first part of the fifth, the last part of the sixth and books eleven to sixteen are preserved, although there are numerous mutilations. Of the *Histories* but one manuscript has been preserved, and that includes only the first four books and part of the fifth, covering the memorable year in which Galba, Otho and Vitellius reigned.

That the view Tacitus had of history is narrow and distorted we must admit, yet his genius has made his *Annals* the only acceptable account of Roman history under the early emperors. In vivid and lurid colors he exploits the character of Tiberius and the dissipated court of Nero, depicting brilliantly and incisively the court intrigues, judicial and private murders, the licentiousness and corruption of the capital, and treating the whims and caprices of the few in the ruling class as though they constituted the whole Roman Empire. Tacitus saw little outside of Rome itself, and there only the aristocracy, and he who reads those fascinating books is liable to forget that in the provinces and in Italy herself there must have existed a great body of people fairly sound in health and morals, if devoid of culture and scholarship. Moreover, outside of Rome the government was administered with a spirit of fairness that made life even more tolerable than in some other ages. While his informa-

tion had been carefully collected, yet he gives few authorities, and in many instances, such, for example, as the account of the Jews in the fifth book of the *Histories,* he relied upon hearsay and is manifestly untrustworthy.

VII. The Style of Tacitus. The character of Tacitus was admirable, and the criticisms based upon his work thus far should not make us blind to the fact that he was a man who loved the truth, had a liberal political creed, and was himself a man of virtue and integrity in an age where everything tended in the opposite direction. Consequently, we may the more admire his sagacious observations and the gravity, wisdom and dignity of his reflections. His sentences, which are suggestive of far more than they express, temper their conciseness and their cutting brevity by a copiousness and variety of figures and a descriptive power that are almost poetic. Although polished and carefully elaborated, his style still retains a rugged earnestness and reaches in the dramatic words of some of his characters a high degree of eloquence. Some one has compared his style to that of Carlyle, and there are resemblances. His conciseness and the epigrammatic power of his sentences may be easily illustrated by such as the following:

Traitors are hated even by those whom they advance.

Princes are mortal; the state eternal.

None grieve more ostentatiously than those who in their hearts are most delighted.

When the state was most corrupt, the laws were most numerous.

Vices will exist as long as men.

New men rather than new measures.

Fame does not always err; sometimes it chooses.

To hate whom we have injured is a propensity of the human mind.

De Bruy, a French writer, thus eloquently sums up the genius of Tacitus:

In Tacitus subjectivity predominates; the anger and pity which in turn never cease to move him, give to his style an expressiveness, a rich glow of sentiment, of which antiquity affords no other example. This constant union between the dramatic and pathetic elements, together with the directness, energy, and reality of the language, must act with irresistible force upon every reader. Tacitus is a poet; but a poet that has a spirit of his own. Was he as fully appreciated in his own day as he is in ours? We doubt it. The horrors, the degeneracy of his time, awake in his brooding soul the altogether modern idea of national expiation and national chastisement. The historian rises to the sublimity of the judge. He summons the guilty to his tribunal, and it is in the name of the Future and of Posterity that he pronounces the implacable and irreversible verdict.

VIII. Extract from the "Agricola." Of all Latin writers none has so great a power over his readers as Tacitus. For that reason we will be liberal in the space given to extracts, all of which are from the translations by Arthur Murphy. The panegyric with which the treatise on Agricola closes is an eloquent expression of feeling:

Agricola was born on the ides of June, in the third consulship of Caligula; he died on the tenth before the calends of September, during the consulship of Collega and Priscus, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. As to his

person, about which in future times there may be some curiosity, he was of that make and stature which may be said to be graceful, not majestic. His countenance had not that commanding air which strikes with awe: a sweetness of expression was the prevailing character. You would have been easily convinced that he was a good man, and you would have been willing to believe him a great one.

Though he was snatched away in the vigor of life, yet if we consider the space his glory filled in the eyes of mankind, he may be said to have died full of years. Possessing all the best enjoyments, that spring from virtue, and from virtue only; adorned with every dignity, which either the consular rank or triumphal honors could bestow; what further advantage could he derive from fortune? Immoderate riches he never desired, content with an honorable independence. His wife and daughter left in a state of security, his honors blooming round him, his fame unblemished, his relations flourishing, and every tie of friendship preserved to the last, he may be considered as supremely happy, that he did not live to see the tempestuous times that soon after followed. It is indeed true, that to have reached the present auspicious era, and to have seen Trajan in possession of the imperial dignity, would have been the happy consummation of his wishes. To that effect we have often heard him, with a kind of prophetic spirit, express his sentiments; but to counterbalance his untimely end, it is at least some consolation that he escaped that black and horrible period in which Domitian no longer broke out in sudden fits and starts of cruelty, but, throwing off all restraint, proceeded in one continued course of unrelenting fury, as if determined to crush the commonwealth at a blow.

Agricola did not live to see the senate-house invested by an armed force; the members of that august assembly surrounded by the praetorian bands; men of consular rank destroyed in one promiscuous carnage, and a number of illustrious women condemned to exile, or obliged to fly their country. Carus Metius, that detested in-

former, had as yet gained but a single victory. The sanguinary voice of Messalinus was heard in the Albanian citadel only; and even Massa Bebius was at that time laboring under a prosecution. In a short time after, with our own hands we dragged Helvidius to a dungeon; our eyes beheld the distress and melancholy separation of Mauricus and Rusticus; we were stained with the innocent blood of Senecio. Even Nero had the grace to turn away his eyes from the horrors of his reign. He commanded deeds of cruelty, but never was a spectator of the scene. Under Domitian, it was our wretched lot to behold the tyrant, and to be seen by him; while he kept a register of our sighs and groans. With that fiery visage, of a dye so red, that the blush of guilt could never color his cheek, he marked the pale languid countenance of the unhappy victims, who shuddered at his frown.

With you, Agricola, we may now congratulate: you are blessed, not only because your life was a career of glory, but because you were released, when it was happiness to die. From those who attended your last moments, it is well known that you met your fate with calm serenity; willing, as far as it depended on the last act of your life, that the prince should appear to be innocent. To your daughter and myself you left a load of affliction. We have lost a parent, and, in our distress, it is now an addition to our heartfelt sorrows, that we had it not in our power to watch the bed of sickness, to soothe the languor of declining nature, to gaze upon you with earnest affection, to see the expiring glance, and receive your last embrace. Your dying words would have been ever dear to us; your commands we should have treasured up, and graved them on our hearts. This sad comfort we have lost, and the wound, for that reason, pierces deeper. Divided from you by a long absence, we had lost you four years before. Every tender office, we are well convinced, thou best of parents, was duly performed by a most affectionate wife; but fewer tears bedewed your cold remains, and, in the parting moment, your eyes looked up for other objects, but they looked in vain.

If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body; may you enjoy a state of eternal felicity! From that station behold your disconsolate family; exalt our minds from fond regret and unavailing grief to the contemplation of your virtues. Those we must not lament; it were impiety to sully them with a tear. To cherish their memory, to embalm them with our praises, and, if our frail condition will permit, to emulate your bright example, will be the truest mark of our respect, the best tribute your family can offer. Your wife will thus preserve the memory of the best of husbands, and thus your daughter will prove her filial piety. By dwelling constantly on your words and actions, they will have an illustrious character before their eyes, and, not content with the bare image of your mortal frame, they will have, what is more valuable, the form and features of your mind. I do not mean by this to censure the custom of preserving in brass or marble the shape and stature of eminent men; but busts and statues, like their originals, are frail and perishable. The soul is formed of finer elements, and its inward form is not to be expressed by the hand of an artist with unconscious matter: our manners and our morals may in some degree trace the resemblance. All of Agricola, that gained our love, and raised our admiration, still subsists, and will ever subsist, preserved in the minds of men, the register of ages, and the records of fame. Others, who figured on the stage of life, and were the worthies of a former day, will sink, for want of a faithful historian, into the common lot of oblivion, inglorious and unremembered; whereas Agricola, delineated with truth, and fairly consigned to posterity, will survive himself, and triumph over the injuries of time.

IX. EXTRACTS FROM THE "GERMANIA." A few brief extracts, interesting in themselves, will be sufficient to show the range of the work and the variety of subjects treated.

1. The rude beginnings of a literature:

The Germans abound with rude strains of verse, the reciters of which, in the language of the country, are called Bards. With this barbarous poetry they inflame their minds with ardor in the day of action, and prognosticate the event from the impression which it happens to make on the minds of the soldiers, who grow terrible to the enemy, or despair of success, as the war-song produces an animated or a feeble sound. Nor can their manner of chanting this savage prelude be called the tone of human organs: it is rather a furious uproar; a wild chorus of military virtue. The vociferation used upon these occasions is uncouth and harsh, at intervals interrupted by the application of their bucklers to their mouths, and by the repercussion bursting out with redoubled force. An opinion prevails among them, that Ulysses, in the course of those wanderings which are so famous in poetic story, was driven into the Northern Ocean, and that, having penetrated into the country, he built, on the banks of the Rhine, the city of Asciburgium, which is inhabited at this day, and still retains the name given originally by the founder. It is further added, that an altar dedicated to Ulysses, with the name of Laertes, his father, engraved upon it, was formerly discovered at Asciburgium. Mention is likewise made of certain monuments and tombstones, still to be seen on the confines of Germany and Rhaetia, with epitaphs or inscriptions in Greek characters. But these assertions it is not my intention either to establish or to refute; the reader will yield or withhold his assent, according to his judgment or his fancy.

2. Women in war, and the attitude of the Germans toward the female sex:

From tradition, they have a variety of instances of armies put to the rout, and by the interposition of their wives and daughters again incited to renew the charge. Their women saw the ranks give way, and rushing for-

ward in the instant, by the vehemence of their cries and supplications, by opposing their breasts to danger, and by representing the horrors of slavery, restored the order of the battle. To a German mind the idea of a woman led into captivity is insupportable. In consequence of this prevailing sentiment, the states which deliver as hostages the daughters of illustrious families, are bound by the most effectual obligation. There is, in their opinion, something sacred in the female sex, and even the power of foreseeing future events. Their advice is, therefore, always heard; they are frequently consulted, and their responses are deemed oracular. We have seen, in the reign of Vespasian, the famous Veleda revered as a divinity by her countrymen. Before her time, Aurinia and others were held in equal veneration; but a veneration founded on sentiment and superstition, free from that servile adulation which pretends to people heaven with human deities.

3. German marriage customs and family life impressed Tactius, who knew the degeneracy of the Romans:

In consequence of these manners, the married state is a life of affection and female constancy. The virtue of the woman is guarded from seduction; no public spectacles to seduce her; no banquets to inflame her passions; no baits of pleasure to disarm her virtue. The art of intriguing by clandestine letters is unknown to both sexes. Populous as the country is, adultery is rarely heard of: when detected, the punishment is instant, and inflicted by the husband. He cuts off the hair of his guilty wife, and, having assembled her relations, expels her naked from his house, pursuing her with stripes through the village. To public loss of honor no favor is shown. She may possess beauty, youth, and riches; but a husband she can never obtain. Vice is not treated by the Germans as a subject of raillery, nor is the profligacy of corrupting and being corrupted called the fashion

of the age. By the practice of some states, female virtue is advanced to still higher perfection: with them none but virgins marry. When the bride has fixed her choice, her hopes of matrimony are closed for life. With one husband, as with one life, one mind, one body, every woman is satisfied; in him her happiness is centered; her desires extend no further; and the principle is not only an affection for her husband's person, but a reverence for the married state. To set limits to population, by rearing up only a certain number of children, and destroying the rest, is accounted a flagitious crime. Among the savages of Germany, virtuous manners operate more than good laws in other countries.

4. Amber and its origin:

Their industry is exerted in another instance: they explore the sea for amber, in their language called glese, and are the only people who gather that curious substance. It is generally found among the shallows; sometimes on the shore. Concerning the nature or the causes of this concretion, the Barbarians, with their usual want of curiosity, make no inquiry. Amongst other superfluities discharged by the sea, this substance lay long neglected, till Roman luxury gave it a name, and brought it into request. To the savages it is of no use. They gather it in rude heaps, and offer it to sale without any form or polish, wondering at the price they receive for it. There is reason to think that amber is a distillation from certain trees, since in the transparent medium we see a variety of insects, and even animals of the wing, which, being caught in the viscous fluid, are afterwards, when it grows hard, incorporated with it. It is probable, therefore, that as the East has its luxuriant plantations, where balm and frankincense perspire through the pores of trees, so the continents and islands of the West have their prolific groves, whose juices, fermented by the heat of the sun, dissolve into a liquid matter, which falls into the sea, and, being there condensed, is afterwards discharged by the winds and waves on the opposite shore. If you

make an experiment of amber by the application of fire, it kindles, like a torch, emitting a fragrant flame, and in a little time, taking the tenacious nature of pitch or rosin.

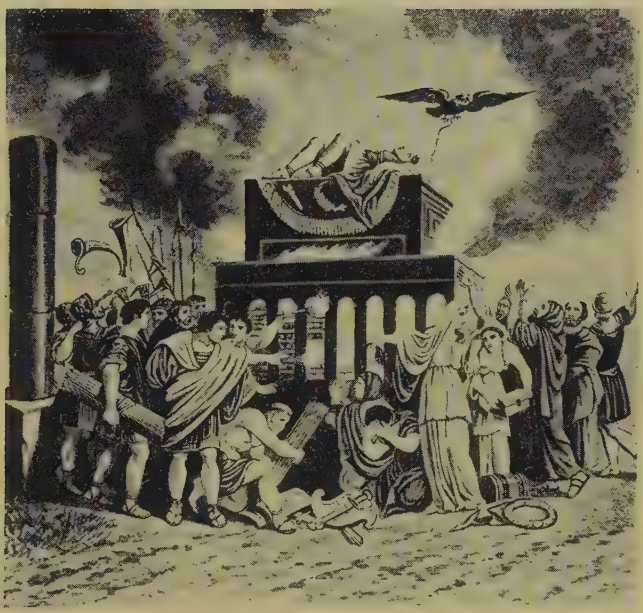
X. EXTRACTS FROM THE "ANNALS." Professor Mackail says that the surviving fragments of the *Annals* leave upon the reader's mind a vivid impression of the personality of Tiberius and the court of Nero in a style which in its somber and gorgeous coloring is unique in literature, and the deep gloom of the history, though described with the utmost brilliance of rhetoric, is not lightened by any belief in Providence or any distinct hope for the future. From such a work it is not difficult to extract vivid pictures, most of which, however, are so terrible or are so stained by frank discussion of the degeneracy of the age that reading them is extremely oppressive. A few extracts will be given, in order that the reader may not be without some conception of the force and vigor of the old historian's style.

1. The burning of Rome in the days of Nero is thus described:

A dreadful calamity followed in a short time after, by some ascribed to chance, and by others to the execrable wickedness of Nero. The authority of historians is on both sides, and which preponderates it is not easy to determine. It is, however, certain, that of all the disasters that ever befell the city of Rome from the rage of fire, this was the worst, the most violent, and destructive. The flame broke out in that part of the circus which adjoins, on one side, to Mount Palatine, and, on the other, to Mount Caelius. It caught a number of shops stored with combustible goods, and, gathering force from the winds,

spread with rapidity from one end of the circus to the other. Neither the thick walls of houses, nor the enclosure of temples, nor any other building, could check the rapid progress of the flames. A dreadful conflagration followed. The level parts of the city were destroyed. The fire communicated to the higher buildings, and, again laying hold of inferior places, spread with a degree of velocity that nothing could resist. The form of the streets, long and narrow, with frequent windings, and no regular opening, according to the plan of ancient Rome, contributed to increase the mischief. The shrieks and lamentations of women, the infirmities of age, and the weakness of the young and tender, added misery to the dreadful scene. Some endeavored to provide for themselves, others to save their friends, in one part dragging along the lame and impotent, in another waiting to receive the tardy, or expecting relief themselves; they hurried, they lingered, they obstructed one another; they looked behind, and the fire broke out in front; they escaped from the flames, and in their place of refuge found no safety; the fire raged in every quarter; all were involved in one general conflagration.

The unhappy wretches fled to places remote, and thought themselves secure, but soon perceived the flames raging round them. Which way to turn, what to avoid or what to seek, no one could tell. They crowded the streets; they fell prostrate on the ground; they lay stretched in the fields, in consternation and dismay resigned to their fate. Numbers lost their whole substance, even the tools and implements by which they gained their livelihood, and, in that distress, did not wish to survive. Others, wild with affliction for their friends and relations whom they could not save, embraced a voluntary death, and perished in the flames. During the whole of this dismal scene, no man dared to attempt anything that might check the violence of the dreadful calamity. A crew of incendiaries stood near at hand denouncing vengeance on all who offered to interfere. Some were so abandoned as to heap fuel on the flames. They threw in



FUNERAL OF A ROMAN EMPEROR

firebrands and flaming torches, proclaiming aloud, that they had authority for what they did. Whether, in fact, they had received such horrible orders, or, under that device, meant to plunder with greater licentiousness, cannot now be known.

During the whole of this terrible conflagration, Nero remained at Antium, without a thought of returning to the city, till the fire approached the building by which he had communicated the gardens of Maecenas with the imperial palace. All help, however, was too late. The palace, the contiguous edifices, and every house adjoining, were laid in ruins. To relieve the unhappy people, wandering in distress without a place of shelter, he opened the Field of Mars, as also the magnificent buildings raised by Agrippa, and even his own imperial gardens. He ordered a number of sheds to be thrown up with all possible dispatch, for the use of the populace. Household utensils and all kinds of necessary implements were brought from Ostia, and other cities in the neighborhood. The price of grain was reduced to three sesterces. For acts like these, munificent and well-timed, Nero might hope for a return of popular favor; but his expectations were in vain; no man was touched with gratitude. A report prevailed that, while the city was in a blaze, Nero went to his own theater, and there, mounting the stage, sung the destruction of Troy, as a happy allusion to the present misfortune.

On the sixth day the fire was subdued at the foot of Mount Esquiline. This was effected, by demolishing a number of buildings, and thereby leaving a void space, where for want of materials the flame expired. The minds of men had scarce begun to recover from their consternation, when the fire broke out a second time with no less fury than before. This happened, however, in a more open quarter, where fewer lives were lost; but the temples of the gods, the porticoes and buildings raised for the decoration of the city, were leveled to the ground. The popular odium was now more inflamed than ever, as this second alarm began in the house of

Tigellinus, formerly the mansion of Aemilius. A suspicion prevailed, that to build a new city, and give it his own name, was the ambition of Nero. Of the fourteen quarters into which Rome was divided, four only were left entire, three were reduced to ashes, and the remaining seven presented nothing better than a heap of shattered houses, half in ruins.

The number of houses, temples, and insulated mansions, destroyed by the fire cannot be ascertained. But the most venerable monuments of antiquity, which the worship of ages had rendered sacred, were laid in ruins: amongst these were the temple dedicated to the moon by Servius Tullius; the fane and the great altar consecrated by Evander, the Arcadian, to Hercules, his visitor and his guest; the chapel of Jupiter Stator, built by Romulus; the palace of Numa, and the temple of Vesta, with the tutelar gods of Rome. With these were consumed the trophies of so many victories, the inimitable works of the Grecian artists, with the precious monuments of literature and ancient genius, all at present remembered by men advanced in years, but irrecoverably lost. Not even the splendor, with which the new city rose out of the ruins of the old, could compensate for that lamented disaster. It did not escape observation, that the fire broke out on the fourteenth before the calends of July, a day remarkable for the conflagration kindled by the Senones, when those Barbarians took the city of Rome by storm, and burnt it to the ground. Men of reflection, who refined on everything with minute curiosity, calculated the number of years, months, and days, from the foundation of Rome to the firing of it by the Gauls; and from that calamity to the present they found the interval of time precisely the same.

2. What Tacitus has to say of Christ and of Nero's persecution of the Christians is given in the following lines:

The next care was to propitiate the gods. The Sibylline books were consulted, and the consequence was, that

supplications were decreed to Vulcan, to Ceres, and Proserpine. A band of matrons offered their prayers and sacrifices to Juno, first in the Capitol, and next on the nearest margin of the sea, where they supplied themselves with water, to sprinkle the temple and the statue of the goddess. A select number of women, who had husbands actually living, laid the deities on their sacred beds, and kept midnight vigils with the usual solemnity. But neither these religious ceremonies, nor the liberal donations of the prince could efface from the minds of men the prevailing opinion, that Rome was set on fire by his own orders. The infamy of that horrible transaction still adhered to him. In order, if possible, to remove the imputation, he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished, with exquisite torture, a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians.

The name was derived from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judaea. By that event the sect, of which he was the founder, received a blow, which, for a time, checked the growth of a dangerous superstition; but it revived soon after, and spread with recruited vigor, not only in Judaea, the soil that gave it birth, but even in the city of Rome, the common sink into which everything infamous and abominable flows like a torrent from all quarters of the world. Nero proceeded with his usual artifice. He found a set of profligate and abandoned wretches, who were induced to confess themselves guilty, and, on the evidence of such men, a number of Christians were convicted, not indeed, upon clear evidence of their having set the city on fire, but rather on account of their sullen hatred of the whole human race. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross; numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter,

were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.

For the convenience of seeing this tragic spectacle, the Emperor lent his own gardens. He added the sports of the circus, and assisted in person, sometimes driving a curricle, and occasionally mixing with the rabble in his coachman's dress. At length the cruelty of these proceedings filled every breast with compassion. Humanity relented in favor of the Christians. The manners of that people were, no doubt, of a pernicious tendency, and their crimes called for the hand of justice: but it was evident that they fell a sacrifice, not for the public good, but to glut the rage and cruelty of one man only.

3. The blood-curdling cruelties of Nero, the infamy of his debaucheries, his ingratitude and the incredible lawlessness of his acts cannot be conveyed in brief, even if it were desirable to do so, but in the following selections one may trace the steps by which he reached the throne and the chief atrocity of this ungrateful soul.

a. The first quotation shows what followed immediately after his adoption in place of Britannicus, the rightful heir, by the Emperor Claudius:

In the fifth consulship of Claudius, and the first of his colleague, Servius Cornelius Orphitus [A. D. 51], the manly gown was assigned to Nero, before his time, that, though still under age, he might appear qualified to take upon him a share in public business. The Senate, in a fit of adulation, resolved that the young prince should be declared capable of the consulship at the age of twenty, and be considered, in the meantime, as consul elect, with proconsular authority out of the city, and the additional title of prince of the Roman youth. Claudius not only assented to those flattering decrees, but, in the name of Nero, gave a largess to the people, and a donative to the

army. To conciliate the affections of the people, the Circensian games were likewise exhibited. During that spectacle, Britannicus and Nero passed in review; the former clad in the praetexta, or the dress of his boyish days; the latter, with the triumphal ornaments of a Roman general. So glaring a difference struck the spectators, as a certain prelude of their future fortunes. Among the centurions and tribunes there were men of principle, who beheld the case of Britannicus with an eye of compassion. All such were removed from court; some under pretense of advancing them to higher offices, and the rest for plausible reasons. The policy was extended even to the freedmen. In that class, whoever was found to be above corruption, was dismissed from his place.

The two young princes met by accident. Nero saluted Britannicus by name, and in return was familiarly called Domitius. This incident gave umbrage to Agrippina. She flew to the Emperor with her complaint: "Contempt," she said, "was thrown on the adoption of Nero; what the Senate decreed, and the voice of the people ratified, was repealed with contumacy in the very palace. If the men, who taught those dangerous lessons, were not repressed, the mischief would increase, and, perhaps, prove fatal to the commonwealth." Claudius was easily alarmed. He considered what was no more than bare surmise, as a crime then actually committed, and, accordingly, either sent into banishment, or put to death, the best and ablest of his son's tutors. New men were appointed to superintend the prince's education, and the choice was left to the stepmother.

b. The next picture shows the manner in which Nero assumed the royal purple:

Narcissus had for some time beheld Agrippina with deep mistrust. He saw through her designs, and, to his select friends, did not scruple to declare, "That whatever became of the succession, whether it devolved on Nero or Britannicus, the dilemma would either way be

fatal to himself. He was bound, however, to the Emperor by ties of gratitude, and in his service was ready to lay down his life. It was by his counsels that Silius and Messalina were both undone. Should Nero seize the sovereignty, the crimes of his mother might bring forward the same catastrophe; and if Britannicus succeeded to the Empire, with that prince he had no claim of merit. At present, a stepmother plans the ruin of the imperial house. To look on in silence, and yield to her towering ambition, were a more flagitious crime, than to have connived at the vices of the Emperor's former wife. But the vices of the former wife are now renewed by Agrippina. Her adulterous commerce with Pallas is too well known; and it is equally known, that her modesty, her fame, her honor, and even her person, all are subservient to her ambition." Such was the language of Narcissus. In the warmth of his emotions, he embraced Britannicus; he hoped to see him grow up to man's estate; he fixed his eyes on the prince; he lifted up his hands to the gods, devoutly praying that he might live to crush the enemies of his father, even though all who took an active part against his mother should be doomed to perish with them.

In the midst of these distractions, Claudius was attacked by a fit of illness. For the recovery of his health he set out for Sinuessa, to try the effect of a milder air, and the salubrious waters of the place. Agrippina thought she had now an opportunity to execute the black design which she had long since harbored in her breast. Instruments of guilt were ready at her beck, but the choice of the poison was still to be considered: if quick and sudden in its operation, the treachery would be manifest; a slow corrosive would bring on a lingering death. In that case, the danger was, that the conspiracy might, in the interval, be detected, or, in the weakness and decay of nature, the affections of a father might return, and plead in favor of Britannicus. She resolved to try a compound of new and exquisite ingredients, such as would make directly to the brain, yet not bring on an immediate dissolution. A person of well-known skill

in the trade of poisoning was chosen for the business. This was the famous Locusta; a woman lately condemned as a dealer in clandestine practices, but reserved among the instruments of state to serve the purpose of dark ambition. By this tool of iniquity the mixture was prepared. The hand to administer it was that of Halotus, the eunuch, whose business it was to serve the Emperor's table, and taste the viands for his master.

The particulars of this black conspiracy transpired in some time after, and found their way into the memoirs of the age. We are told by the writers of that day, that a palatable dish of mushrooms was the vehicle of the poison. The effect was not soon perceived. Through excess of wine or the stupidity of his nature, perhaps the strength of his constitution, Claudius remained insensible. An effort of nature followed, and gave him some relief. Agrippina trembled for herself. To dare boldly was now her best expedient. Regardless of her fame, and all that report could spread abroad, she had recourse to Xenophon, the physician, whom she had seduced to her interest. Under pretense of assisting Claudius to unload his stomach, this man, it is said, made use of a feather tinged with the most subtle poison, and with that instrument searched the Emperor's throat. With the true spirit of an assassin he knew, that, in atrocious deeds, a feeble attempt serves only to confound the guilty, while the deed, executed with courage, consummates all, and is sure to earn the wages of iniquity.

Meanwhile, the Senate was convened, and, though the Emperor had breathed his last, the consuls and the pontiffs joined in vows and supplications for his recovery. Medical preparations were still applied to a lifeless body, and the farce of attending the sick was continued, till proper measures were taken for the succession of Nero. Agrippina, with a dejected mien, affected to sink under the weight of affliction. She looked round for consolation, and seeing Britannicus, she folded him in her arms, and called him, with expressions of tenderness, the image of his father. She detained him with fond caresses, and

never suffered him to leave the apartment. With the same deceitful arts she contrived to decoy his two sisters, Antonia and Octavia. The avenues of the palace were closely guarded, and, at intervals, favorable accounts of the Emperor were issued, the better to keep everything in suspense, and amuse the hopes and fears of the soldiers, till the arrival of the propitious moment, promised by the Chaldaean astrologers.

At length, on the third day before the ides of October, about noon, the palace gates were thrown open. A praetorian cohort, as usual, was drawn up under arms. Nero, attended by Burrus, made his appearance, and, on a signal given by the commanding officer, the soldiers received him with shouts and acclamations. He was immediately put into a litter. Some of the soldiers, we are told, even in that scene of joy and uproar, looked around for Britannicus, and asked in vain for that unfortunate prince. None of his party appearing, they yielded to the impulse of the moment. Nero was conveyed to the camp. He addressed the soldiers in a speech suited to the occasion, and promised a donative, equal to the liberality of his deceased father. He was proclaimed Emperor of Rome. The voice of the army was confirmed by the Senate. The provinces acquiesced without reluctance.

c. His infatuation for Acte, the slave, and the events which led up to the death of Britannicus are described in the following extract:

The authority of Agrippina was now on the decline. An enfranchised female slave of the name of Acte had gained an entire ascendant over the affections of the prince. To conduct this intrigue, Nero chose Otho and Claudius Senecio for his confidential friends; the former descended from a family of consular rank; the latter, the son of a freedman belonging to the late Emperor. They were both elegant in their persons. Their taste for debauchery and clandestine vices introduced them

to the notice of the prince. Their first approaches to his friendship were unperceived by Agrippina: she endeavored afterwards to remove them from his presence, but her efforts were without effect. The Emperor's friends, though famed for wisdom and the severity of their manners, made no opposition to his new intrigue. A courtesan, who gratified the ardor of a young man's passion without injury to any person whatever, was thought an object of no importance. Nero, it is true, was married to Octavia; but neither the nobility of her birth, nor her unspotted virtue, could secure his affections. By some fatality, or, perhaps, by the secret charm of forbidden pleasures, his heart was alienated from his wife. The connection with his favorite concubine served to restrain the prince from other pursuits; and there was reason to fear, that, detached from her, he might riot in scenes of higher life, and destroy the peace and honor of the noblest families.

Agrippina was fired with indignation. She complained aloud that an enfranchised slave was put in competition with the Emperor's mother, and a wretch of mean extraction was to be treated as her daughter-in-law. She stormed with all the rage of female pride, never reflecting that the prince might see his error, or that satiety and cold indifference might, in time, succeed to the vehemence of youthful passion. The haughty spirit of the mother served only to inflame the ardor of her son. He gave loose rein to love, and threw off all regard for his mother, determined, for the future, to yield to no authority but that of Seneca. Among the friends of that Minister was a man of the name of Annaeus Serenus, who pretended to admire the person of Acte, and, to throw the veil over the growing passion of Nero, conveyed to her, in his own name, the presents sent by the secret gallantry of the prince. Agrippina thought it time to abate from her ferocity. She had recourse to art, and hoped by gentle methods to regain her influence. Her own apartment was now at her son's service. Love, at his time of life, was natural, and his superior rank

demanded some indulgence. Under the care and management of his mother he might enjoy his secret pleasures. She apologized for the warmth with which she broke out at first, and even made an offer of all her treasure, little inferior to imperial riches. Her conduct was always in extremes; violent in the beginning, and in the end too complying.

A transition so sudden did not escape the observation of Nero. His confidential friends were alarmed. Dreading nothing so much as the return of Agrippina's influence, they cautioned the prince not to be the dupe of a woman, who, in reality, abated nothing from the pride and arrogance of her character, though now she played an humble, but insidious part. It happened at this time that Nero examined a rich wardrobe, appropriated to the use of the mothers and wives of the Emperors. He selected a splendid dress and a considerable quantity of jewels. These he ordered to be presented to Agrippina. The things were gay and magnificent, the kind of ornaments that please the taste and vanity of women, and, being unasked and unexpected, they were sent with a better grace. Agrippina construed this civility into an affront. The design, she said, was not to adorn her person, but to deprive her of the rest of those valuable effects. Her son affected to divide with his mother what he owed entirely to her protection. Her words were reported to the Emperor with additional malice.

In order, by a sudden blow, to humble Agrippina and her party, Nero dismissed Pallas from all his employments. By the favor of Claudius this man had been raised to a degree of power that made him assume the air and importance of first Minister, and sovereign arbiter of the Empire. As he withdrew from court with his train of followers, Nero pleasantly said, "Pallas is going to abdicate." Before he retired, it is certain that he had bargained for himself. It was agreed that no inquiry should be had into his conduct, and that all accounts between him and the public should be considered as closed and balanced. The indignation of Agrippina

was not to be restrained: in a tone of menace, she endeavored to intimidate her enemies; even in the Emperor's hearing, she exclaimed aloud, "Britannicus is grown up, the genuine issue of Claudius, and every way worthy of the succession to his father. The sovereignty has been wrested from him by an intruder, who owes his title to adoption only, and now presumes to trample on the rights of a mother, who gave him all. But everything shall be brought to light; the misfortunes which she herself had caused in the imperial family, her incestuous marriage with her uncle, and the poison that put an end to his life; all shall be disclosed, all laid open to the world. By the favor of the gods Britannicus is still alive; that resource still remains. With that young prince she would join the army: in the camp should be heard the daughter of Germanicus; Burrhus, and Seneca, the famous exile, might present themselves before the praetorian soldiers; the first with his maimed hand, and the second, armed with his tropes and flowers of rhetoric; both worthy ministers, fit, in their own opinion, to govern the Roman world." In this strain she raved with vehemence, brandishing her hands, and pouring out a torrent of invective. She appealed to the deified Claudius; she invoked the manes of the murdered Silani, and of others who perished by her guilt, though now, in return for all, she met with nothing but treachery and ingratitude.

These violent declarations made a deep impression on the mind of Nero. The birthday of Britannicus, when that prince was to enter on his fifteenth year, was near at hand. This gave rise to a number of reflections. The turbulent spirit of Agrippina, and the character of the prince, filled him with apprehensions. On a late occasion Britannicus had given a specimen of early acuteness, slight indeed in itself, but such as disposed the people in his favor. It happened, during the Saturnalian festival, that, among the diversions usual among young people, the play, *Who shall be king?* became part of the amusement at court. The lot fell to Nero: he imposed his com-

mands on the company, in no instance aiming at ridicule or inconvenience, till it came to Britannicus. He ordered the young prince to stand in the middle of the room, and sing a song to the company. By this device he hoped that a stripling, not yet accustomed even to sober conversation, much less to revelry and the joys of wine, would be exposed to derision. Britannicus performed his part without embarrassment. His song alluded to his own case, expressing the situation of a prince excluded from the throne of his ancestors. The whole company felt a touch of compassion, and, in the moment of gayety, when wine and the midnight hour had thrown off all dissimulation, they expressed their feelings without disguise. Nero found that his pleasantry recoiled upon himself. Hatred, from that moment, took possession of his heart. The furious and implacable spirit of Agrippina kept him in a constant alarm. No crime could be alleged against Britannicus, and, by consequence, there was no color to justify a public execution.

Nero resolved to act by covert stratagem. A preparation of poison was ordered, and Julius Pollio, a tribune of the praetorian cohorts, was called in as an accomplice. This man had in his custody the famous Locusta, a woman guilty of various crimes, and then under sentence for the practice of administering poison. She was made an instrument in the conspiracy. For some time before, care had been taken to admit none to the presence of Britannicus, but such as had long since renounced every principle of honor and of virtue. The first potion was given to Britannicus by his tutors; but being weak, or injudiciously qualified, it passed without effect. The slow progress of guilt did not suit the genius of Nero. He threatened the tribune, and was on the point of ordering the sorceress to be put to death. He railed at both as being two cowards in vice, who wished to save appearances, and concert a defense for themselves, while they left a dreadful interval, big with fear and danger. To appease his wrath, they promised to prepare a dose as sure and deadly as the assassin's knife. In a room adjoining

to the apartment of the Emperor they mixed a draught, compounded of ingredients, whose sure and rapid quality they had already experienced.

According to the custom at that time established at court, the children of the imperial family dined, in a sitting posture, with nobility of their own age, in sight of their relations, at a table set apart, and served with due frugality. Whenever Britannicus was, in this manner, seated at his meal, it was a settled rule that an attendant should taste his food and liquor. To preserve this custom, and prevent detection by the death of both, an innocent beverage, without any infusion that could hurt, was tried by the proper officer, and presented to the prince. He found it too hot, and returned it. Cold water, in which the poison had been mixed, was immediately poured into the cup. Britannicus drank freely; the effect was violent, and, in an instant, it seized the powers of life: his limbs were palsied, his breath was suppressed, and his utterance failed. The company were thrown into consternation. Some rushed out of the room, while others, who had more discernment, stayed, but in astonishment, with their eyes fixed on Nero, who lay stretched at ease on his couch, with an air of innocence, and without emotion. He contented himself with calmly saying, "This is one of the epileptic fits to which Britannicus has been subject from his infancy. The disorder will go off, and he will soon recover his senses." Agrippina was struck with horror. She endeavored to suppress her feelings; but the inward emotions were too strong; they spoke in every feature, plainly showing that she was as innocent as Octavia, the sister of Britannicus. By this horrible act the Emperor's mother saw all her hopes at once cut off, and from so daring a step, she could even then foresee that her son would wade in blood, and add to his crimes the horror of parricide. Octavia, though still of tender years, had seen enough of courts to teach her the policy of smothering her grief, her tenderness, and every sentiment of the heart. In this manner the scene of distraction ended, and the pleasures of the table were renewed.

d. The beginning of intrigue with Sabina Poppaea, which ultimately led to the downfall of his mother Agrippina, is thus related:

Sabina Poppaea at that time lived at Rome in a style of taste and elegance. She was the daughter of Titus Ollius, but she took her name from Poppaeus Sabinus, her grandfather by the maternal line. Her father Ollius was, at one time, rising to the highest honors; but being a friend of Sejanus, he was involved in the ruin of that minister. The grandfather had figured on the stage of public business. He was of consular rank, and obtained the honor of a triumph. To be the known descendant of a man so distinguished, flattered the vanity of Poppaea. Virtue excepted, she possessed all the qualities that adorn the female character. Her mother was the reigning beauty of her time. From her the daughter inherited nobility of birth, with all the graces of an elegant form. Her fortune was equal to her rank; her conversation had every winning art; her talents were cultivated, and her wit refined. She knew how to assume an air of modesty, and yet pursue lascivious pleasures; in her deportment, decent; in her heart, a libertine. When she appeared in public, which was but seldom, she wore a veil that shaded, or seemed to shade, her face; perhaps intending that her beauty should not wear out or tarnish to the eye; or because that style of dress was most becoming. To the voice of fame she paid no regard: her husband and her adulterer were equally welcome to her embraces. Love, with her, was not an affair of the heart. Knowing no attachment herself, she required none from others. Where she saw her interest, there she bestowed her favors; a politician even in her pleasures. She was married to Rufius Crispinus, a Roman knight, and was by him the mother of a son; but Otho, a youth of expectation, luxurious, prodigal, and high in favor with Nero, attracted her regard. She yielded to his addresses, and, in a short time, married the adulterer.

Otho, in company with the Emperor, grew lavish in

her praise. Her beauty and her elegant manners were his constant theme. He talked, perhaps, with the warmth and indiscretion of a lover; perhaps, with a design to inflame the passions of Nero, and from their mutual relish of the same enjoyments to derive new strength to support his interest. Rising from Nero's table, he was often heard to say, "I am going to the arms of her who possesses every amiable accomplishment; by her birth ennobled; endeared by beauty; the wish of all beholders, and to the favored man the source of true delight." Nero became enamored. No time was lost. Poppaea received his visits. At the first interview she called forth all her charms, and insured her conquest. She admired the dignity of the prince. His air, his manner, and his looks were irresistible. By this well-acted fondness she gained entire dominion over his affections. Proud of her success, she thought it time to act her part with female airs and coy reluctance. If Nero wished to detain her more than a night or two, she could not think of complying; she was married to a man whom she loved. She could not risk the loss of a situation so perfectly happy. Otho led a life of taste and elegance, unrivaled in his pleasures. Under his roof she saw nothing but magnificence, in a style worthy of the highest station. She objected to Nero that he had contracted different habits. He lived in close connection with Acte, a low-born slave; and from so mean a commerce, what could be expected but sordid manners and degenerate sentiment! From that moment, Otho lost his interest with the prince: he had orders neither to frequent the palace, nor to show himself in the train of attendants. At length, to remove a rival, Nero made him governor of Lusitania.

e. Lastly we have the horrifying picture of the son's ingratitude:

Nero was determined no longer to defer the black design which had lain for some time fostered in his heart. He had gained in four years a taste of power, and was

now grown sanguine enough to think that he might hazard a daring stride in guilt. His love for Poppaea kindled every day to high ardor. To be the imperial wife was the ambition of that aspiring beauty; but while Agrippina lived, she could not hope to see Octavia divorced from the Emperor. She began, by whispering calumny, to undermine the Emperor's mother, and, at times, in a vein of pleasantry, to alarm the pride and jealousy of Nero. With an air of raillery she called him a pupil, still under tuition; a dependent on the will of others, in fancy guiding the reins of government, but, in reality, deprived of personal liberty. "For what reason was her marriage so long deferred? Had her person already lost the power of pleasing? Were the triumphal honors obtained by her ancestors a bar to her preferment? Or was it supposed that she was not of a fruitful constitution, capable of bearing children? Perhaps the sincerity of her love was called in question. No; the voice of a wife might be heard, and the pride and avarice with which an imperious mother insulted the Senate and oppressed the people, might be exposed in open day. If, however, it was a settled point with Agrippina, that no one but the bosom plague of the Emperor should be her daughter-in-law, Poppaea could return to the embraces of Otho; with him she could retire to some remote corner of the world, where she might hear, indeed, of the Emperor's disgrace, but at a distance, with the consolation of neither being a spectatress of the scene, nor a sharer in his afflictions." By these and such like suggestions, intermixed with tears and female artifice, she ensnared the heart of Nero. No one attempted to weaken her influence. To see the pride of Agrippina humbled was the wish of all; but that the son would renounce the ties of natural affection, and imbrue his hands in the blood of his mother, was what never entered the imagination of any man. . . . . .

From this time Nero shunned the presence of his mother. Whenever she went to her gardens, or to either of her seats at Tusculum or Antium, he commended her

taste for the pleasures of retirement. At length, detesting her wherever she was, he determined to dispatch her at once. How to execute his purpose, whether by poison, or the poniard, was the only difficulty. The former seemed the most advisable; but to administer it at his own table might be dangerous, since the fate of Britannicus was too well known. To tamper with her domestics was equally unsafe. A woman of her cast, practiced in guilt, and inured to evil deeds, would be upon her guard; and besides, by the habit of using antidotes, she was fortified against every kind of poison. To assassinate her, and yet conceal the murder, was impracticable. Nero had no settled plan, nor was there among his creatures a single person in whom he could confide.

In this embarrassment Anicetus offered his assistance. This man had a genius for the worst iniquity. From the rank of an enfranchised slave he rose to the command of the fleet that lay at Misenum. He had been tutor to Nero in his infancy, and always at variance with Agrippina. Mutual hostility produced mutual hatred. He proposed the model of a ship upon a new construction, formed in such a manner that in the open sea part might give way at once, and plunge Agrippina to the bottom. The ocean, he said, was the element of disasters; and if the vessel foundered, malignity itself could not convert into a crime what would appear to be the effect of adverse winds and boisterous waves. After her decease the prince would have nothing to do but to raise a temple to her memory. Altars and public monuments would be proofs of filial piety.

Nero approved of the stratagem, and the circumstances of the time conspired to favor it. The court was then at Baiae, to celebrate, during five days, the festival called the Quinquatrua. Agrippina was invited to be of the party. To tempt her thither Nero changed his tone. "The humors of a parent claimed indulgence; for sudden starts of passion allowance ought to be made, and petty resentments could not be effaced too soon." By this artifice he hoped to circulate an opinion of his entire

reconciliation, and Agrippina, he had no doubt, with the easy credulity of her sex, would be the dupe of a report that flattered her wishes. She sailed from Antium to attend the festival. The prince went to the sea-coast to receive her. He gave her his hand; he embraced her tenderly, and conducted her to a villa called Bauli, in a pleasant situation, washed by the sea, where it forms a bay between the cape of Misenum and the gulf of Baiae. Among the vessels that lay at anchor, one in particular, more superb than the rest, seemed intended by its decorations to do honor to the Emperor's mother. Agrippina was fond of sailing parties. She frequently made coasting voyages in a galley with three ranks of oars, and mariners selected from the fleet. The banquet, of which she was to partake, was fixed at a late hour, that the darkness of the night might favor the perpetration of an atrocious deed.

But the secret transpired: on the first intelligence, Agrippina, it is said, could scarce give credit to so black a story. She chose, however, to be conveyed to Baiae in a land-carriage. Her fears, so soon as she arrived, were dissipated by the polite address of her son. He gave her the most gracious reception, and placed her at table above himself. He talked with frankness, and, by intermixing the sallies of youthful vivacity with more sedate conversation, had the skill to blend the gay, the airy, and the serious. He protracted the pleasures of the social meeting to a late hour, when Agrippina thought it time to retire. The prince attended her to the shore; he exchanged a thousand fond endearments, and, clasping her to his bosom, fixed his eyes upon her with ardent affection, perhaps intending, under the appearance of filial piety, to disguise his purpose; or, it might be, that the sight of a mother doomed to destruction, might make even a heart like his yield, for a moment, to the touch of nature.

That this iniquitous scene should not be wrapped in darkness, the care of Providence seems to have interposed. The night was calm and serene; the stars shot forth their brightest luster, and the sea presented a

smooth expanse. Agrippina went on board, attended by only two of her domestic train. One of them, Crepereius Gallus, took his place near the steerage; the other, a female attendant, by name Acerronia, stretched herself at the foot of the bed where her mistress lay, and in the fullness of her heart expressed her joy to see the son awakened to a sense of his duty, and the mother restored to his good graces. The vessel had made but little way, when, on a signal given, the deck over Agrippina's cabin fell in at once. Being loaded with lead, Crepereius was crushed under the weight. The props of the bedroom happening to be of a solid structure, bore up the load, and saved both Agrippina and her servant. Nor did the vessel, as was intended, fall to pieces at once. Consternation, hurry, and confusion followed. The innocent, in a panic, bustled to and fro, embarrassing and confounding such as were in the plot. To heave the ship on one side, and sink her at once, was the design of the accomplices: but not acting in concert, and the rest making contrary efforts, the vessel went down by slow degrees. This gave the passengers an opportunity of escaping from the wreck, and trusting to the mercy of the waves.

Acerronia, in her fright, called herself Agrippina, and, with pathetic accents, implored the mariners to save the Emperor's mother. The assassins fell upon her with their oars, with their poles, and with whatever instruments they could seize. She died under repeated blows. Agrippina hushed her fears; not a word escaping from her, she passed undistinguished by the murderers, without any other damage than a wound on her shoulder. She dashed into the sea, and, by struggling with all her efforts, kept herself above water till the small barks put off from the shore, and, coming in good time to her assistance, conveyed her up the Lucrine lake to her own villa.

She was now at leisure to reflect on the misery of her situation. The treachery of her son's letter, conceived in terms of affection, and his mock civility, were too apparent. Without a gust of wind, and without touching

a rock, at a small distance from the shore, the vessel broke down from the upper deck, like a piece of mechanism constructed for the purpose. The death of Acerronia, and the wound which she herself received, were decisive circumstances. But even in that juncture she thought it best to temporize. Against powerful enemies not to see too much is the safest policy. She sent her freedman Agerinus to inform her son that, by the favor of the gods, and the good auspices of the Emperor, she had escaped from a shipwreck. The news, she had no doubt, would affect her son, but, for the present, she wished he would forbear to visit her. In her situation, rest was all she wanted. Having dispatched her messenger, she assumed an air of courage; she got her wound dressed, and used all proper applications. With an air of ease she called for the last will of Acerronia, and, having ordered an inventory to be made of her effects, secured everything under her own seal; acting in this single article without dissimulation.

Nero in the meantime, expected, with impatience, an account of his mother's death. Intelligence at last was brought that she still survived, wounded, indeed, and knowing from what quarter the blow was aimed. The prince heard the news with terror and astonishment. In the hurry of his imagination, he saw his mother already at hand, fierce with indignation, calling aloud for vengeance, and rousing her slaves to an insurrection. She might have recourse to the army, and stir up a rebellion; she might open the whole dark transaction to the Senate; she might carry her complaints to the ear of the people. Her wound, the wreck, the murder of her friends, every circumstance would inflame resentment. What course remained for him? Where was Seneca? and where was Burrhus? He had sent for them on the first alarm: they came with expedition; but whether strangers to the plot, remains uncertain. They stood, for some time, fixed in silence. To dissuade the Emperor from his fell design, they knew was not in their power; and, in the present dilemma, they saw, perhaps, that Agrippina must fall, or

Nero perish. Seneca, though on all other occasions ready to take the lead, fixed his eyes on Burrhus. After a pause, he desired to know whether it were advisable to order the soldiers to complete the business. Burrhus was of opinion, that the praetorian soldiers, devoted to the house of Caesar, and still respecting the memory of Germanicus, would not be willing to spill the blood of his daughter. It was for Anicetus to finish the last act of the tragedy.

That bold assassin undertook the business. He desired to have the catastrophe in his own hands. Nero revived at the sound. From that day, he said, the imperial dignity would be his, and that mighty benefit would be conferred by an enfranchised slave. "Haste, fly," he cried; "take with you men fit for your purpose, and consummate all." Anicetus heard that a message was sent by Agrippina, and that Agerinus was actually arrived. His ready invention planned a new scene of villainy. While the messenger was in the act of addressing the prince, he dropped a poniard between his legs, and instantly, as if he had discovered a treasonable design, seized the man, and loaded him with irons, from that circumstance taking color to charge Agrippina with a plot against the life of her son. When she was disposed of, a report that, in despair, she put an end to her life, would be an apt addition to the fable.

Meanwhile, the news of Agrippina's danger spread an alarm round the country. The general cry imputed it to accident. The people rushed in crowds to the seashore; they went on the piers that projected into the sea; they filled the boats; they waded as far as they could venture; stretching forth their hands, and calling aloud for help: the bay resounded with shrieks and lamentations, with distracting questions, dissonant answers, and a wild confusion of voices. Amidst the uproar, numbers came with lighted torches. Finding that Agrippina was safe, they pressed forward to offer their congratulations, when a body of armed soldiers, threatening violence, obliged the whole crowd to disperse. Anicetus planted a guard round the mansion of Agrippina, and having burst

open the gates he seized the slaves, and forced his way to her apartment.

A few domestics remained at the door to guard the entrance: fear had dispersed the rest. In the room the pale glimmer of a feeble light was seen, and only one maid in waiting. Before the ruffians broke in, Agrippina passed the moments in dreadful agitation: she wondered that no messenger had arrived from her son. What detained Agerinus? She listened, and on the coast where, not long before, the whole was tumult, noise, and confusion, a dismal silence prevailed, broken at intervals, by a sudden uproar, that added to the horror of the scene. Agrippina trembled for herself. Her servant was leaving the room: she called to her, "And do you too desert me?" In that instant she saw Anicetus entering the chamber. Herculeus, who had the command of a galley, and Oloaritus, a marine centurion, followed him. "If you come," said Agrippina, "from the prince, tell him I am well; if your intents are murderous, you are not sent by my son: the guilt of parricide is foreign to his heart." The ruffians surrounded her bed. The centurion of the marines was drawing his sword: at the sight Agrippina presented her person, "And here," she said, "plunge your sword in my womb." Herculeus, in that moment, gave the first blow with a club, and wounded her on the head. She expired under a number of mortal wounds.

XI. Extracts from the "Histories." From the history of that awful year which saw the inauguration and violent death of three emperors we take the vivid paragraphs which tell of the deaths of the men and give an estimate of their characters.

1. The cruel entry of the aged Galba into Rome precipitated the rebellion of Otho, who, by the aid of the praetorian guards, was soon able to establish his claim to the throne and to enter Rome in force:

Galba, in the midst of a prodigious conflux of people, had not strength to support himself; and as the waving multitude was impelled different ways, he was hurried on by the torrent. The temples, the porticoes, and great halls round the forum, were filled with crowds of gazing spectators. The whole presented an awful spectacle. A deep and sullen silence prevailed. The very rabble was hushed. Amazement sat on every face. Their eyes watched every motion, and their ears caught every sound. The interval was big with terror; it was neither a tumult, nor a settled calm, but rather the stillness of fear, or smothered rage, such as often precedes some dreadful calamity. Otho was still in the camp. He received intelligence that the populace had recourse to arms, and thereupon ordered his troops to push forward with rapidity, and prevent the impending danger. At his command the Roman soldiers, as if marching to dethrone an Eastern monarch, a Vologeses, or a Pacorus, and not their own lawful sovereign, advanced with impetuous fury to imbrue their hands in the blood of an old man, naked and disarmed. They entered the city; they dispersed the common people; they spurred their horses at full speed, and, rushing into the forum sword in hand, trampled the senators under foot. The sight of the Capitol made no impression; the temples sanctified by the religion of ages, could not restrain their fury; for the majesty of former princes they had no respect, and of those who were to succeed, no kind of dread. They rushed forward to commit a detestable parricide, forgetting, in their frantic rage, that crimes of that atrocious nature are sure to be punished by the prince that succeeds to the sovereign power.

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Galba's body, during the night that followed the murder, lay exposed to numberless indignities. It was at length conveyed by Argius, an ancient slave and steward of that unfortunate Emperor, to the private gardens of his master, and there deposited in an humble manner without honor or distinction. His head, in a

mangled condition, was fixed on a pole by the rabble of the camp, and set up to public view near the tomb of Patrobius, a slave manumitted by Nero, and by order of Galba put to death. In that situation it was found on the following day, and added to the ashes of the body, which had been already committed to the flames. Such was the end of Servius Galba, in the seventy-third year of his age. He had seen the reign of five princes, and enjoyed, during that whole period, a term of prosperity; happy as a private citizen, as a prince unfortunate. He was descended from a long line of ancestors. His wealth was great: his talents not above mediocrity. Free from vice, he cannot be celebrated for his virtues. He knew the value of fame, yet was neither arrogant nor vain-glorious. Having no rapacity, he was an economist of his own, and of the public treasure careful to a degree of avarice. To his friends and freedmen he was open, generous, and even resigned to their will. When his choice was happily made, his indulgence, however excessive, was at worst an amiable weakness; when bad men surrounded him, his good-nature bordered on folly. The splendor of his rank, and the felicity with which he steered through the dangers of a black and evil period, helped to raise the value of his character; his indolence passed for wisdom, and inactivity took the name of prudence. In the vigor of his days, he served with honor in Germany; as proconsul of Africa, he governed with moderation; and the Nethermost Spain, when he was advanced in years, felt the mildness of his administration. While no higher than a private citizen, his merit was thought superior to his rank; and the suffrages of mankind would have pronounced him worthy of empire, had he never made the experiment.

2. The rebellion of Vitellius progressed rapidly, and his troops defeated those of Otho at Bedriacum. The Emperor was weary of civil war, and despite the entreaties of his soldiers gave up the contest:

Having thus declared his sentiments he talked apart with his friends, addressing each of them in gracious terms, according to his rank, his age, or dignity, and advising all to depart without loss of time, and make their terms with the conqueror. He entreated the old men, and with the young exerted his authority. Calm and undisturbed, serenity in his countenance, and firmness in his voice, he saw his friends weep, and endeavored to repress their tears. He ordered boats or carriages for those who were willing to depart. He selected all such papers and letters as happened to contain expressions of duty towards himself, or ill-will to Vitellius, and committed them to the flames. He distributed money in presents, but not with the profusion of a man quitting the world. Observing that his brother's son, Salvius Cocceianus, a youth in the flower of his age, was dissolved in tears, he endeavored to assuage his sorrows. He commended the goodness of his heart, but his fears, he said, were out of season. "Could it be supposed that Vitellius, finding his own family safe, would refuse, with brutal inhumanity, to return the generosity shown to himself? My death will leave him without a rival, and that very act will be a demand upon his clemency; especially, since it is not an act of despair, but a voluntary resignation, made at a time when a brave and generous army calls aloud for another battle. For the good of the commonwealth I am a willing victim. For myself I have gained ample renown, and I leave to my family an illustrious name. After the Julian race, the Claudian, and the Servian, I am the first who transferred the sovereignty to a new family. It becomes you, young man, to act with courage; you must dare to live. Remember that Otho was your uncle, but remember it with modesty, and without resentment."

After this, he desired his friends to withdraw. Being left alone, he composed himself to rest, and in a short time began to prepare for the last act of his life. In that moment he was interrupted by a sudden uproar. The soldiers, he was told, threatened destruction to all who

offered to depart, and in particular to Verginius, whom they kept besieged in his house. Otho went forth to appease the tumult. Having reproved the authors of the disturbance, he returned to his apartment, and received the visits of all that came to bid the last farewell: he conversed with them freely and cheerfully, and saw them depart without let or molestation. Towards the close of day, he called for a draught of cold water, and, having quenched his thirst, ordered two poniards to be brought to him. He tried the points of both, and laid one under his pillow. Being informed that his friends were safe on their way, he passed the night in quiet. We are assured, that he even slept. At the dawn of day, he applied the weapon to his breast, and fell upon the point. His dying groans alarmed his freedmen and slaves. They rushed into the chamber, and with them Plotius Firmus, the praetorian prefect. They found that with one wound he had dispatched himself. His body was burned without delay. This had been his earnest request, lest his head should fall into the hands of his enemies, and be made a public spectacle. He was borne on the shoulders of the praetorian soldiers to the funeral pile. The men, during the procession, paid all marks of respect to his remains. They printed kisses on his hands, and on the mortal wound, and, in a flood of tears, poured forth their warmest praise. At the funeral pile some of the soldiers put an end to their lives; not from any consciousness of guilt, nor yet impelled by fear; but to emulate the example of the prince, and to show themselves faithful to the last. At Bedriacum, Placentia, and other camps, numbers followed the example. A sepulcher was raised to the memory of Otho, but of an ordinary structure, protected by its meanness, and therefore likely to last.

Such was the end of Otho, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was born in the municipal city of Ferentum. His father was of consular rank; his grandfather had discharged the office of praetor. By the maternal line his descent was respectable, though not illustrious. The features of his character, as well in his

earliest days as in the progress of his youth, have been already delineated. By two actions of his life he stands distinguished; one, atrocious and detestable; the other, great and magnanimous: the former has consigned his name to eternal infamy, and the last will do honor to his memory. History cannot descend to the frivolous task of collecting vague reports, in order to amuse the reader with a fabulous detail; but there are traditions, which have been handed down with an air of authenticity, and these I shall not take upon me to suppress or to refute. On the day when the battle was fought at Bedriacum, a bird of unusual appearance was observed to perch in a grove near Regium Lepidum, and, notwithstanding the great concourse of people, and a numerous flight of other birds, never to move from its place till Otho put an end to his life. That event no sooner happened, than it waved its wings, and vanished out of sight. The people of the village aver the fact; and according to curious observers, who made an exact computation of the time, this extraordinary phenomenon tallied exactly with the beginning of the battle and the prince's death.

3. When in turn Vitellius came to oppose the victorious troops of the rebellious Vespasian, he made a better defense—at least, he carried it to the last extremity. The following is the lurid description of the battle in the streets of Rome which resulted in the death of the Emperor:

The Vitellian soldiers ranged themselves in three columns. The entrance of the city was obstinately disputed. Several sharp engagements followed before the walls, with various success, but for the most part favorable to Vespasian's men, supported as they were by able officers. A party wheeled round to the left side of the city, towards the Sallustian gardens, and, being engaged in slippery and narrow passes, were roughly handled. The Vitellians had taken possession of the gardens, and,

from the tops of the walls, were able, with stones and spears, to annoy the troops beneath them. The advantage was on their side, till, towards the close of day, a party of Vespasian's cavalry forced their way through the Collinian gate, and fell upon the enemy in the rear. A battle was also fought in the Field of Mars. The good fortune that hitherto attended Vespasian's cause, gave him a decided victory. The Vitellians fought with obstinacy to the last. Despair lent them courage. Though dispersed and routed, they rallied within the walls of the city, and once more returned to the charge.

The people flocked in crowds to behold the conflict, as if a scene of carnage were no more than a public spectacle exhibited for their amusement. Whenever they saw the advantage inclining to either side, they favored the combatants with shouts, and theatrical applause. If the men fled from their ranks, to take shelter in shops or houses, they roared to have them dragged forth, and put to death like gladiators for their diversion. While the soldiers were intent on slaughter, these miscreants were employed in plundering. The greatest part of the booty fell to their share. Rome presented a scene truly shocking, a medley of savage slaughter and monstrous vice; in one place war and desolation; in another, bathing, riot, and debauchery. Heaps of slain lay weltering in the streets, and blood flowed in torrents, while harlots and abandoned women wandered about with lascivious impudence. Whatever the libidinous passions can inspire in the hour of peace, was intermixed with all the horrors of war, of slaughter, and destruction. The whole city seemed to be inflamed with frantic rage, and, at the same time, intoxicated with bacchanalian pleasures. Before this period, Rome had seen enraged armies within her walls; twice under Sulla, and once after the victory obtained by Cinna. Upon those occasions the same barbarity was committed; but the unnatural security and inhuman indifference that now prevailed, were beyond all example. In the midst of rage and massacre, pleasure knew no intermission. A dreadful carnage seemed to be

a spectacle added to the public games. The populace enjoyed the havoc; they exulted in the midst of devastation; and, without any regard for the contending parties, triumphed over the miseries of their country.

Vespasian's party had now conquered everything but the camp. That difficult and arduous task still remained. The bravest of the Vitellians were still in possession. They considered it as their last resort, and were therefore determined to make a vigorous stand. The conquering troops advanced with determined fury to the attack, and the old praetorian cohorts with inflamed resentment. Whatever the military art had invented against places of the greatest strength, was employed by the assailants. They advanced under the shell; they threw up mounds; they discharged missive weapons and flaming torches; "all declaring aloud, that one glorious effort would put an end to their toil and danger. To the Senate and people of Rome they had restored their city, and to the gods their altars and their temples. It now remained to gain possession of the camp, the soldier's post of honor, his country, and the seat of his household gods. They must either carry the intrenchments by assault, or pass the night under arms." The spirit of the Vitellians was broken, but not subdued. To sell the victory at the dearest rate, and delay the return of peace, was the effort of expiring rage; and to stain the houses and altars with an effusion of blood, was the last consolation of despair. The towers and ramparts were covered with heaps of slain. The gates of the camp were forced. The few that still survived had the courage to maintain their post. They fell under honorable wounds, prodigal of life, and to the last tenacious of their glory.

Vitellius, seeing the city conquered, went in a litter, by a private way at the back of the palace, to his wife's house on Mount Aventine, with intent, if he could lie concealed during the rest of the day, to fly for refuge to his brother and the cohorts under his command at Tarracina. His natural irresolution returned upon him. He dreaded everything, and, with the usual distraction of fear, what

was present alarmed him most. He returned to his palace, and found it a melancholy desert. His slaves had made their escape, or shunned the presence of their master. Silence added to the terror of the scene. He opened the doors of his apartments, and stood aghast at the dreary solitude. All was desolation round him. He wandered from room to room, till his heart sunk within him. Weary, at length, of his wretched condition, he chose a disgraceful lurking-place, and there lay hid with abject fear, till Julius Placidus, the tribune of a cohort, dragged him forth. With his hands bound behind him, and his garment torn, he was conducted, a wretched spectacle, through crowds insulting his distress, and not a friend to pity his misfortunes. A catastrophe so mean and despicable moved no passion but contempt. A German soldier, either in wrath, or to end his misery, struck at him with his saber, and, missing his aim, cut off the ear of a tribune. Whether his design was against that officer, cannot now be known. For his attempt he perished on the spot. Vitellius was dragged along amidst the scoffs and insults of the rabble. With swords pointed at his throat, they forced him to raise his head, and expose his countenance to scorn and derision; they made him look at his statues tumbling to the ground; they pointed to the place of public harangues, and showed him the spot where Galba perished. In this manner they hurried him to the charnel, where the body of Flavius Sabinus had been thrown amongst the vilest malefactors. An expression fell from him, in the last extremity, that bespoke a mind not utterly destitute of sentiment. A tribune insulted him in his misery; "and yet," said Vitellius, "I have been your sovereign." He died soon after under repeated wounds. The populace, who had worshiped him in the zenith of his power, continued, after his death, with the same depravity, to treat his remains with every mark of scorn and insolence.

He was the son, as already mentioned, of Lucius Vitellius, and had completed the fifty-seventh year of his age. He rose to the consulship, to pontifical dignities, and a

name and rank amongst the most eminent citizens, without industry or personal merit. The splendid reputation of the father laid open the road to honors for the son. The men who raised him to the imperial dignity, did not so much as know him. By his vices, and luxurious ease, he gained an ascendant over the affections of the army, to a degree rarely attained by the virtue of the ablest generals. Simplicity, frankness, and generosity, must not be denied to him; but those qualities, when not under the curb of discretion, are always equivocal, and often ruinous. He endeavored to conciliate friendships, not by his virtues, but by boundless liberality, and no wonder if he missed his aim: he deserved friends, but never had them. That his power should be overturned, was, no doubt, the interest of the commonwealth; but the men who figured in that important scene could claim no merit with Vespasian, since, with equal versatility, they had been traitors to Galba.

ROMAN VASE

Walla Walla College
College Place, Wash.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE ERA OF LITERARY REVIVAL IN THE POST-CLASSICAL PERIOD (CONCLUDED)

A. D. 96–117

JUVENAL AND PLINY

JUVENAL. About the year A. D. 55, Decimus Junius Juvenalis, known to us as Juvenal, was born in Aquinum, a little town of the Volsci. Of the first forty years of his life we know little, except that he received a liberal education from a wealthy freedman, who was either his father or guardian. His chief accomplishment was oratory, but he practiced it more for amusement than with any real intention of making it a life work.

As will be seen, our knowledge of his personal life is very limited, but we have sixteen satires from which we may draw a very positive knowledge of his character and genius.

II. The Character of Juvenal's Work. Tacitus and Juvenal should be considered together, for it is from their works that we have our pictures of the corrupt reigns of the Flavian emperors. Tacitus gives us what he considered the plain, unadorned facts, hesitating at nothing, while Juvenal writes of these same things with scathing bitterness and biting sarcasm and with such an open disregard of conventionalities that some of the earlier satires are unreadable by those of refined taste. However, though he stoops to indecency, he does it only that he may reprove faults and, if possible, correct them. There is no lending of attractiveness to vice, no humorous turns to his terrible diatribes, and no one would accuse him, as they might with justice accuse Martial, of prostituting his genius to the cause of vice. Juvenal is by far the harshest and most violent of the four great Roman satirists. Lucilius, outspoken and bitter as he sometimes was, tried to rebuke and correct the faults of his time; Horace had no bitterness, but expressed himself in good-natured raillery; Persius preached the Stoic doctrines, not as an observer of men and things, but as a bookworm; Juvenal attacked Roman society as it was, in biting verses, in which there are few gentle lines to relieve the savageness of his indictment.

Juvenal was an accomplished scholar, well-versed in legendary lore and in the history of his country. Moreover, he was an accomplished rhetorician, wrote with a polish that was envied by his compeers, and filled his verses with stately rhythm. His very learning, combined with his wide acquaintance with men and things, caused him to fill his writings with such an infinity of allusions and local touches that they are somewhat difficult to read.

The sixteen satires are divided into five books, and critics have decided that the first six, which are the most violent and disagreeable, were written not before A. D. 100, while the rest, whose writing extended over the period till the time of his death, show that old age brought with it a loss of fierceness as well as of power. Thus it will be seen that the vices upon which he poured his worst invectives were not, strictly speaking, those of his contemporaries, but those that belonged to the age of Domitian.

In spite of the difficulties of reading Juvenal, he has been popular because of the power of his invectives, the clearness of his brief descriptions, the variety of his diction and the beauty of his versification, and it is because of these facts and the pointed epigrammatic style of many of his sentences that he has had considerable influence on modern thought.

III. The Satires of Juvenal. The first satire was probably written after many of the others had been published, and was intended as a kind of introduction. He condemns the bad

writers, proposes to retaliate upon them, and declares his intention of becoming a satirist; he exposes the corruption of men, the profligacy of women and the cruelties and vices that come in their train. The second satire is a bitter attack on the hypocrisy of the philosophers and reformers, and is devoted largely to a scathing arraignment of Domitian. The next three are given up to the vices of different classes of society, and contrast the misery and inconvenience that follow with the more peaceful life that would come with their abandonment. The sixth, the longest and perhaps the most perfectly-finished satire, is directed wholly against vices of the female sex; the seventh is a complaint against the small rewards given the learned (especially the literary) professions; the eighth, chiefly to distinctions of rank; the ninth inculcates the moral lesson that a life of sin is a life of slavery; the tenth shows the vanity of human wishes and that happiness rarely comes with the granting of ambition. In the eleventh satire he tells us something of his own manner of life in contrast with that of wealthy friends; the twelfth is a friendly tribute to one who has escaped from shipwreck; the thirteenth consoles a friend who has been unfortunate, and shows with impressive solemnity the horrors of a troubled conscience. The example which parents should set before their children and the terrible consequences that follow from placing before the little ones examples of gluttony,

cruelty and debauchery are powerfully shown in the fourteenth satire, as well as the absurdity and danger of immoderate desires from every point of view. The fifteenth contains a just and beautiful description of the origin of civil society, and the sixteenth attacks the exclusive privileges which the army had acquired.

IV. Extracts from Juvenal. 1. At the end of the fifteenth satire is the following description of civil society founded by mutual benevolence. The translation is by William Gifford:

Nature, who gave us tears, by that alone
Proclaims she made the feeling heart our own;
And 'tis her noblest boon: This bids us fly,
To wipe the drops from sorrowing friendship's eye,
Sorrowing ourselves; to wail the prisoner's state,
And sympathize in the wronged orphan's fate,
Compelled his treacherous guardian to accuse,
While many a shower his blooming cheek bedews,
And through his scattered tresses, wet with tears,
A doubtful face, or boy or girl's, appears.
As Nature bids, we sigh, when some bright maid
Is, ere her spousals, to the pyre conveyed;
Some babe—by fate's inexorable doom,
Just shown on earth, and hurried to the tomb.
For who, that to the sanctity aspires
Which Ceres, for her mystic torch, requires,
Feels not another's woes? This marks our birth;
The great distinction from the beasts of earth!
And therefore,—gifted with superior powers,
And capable of things divine,—'tis ours,
To learn, and practice, every useful art;
And, from high heaven, deduce that better part,
That moral sense, denied to creatures prone,
And downward bent, and found with man alone!—
For He, who gave this vast machine to roll,

Breathed life in them, in us a reasoning soul;
That kindred feelings might our state improve,
And mutual wants conduct to mutual love;
Woo to one spot the scattered hordes of men,
From their old forest and paternal den;
Raise the fair dome, extend the social line,
And, to our mansion, those of others join,
Join too our faith, our confidence to theirs,
And sleep, relying on the general cares:—
In war, that each to each support might lend,
When wounded, succor, and when fallen, defend;
At the same trumpet's clangor rush to arms,
By the same walls be sheltered from alarms,
Near the same tower the foe's incursions wait,
And trust their safety to one common gate.
—But serpents, now, more links of concord bind;
The cruel leopard spares the spotted kind;
No lion spills a weaker lion's gore,
No boar expires beneath a stronger boar;
In leagues of friendship, tigers roam the plain,
And bears with bears perpetual peace maintain.
While man, alas! fleshed in the dreadful trade,
Forges without remorse the murderous blade,
On that dire anvil, where primeval skill,
As yet untaught a brother's blood to spill,
Wrought only what meek nature would allow,
Goads for the ox, and coulters for the plow!
Even this is trifling: we have seen a rage
Too fierce for murder only to assuage;
Seen a whole state their victim piecemeal tear,
And count each quivering limb delicious fare.
O, could the Samian Sage these horrors see,
What would he say? or to what deserts flee?
He, who the flesh of beasts, like man's, declined,
And scarce indulged in pulse—of every kind!

2. The prose translations that follow are the work of the Rev. Lewis Evans. Here is a vivid picture of the luxury of the age:

Meanwhile their patron-lord will devour the best that the forest and ocean can supply, and will recline in solitary state with none but himself on his couches. For out of so many fair, and broad, and such ancient dishes, they gorge whole patrimonies at a single course. In our days there will not be even a parasite! Yet who could tolerate such sordid luxury! How gross must that appetite be, which sets before itself whole boars, an animal created to feast a whole company! Yet thy punishment is hard at hand, when distended with food thou layest aside thy garments, and bearest to the bath the peacock undigested! Hence sudden death, and old age without a will. The news travels to all the dinner-tables, but calls forth no grief, and thy funeral procession advances, exulted over by disgusted friends! There is nothing further that future times can add to our immorality. Our posterity must have the same desires, perpetrate the same acts. Every vice has reached its climax. Then set sail! spread all your canvas!

3. A fashionable woman preparing her toilet:

Another, on the left hand, draws out and combs her curls and rolls them into a band. The aged matron assists at the council, who having served her due period at the needle, now presides over weighing out the tasks of wool. Her opinion will be first taken. Then those who are her inferiors in years and skill will vote in order, as though their mistress's good name or life were at stake. So great is the anxiety of getting beauty! Into so many tiers she forms her curls, so many stages high she builds her head; in front you will look upon an Andromache, behind she is a dwarf,—you would imagine her another person. Excuse her, pray, if nature has assigned her but a short back, and if, without the aid of high-heeled buskins, she looks shorter than a Pigmy maiden; and must spring lightly up on tiptoe for a kiss. No thought meanwhile about her husband! not a word of her ruinous expenditure! She lives as though she were merely a neighbor of

her husband's, and in this respect alone is nearer to him —that she hates her husband's friends and slaves, and makes grievous inroads on his purse.

4. On writers of history:

Your toil, forsooth, ye writers of histories! is more profitable, it requires more time and more oil. For regardless of all limit, it rises to the thousandth page; and grows in bulk, expensive from the mass of paper used. This the vast press of matter requires, and the laws of composition. Yet what is the crop that springs from it? what the profit from the soil upturned? Who will give an historian as much as he would a notary? "But they are an idle race, that delight in sofas and the cool shade." Well, tell me then, what do the services rendered their fellow citizens, and their briefs they carry about with them in a big bundle, bring in to the lawyers? Even of themselves, they talk grandly enough, but especially when their creditor is one of their hearers; or if one still more pressing nudges their side, that comes with his great account-book to sue for a doubtful debt. Then the hollow bellows of their lungs breathe forth amazing lies; they foam at the mouth till their breast is covered. But if you like to calculate the actual harvest they reap, set in one scale the estate of a hundred lawyers, and you may balance it on the other side with the single fortune of Lacerna, the charioteer of the Red.

5. On tutors:

But do you, parents, impose severe exactions on him that is to teach your boys; that he be perfect in the rules of grammar for each word—read all histories—know all authors as well as his own finger-ends;—that if questioned at hazard, while on his way to the Thermae or the baths of Phoebus, he should be able to tell the name of Anchises' nurse, and the name and native land of the step-mother of Anchemolus—tell off-hand how many years Acestes lived—how many flagons of wine the

Sicilian king gave to the Phrygians. Require of him that he mold their youthful morals as one models a face in wax. Require of him that he be the reverend father of the company, and check every approach to immorality.

It is no light task to keep watch over so many boyish hands, so many little twinkling eyes.—"This," says the father, "be the object of your care!"—and when the year comes round again, receive for your pay as much gold as the people demand for the victorious charioteer!

6. Old age:

"Grant length of life, great Jove, and many years!" This is your only prayer in health and sickness. But with what unremitting and grievous ills is old age crowded! First of all, its face is hideous, loathsome, and altered from its former self; instead of skin a hideous hide and flaccid cheeks; and see! such wrinkles, as, where Tabraca extends her shady dells, the antiquated ape scratches on her wizened jowl! There are many points of difference in the young: this youth is handsomer than that; and he again than a third: one is far sturdier than another. Old men's faces are all alike—limbs tottering and voice feeble, a smooth bald pate, and the second childhood of a driveling nose; the poor wretch must mumble his bread with toothless gums; so loathsome to his wife, his children, and even to himself, that he would excite the disgust even of the legacy-hunter Cossus! His palate is grown dull; his relish for his food and wine no more the same; the joys of love are long ago forgotten.

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Even though the powers of intellect retain their vigor, yet he must lead forth the funerals of his children; must gaze upon the pyre of a beloved wife, and the urns filled with all that remains of his brother and sisters. This is the penalty imposed on the long-lived, that they must grow old with the death-blow in their house for ever falling fresh—in oft-recurring sorrow—in unremitting mourning, and a suit of black. The King of Pylos, if you put any faith in great Homer, was an instance of life

inferior in duration only to the crow's. Happy, no doubt! was he who for so many years put off his hour of death; and now begins to count his years on his right hand, and has drunk so often of the new-made wine. I pray you, lend me your ear a little space; and hear how sadly he himself complains of the decrees of fate, and too great powers of life, when he watches the blazing beard of Antilochus in his bloom, and asks of every friend that stands near, why it is he lingers on to this day; what crime he has committed to deserve so long a life! Such, too, is Peleus' strain, when he mourns for Achilles prematurely snatched from him: and that other, whose lot it was to grieve for the shipwrecked Ithacensian.

7. For what shall men pray?

Is there then nothing for which men shall pray? If you will take advice, you will allow the deities themselves to determine what may be expedient for us, and suitable to our condition. For instead of pleasant things, the gods will give us all that is most fitting. Man is dearer to them than to himself. We, led on by the impulse of our minds, by blind and headstrong passions, pray for wedlock, and issue by our wives; but it is known to them what our children will prove; of what character our wife will be! Still, that you may have somewhat to pray for, and vow to their shrines the entrails and consecrated mincemeat of the white porker, your prayer must be that you may have a sound mind in a sound body. Pray for a bold spirit, free from all dread of death; that reckons the closing scene of life among Nature's kindly boons; that can endure labor, whatever it be; that knows not the passion of anger; that covets nothing; that deems the gnawing cares of Hercules, and all his cruel toils, far preferable to the joys of Venus, rich banquets, and the downy couch of Sardanapalus. I show thee what thou canst confer upon thyself. The only path that surely leads to a life of peace lies through virtue. If we have wise foresight, thou, Fortune, hast no divinity. It is we that make thee a deity, and place thy throne in heaven!

8. Two autobiographical notes:

You shall prove to-day by your own experience, Persicus, whether all these things, which are very fine to talk about, I do not practice in my life, in my moral conduct, and in reality: but praise vegetables, while in secret I am a glutton: in others' hearing bid my slave bring me water-gruel, but whisper "cheese-cakes" in his ear.

Now hear your bill of fare, furnished by no public market. From my farm at Tibur there shall come a little kid, the fattest and tenderest of the whole flock, ignorant of the taste of grass, that has never yet ventured to browse even on the low twigs of the willow-bed, and that has more milk than blood in his veins: and asparagus from the mountains, which my bailiff's wife, having laid down her spindle, gathered. Some huge eggs besides, and still warm in their twisted hay, shall be served up, together with the hens themselves: and grapes kept a portion of the year, just as they were when fresh upon the vines: pears from Signia and Syria: and, from the same basket, apples rivaling those of Picenum, and smelling quite fresh; that you need not be afraid of, since they have lost their autumnal moisture, which has been dried up by cold, and the dangers to be feared from their juice if crude.

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I therefore cautiously avoid a proud guest, who compares me with himself, and looks with scorn on my paltry estate. Consequently I do not possess a single ounce of ivory: neither my chess-board nor my men are of this material; nay, the very handles of my knives are of bone. Yet my viands never become rank in flavor by these, nor does my pullet cut up the worse on that account. Nor yet will you see a carver, to whom the whole carving-school ought to yield the palm, some pupil of the professor Trypherus, at whose house the hare, with the large sow's udders, and the wild-boar, and the roe-buck, and pheasants, and the huge flamingo, and the wild goat of Gaetu-

lia, all forming a most splendid supper, though made of elm, are carved with the blunted knife, and resounds through the whole Suburra. My little fellow, who is a novice, and uneducated all his days, does not know how to take dexterously off a slice of roe, or the wing of a guinea-hen; only versed in the mysteries of carving the fragments of a small collop.

My slave, who is not gayly dressed, and only clad so as to protect him from cold, will hand you plebeian cups bought for a few pence. He is no Phrygian or Lycian, or one purchased from the slave-dealer and at great price. When you ask for anything, ask in Latin. They have all the same style of dress; their hair close-cropped and straight, and only combed to-day on account of company. One is the son of a hardy shepherd, another of a neat-herd: he sighs after his mother whom he has not seen for a long time, and pines for his hovel and his play-mate kids. A lad of ingenuous face, and ingenuous modesty; such as those ought to be who are clothed in brilliant purple. He shall hand you wine made on those very hills from which he himself comes, and under whose summit he has played: for the country of the wine and the attendant is one and the same.

Our banquet to-day will furnish amusements. The author of the *Iliad* shall be recited, and the verses of high-sounding Mars, that render the palm doubtful. What matter is it with what voice such noble verses are read? But now having put off all your cares, lay aside business, and allow yourself a pleasing respite, since you will have it in your power to be idle all day long. Let there be no mention of money out at interest. Nor if your wife is accustomed to go out at break of day and return at night, let her stir up your bile, though you hold your tongue. Divest yourself at once of all that annoys you, at my threshold. Banish all thoughts of home and servants, and all that is broken and wasted by them—especially forget ungrateful friends!

9. The remorse of evil men:

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Philosophy, blest power! strips us by degrees of full many a vice and every error! She is the first to teach us what is right. Since revenge is ever the pleasure of a paltry spirit, a weak and abject mind! Draw this conclusion at once from the fact, that no one delights in revenge more than a woman!

Yet, why should you deem those to have escaped scot-free whom their mind, laden with a sense of guilt, keeps in constant terror, and lashes with a viewless thong? Conscience, as their tormentor, brandishing a scourge unseen by human eyes! Nay! awful indeed is their punishment, and far more terrible even than those which the sanguinary Caeditius invents, or Rhadamanthus! in bearing night and day in one's own breast a witness against oneself.

The Pythian priestess gave answer to a certain Spartan, that in time to come he should not go unpunished, because he hesitated as to retaining a deposit, and supporting his villainy by an oath. For he inquired what was the opinion of the deity; and whether Apollo counseled him to the act.

He did restore it therefore: but, through fear, not from principle. And yet he proved that every word that issued from the shrine was worthy of the temple, and but too true: being exterminated together with all his progeny and house, and, though derived from a wide-spreading clan, with all his kin! Such is the penalty which the mere wish to sin incurs. For he that meditates within his breast a crime that finds not even vent in words, has all the guilt of the act!

What then if he has achieved his purpose? A respiteless anxiety is his: that ceases not, even at his hours of meals: while his jaws are parched as though with fever, and the food he loathes swells between his teeth. All wines the miserable wretch spits out: old Alban wine, of high-prized antiquity, disgusts him. Set better before him! and thickly-crowding wrinkles furrow his brow, as though called forth by sour Falernian. At night, if anxious care has granted him perchance a slumber

however brief, and his limbs, that have been tossing over the whole bed, at length are at rest, immediately he sees in dreams the temple and the altar of the deity he has insulted; and, what weighs upon his soul with especial terrors, he sees thee! Thy awful form, of more than human bulk, confounds the trembling wretch, and wrings confession from him.

These are the men that tremble and grow pale at every lightning-flash: and, when it thunders, are half dead with terror at the very first rumbling of heaven; as though not by mere chance, or by the raging violence of winds, but in wrath and vengeance the fire-bolt lights upon the earth! That last storm wrought no ill! Therefore the next is feared with heavier presage, as though but deferred by the brief respite of this calm.

Moreover, if they begin to suffer pain in the side, with wakeful fever, they believe the disease is sent to their bodies from the deity, in vengeance. These they hold to be the stones and javelins of the gods!

10. The vanity of military renown:

The spoils of war, the cuirass fastened to the truncated trophy, the cheek-piece hanging from the battered helm, the car shorn of its pole, the streamer of the captured galley, and the sad captive on the triumphal arch-top, are held to be goods exceeding all human blessings. For these each general, Roman, or Greek, or Barbarian, strains as his prize! Full compensation for his dangers and his toils he sees in these! So much greater is the thirst after fame than virtue. For who would embrace virtue herself, if you took away the rewards of virtue? And yet, ere now, the glory of a few has been the ruin of their native land; that longing for renown, and those inscriptions that are to live on the marble that guards their ashes; and yet to burst asunder this, the mischievous strength of the barren fig-tree has power enough. Since even to sepulchers themselves are fates assigned. Weigh the remains of Hannibal! How many pounds will you find in that most consummate general? This is

the man whom not even Africa, lashed by the Mauritanian ocean, and stretching even to the steaming Nile, and then again to the races of the Aethiopes and their tall elephants, can contain! Spain is annexed to Carthage's domain. He bounds across the Pyrenees. Nature opposed in vain the Alps with all their snows; he cleaves the rocks and rives the mountains with vinegar. Now he is lord of Italy! Yet still he presses on. "Nought is achieved," he says, "unless we burst through the gates of Rome with the soldiery of Carthage, and I plant my standard in the heart of the Suburra!" Oh, what a face! and worthy what a picture! when the huge Gaetulian beast bore on his back the one-eyed general! What then was the issue? Oh, glory! This self-same man is conquered, and flees with headlong haste to exile, and there, a great and much-to-be-admired client, sits at the palace of the king, until his Bithynian majesty be pleased to wake! To that soul, that once shook the very world's base, it is not sword, nor stone, nor javelin, that shall give the final stroke; but, that which atoned for Cannae, and avenged such mighty carnage, a ring! Go then, madman, and hurry over the rugged Alps, that you may be the delight of boys, and furnish subjects for declamations!

11. On parental influence:

There are very many things, Fuscinus, that both deserve a bad name, and fix a lasting spot on a fortune otherwise splendid, which parents themselves point the way to, and inculcate upon their children. If destructive gambling delights the sire, the heir while yet a child plays too; and shakes the self-same weapons in his own little dice-box. Nor will that youth allow any of his kin to form better hopes of him who has learnt to peel truffles, to season a mushroom, and drown beccaficas swimming in the same sauce, his gourmand sire with his hoary gluttony showing him the way. When his seventh year has past over the boy's head, and all his second teeth are not yet come, though you range a thousand

bearded philosophers on one side of him, and as many on the other, still he will be ever longing to dine in sumptuous style, and not degenerate from his sire's luxurious kitchen.

. . . . . .

Such is Nature's law. The examples of vice that we witness at home more surely and quickly corrupt us, when they insinuate themselves into our minds, under the sanction of those we revere. Perhaps just one or two young men may spurn these practices, whose hearts the Titan has formed with kindlier art, and molded out of better clay.

But their sire's footsteps, that they ought to shun, lead on all the rest, and the routine of inveterate depravity, that has been long before their eyes, attracts them on.

Therefore refrain from all that merits reprobation. One powerful motive, at least, there is to this—lest our children copy our crimes. For we are all of us too quick at learning to imitate base and depraved examples: and you may find a Catiline in every people and under every sky; but nowhere a Brutus, or Brutus' uncle!

Let nothing shocking to eyes or ears approach those doors that close upon your child. Away! far, far away, the pander's wenches, and the songs of the parasite that riots the livelong night! The greatest reverence is due to a child! If you are contemplating a disgraceful act, despise not your child's tender years, but let your infant son act as a check upon your purpose of sinning. For if, at some future time, he shall have done anything to deserve the censor's wrath, and show himself like you, not in person only and in face, but also the true son of your morals, and one who, by following your footsteps, adds deeper guilt to your crimes—then, forsooth! you will reprove and chastise him with clamorous bitterness, and then set about altering your will. Yet how dare you assume the front severe, and license of a parent's speech; you, who yourself, though old, do worse than this; and the exhausted cupping-glass is long ago looking out for your brainless head?

If a friend is coming to pay you a visit, your whole household is in a bustle. "Sweep the floor, display the pillars in all their brilliancy, let the dry spider come down with all her web; let one clean the silver, another polish the embossed plate—" the master's voice thunders out, as he stands over the work, and brandishes his whip.

You are alarmed then, wretched man, lest your entrance-hall, befouled by dogs, should offend the eye of your friend who is coming, or your corridor be spattered with mud; and yet one little slave could clean all this with half a bushel of saw-dust. And yet, will you not bestir yourself that your own son may see your house immaculate and free from foul spot or crime? It deserves our gratitude that you have presented a citizen to your country and people, if you take care that he prove useful to the state—of service to her lands; useful in transacting the affairs both of war and peace. For it will be a matter of the highest moment in what pursuits and moral discipline you train him.

The stork feeds her young on snakes and lizards which she has discovered in the trackless fields. They too, when fledged, go in quest of the same animals. The vulture, quitting the cattle and dogs and gibbets, hastens to her callow brood, and bears to them a portion of the carcass. Therefore this is the food of the vulture too when grown up, and able to feed itself and build a nest in a tree of its own.

Whereas the ministers of Jove, and birds of noble blood, hunt in the forest for the hare or kid. Hence is derived the quarry for their nest: hence too, when their progeny, now matured, have poised themselves on their own wings, when hunger pinches they swoop to that booty, which first they tasted when they broke the shell.

. . . . . .

Nor has any vice of the mind of man mingled more poisons or oftener dealt the assassin's knife, than the fierce lust for wealth unlimited. For he that covets to grow rich, would also grow rich speedily. But what respect for laws, what fear or shame is ever found in the

breast of the miser hasting to be rich? "Live contented with these cottages, my lads, and these hills of ours!" So said, in days of yore, the Marsian and Hernican and Vestine sire—"Let us earn our bread, sufficient for our tables, with the plow. Of this the rustic deities approve; by whose aid and intervention, since the boon of the kindly corn-blade, it is man's fortune to loathe the oaks he fed upon before. Nought that is forbidden will he desire to do who is not ashamed of wearing the high country boots in frosty weather, and keeps off the east winds by inverted skins. The foreign purple, unknown to us before, leads on to crime and impiety of every kind."

Such were the precepts that these fine old fellows gave to their children! But now, after the close of autumn, even at midnight the father with loud voice rouses his drowsy son: "Come, boy! get your tablets and write! Come, wake up! Draw indictments! get up the rubricated statutes of our fathers—or else draw up a petition for a centurion's post. But be sure Laelius observe your hair untouched by a comb, and your nostrils well covered with hair, and your good brawny shoulders. Sack the Numidians' hovels, and the forts of the Brigantes, that your sixtieth year may bestow on you the eagle that will make you rich. Or, if you shrink from enduring the long-protracted labors of the camp, and the sound of bugles and trumpets makes your heart faint, then buy something that you may dispose of for more than half as much again as it cost you; and never let disgust at any trade that must be banished beyond the other bank of Tiber, enter your head, nor think that any difference can be drawn between perfumes or leather. The smell of gain is good from anything whatever! Let this sentiment of the poet be forever on your tongue—worthy of the gods, and even great Jove himself!—'No one asks how you get it, but have it you must.' This maxim old crones impress on boys before they can run alone. This all girls learn before their A B C."

Any parent whatever inculcating such lessons as these

I would thus address: Tell me, most empty-headed of men! who bids you be in such a hurry? I engage your pupil shall better your instruction. Don't be alarmed! You will be out-done; just as Ajax outstripped Telamon, and Achilles excelled Peleus. Spare their tender years! The bane of vice matured has not yet filled the marrow of their bones! As soon as he begins to trim a beard, and apply the long razor's edge, he will be a false witness—will sell his perjuries at a trifling sum, laying his hand on Ceres' altar and foot. Look upon your daughter-in-law as already buried, if she has entered your family with a dowry that must entail death on her. With what a gripe will she be strangled in her sleep! For all that you suppose must be gotten by sea and land, a shorter road will bestow on him! Atrocious crime involves no labor! "I never recommended this," you will hereafter say, "nor counseled such an act." Yet the cause and source of this depravity of heart rests at your doors; for he that inculcated a love for great wealth, and by his sinister lessons trained up his sons to avarice, does give full license, and gives the free rein to the chariot's course; then if you try to check it, it cannot be restrained, but, laughing you to scorn, is hurried on, and leaves even the goal far behind. No one holds it enough to sin just so much as you allow him, but men grant themselves a more enlarged indulgence.

When you say to your son, "The man is a fool that gives anything to his friend, or relieves the burden of his neighbor's poverty," you are, in fact, teaching him to rob and cheat, and get riches by any crime, of which as great a love exists in you as was that of their country in the breast of the Decii, as much, if Greece speaks truth, as Menaeceus loved Thebes! in whose furrows legions with their bucklers spring from the serpent's teeth, and at once engage in horrid war, as though a trumpeter had arisen along with them. Therefore you will see that fire of which you yourself supplied the sparks, raging far and wide, and spreading universal destruction. Nor will you yourself escape, poor wretch! but with loud roar

the lion-pupil in his den will mangle his trembling master.

12. A few sentences separated from their context:

No bad man is ever happy.

What is more ticklish than a tyrant's ear?

Where a man's life is at stake, no deliberation can be too long.

All chance of domestic happiness is hopeless while your wife's mother is alive.

A husband should have the privilege of committing a solecism.

Eloquence is a rare quality in a threadbare coat.

Nothing will cost a father less than his son's education.

The vine that trails along the ground, sighs for its widowed elms in vain.

Every act of moral turpitude incurs more glaring reprobation in exact proportion to the rank of him that commits it.

Let what you basely dare be ever brief! There are some faults that should be shorn away with our first beard.

V. PLINY THE YOUNGER. Gaius Plinius Caecilius Secundus, commonly known as Pliny the Younger, was born at Como in A. D. 62. When he was a small child his father died, and the little boy was adopted by his uncle, the elder Pliny, of whom we have read in a preceding chapter. Under the careful tutelage of this learned man and surrounded by the best of instructors, including Quintilian, the boy early acquired a sound education, and at eighteen we see him as a pleader at the Roman bar. In the same year his uncle perished in the eruption of Vesuvius.

Two years later Pliny became military tribune in the army in Syria, and here he made the acquaintance of the Stoic philosophers, whose doctrines made a profound impression on him. Under Domitian he obtained the office of quaestor and later of praetor, but toward the close of that Emperor's reign he retired to private life and, in fact, was in imminent danger of being proscribed, though finally saved by the timely death of the tyrant.

When Nerva came to the throne, Pliny renewed his practice at the bar, and in spite of ill health gained such success that eventually he attracted the attention of the Emperor Trajan and became his personal friend. This enabled him to rise to the consulship and finally to his last public office, the propraetorship of Pontus and Bithynia, in which provinces he remained for about two years.

Here our knowledge of his life ceases, except that he died either in his province or very shortly after his return. He was thrice married, but no children survived him. His third wife, Calpurnia, was the object of his tender solicitude, and companionship with her seems to have been the great pleasure of his life. The date of his death cannot be certainly given, but it was probably before the year 114.

VI. The Letters of Pliny. The younger Pliny was a quaint but on the whole a lovable character. Highly educated, enjoying a comfortable income which freed him from the necessity of hard labor, he was withal the best

type of the Roman gentleman, and it is a pleasure to contrast his correct and virtuous life with the villainy which preceded and surrounded him. He was a priggish young fellow, proud of his learning and scholarly habits; yet he is so perfectly frank in his vanity that the reader will be inclined to smile at it rather than to condemn. Besides, he was so courteous, obliging, generous, affectionate, sensitive and sincere that friends flocked about him.

What we have of his literary work is a large collection of letters that reflect faithfully the literary traits of his age, for they are artificial, polished, critical and self-conscious, but with a diction that is always elegant and charming, although perhaps at times a trifle stilted. He was a man of delicate health, and considering that fact and the temptations he had to a life of ease, we are not surprised that he never accomplished any really important work in literature and that the letters, important as they are, are really the spontaneous outflow of his heart to his friends rather than a labored composition intended for publication.

Naturally, these letters cover a great variety of subjects. There is a lively account of a successful day's sport in the country; a description of his Laurentine and Tuscan villas; letters to men of public position recommending young men to their notice; letters to his loving wife Calpurnia; pathetic laments over the death of his friends, and moral reflections and

sympathetic letters sent to acquaintances who were suffering. On the whole, they form very interesting and charming reading, from which it is a pleasure to quote.

VII. Extracts from Pliny. 1. *Concerning the Christians.* The letters are included in ten books, and the tenth has a peculiar interest because it contains the correspondence between Pliny while governor of Bithynia and the Emperor Trajan, to whom the former refers most questions. Among those letters is the following celebrated one on the subject of the Christians, whom Pliny found numerous among the people in his province:

I had never attended at the trial of a Christian; hence I knew not what were the usual questions asked them, or what the punishments inflicted. I doubted also whether to make a distinction of ages, or to treat young and old alike; whether to allow space for recantation, or to refuse all pardon whatever to one who had been a Christian; whether, finally, to make the name penal, though no crime should be proved, or to reserve the penalty for the combination of both. Meanwhile, when any were reported to me as Christians, I followed this plan: I asked them whether they were Christians. If they said yes, I repeated the question twice, adding threats of punishment; if they persisted, I ordered punishment to be inflicted. For I felt sure that whatever it was they confessed, their inflexible obstinacy well deserved to be chastised. There were even some Roman citizens who showed this strange persistence; those I determined to send to Rome. As often happens in cases of interference, charges were now lodged more generally than before, and several forms of guilt came before me. An anonymous letter was sent, containing the names of many persons, who, however, denied that they were

From Painting by Gérôme

"THE LAST PRAYER"

CHRISTIAN MARTYRS IN THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

or had been Christians. As they invoked the gods and worshiped with wine and frankincense before your image, at the same time cursing Christ, I released them the more readily, as those who are really Christians cannot be got to do any of these things. Others, who were named to me, admitted that they were Christians, but immediately denied it; some said they had been so three years ago, others at still more distant dates, one or two as long ago as twenty years. All these worshiped your image and those of the gods, and abjured Christ. But they declared that all their guilt or error had amounted to was this: they met on certain mornings before daybreak, and sang one after another a hymn to Christ as God, at the same time binding themselves by an oath not to commit any crime, but to abstain from theft, robbery, adultery, perjury, or repudiation of trust; after this was done, the meeting broke up; they, however, came together again to eat their meal in common, being quite guiltless of any improper conduct. But since my edict forbidding (as you ordered) all secret societies, they had given this practice up. However, I thought it necessary to apply the torture to some young women who were called *ministrae,* in order, if possible, to find out the truth. But I could elicit nothing from them except evidence of some debased and immoderate superstition; so I deferred the trial, and determined to ask your advice. For the matter seemed important, especially since the number of those who run into danger increases daily. All ages, all ranks, and both sexes are among the accused, and the taint of the superstition is not confined to the towns; it has actually made its way into the villages. But I believe it possible to check and repress it. At all events it is certain that temples which were lately almost empty are now well attended, and sacred festivals long disused are being revived. Victims, too, are flowing in, whereas a few years ago such things could scarcely find a purchaser. From this I infer that vast numbers might be reformed if an opportunity of recantation were allowed them.

Trajan's response to this was as brief, concise and pointed, as were most of his communications:

I entirely approve of your conduct with regard to those Christians of whom you had received information. We can never lay down a universal rule, as if circumstances were always the same. They are not to be searched for; but if they are reported and convicted, they must be punished. But if any denies his Christianity and proves his words by sacrificing to our divinity, even though his former conduct may have laid him under suspicion, he must be allowed the benefit of his recantation. No weight whatever should be attached to anonymous communications; they are no Roman way of dealing, and are altogether reprehensible.

2. Verginius Rufus was a friend to Pliny, as the following letter to Romanus shows. The tribute to Nerva was deserved:

Rome has not for many years beheld a more magnificent and memorable spectacle than was lately exhibited in the public funeral of that great, illustrious, and no less fortunate man, Verginius Rufus. He lived thirty years after he had reached the zenith of his fame. He read poems composed in his honor, he read histories of his achievements, and was himself witness of his fame among posterity. He was thrice raised to the dignity of consul, that he might at least be the highest of subjects, who had refused to be the first of princes. As he escaped the resentment of those emperors to whom his virtues had given umbrage and even rendered him odious, and ended his days when this best of princes, this friend of mankind, was in quiet possession of the Empire, it seems as if Providence had purposely preserved him to these times, that he might receive the honor of a public funeral. He reached his eighty-fourth year, in full tranquillity and universally revered, having enjoyed strong

health during his lifetime, with the exception of a trembling in his hands, which, however, gave him no pain. His last illness, indeed, was severe and tedious; but even that circumstance added to his reputation. As he was practicing his voice with a view of returning his public acknowledgments to the Emperor, who had promoted him to the consulship, a large volume he had taken into his hand, and which happened to be too heavy for so old a man to hold standing up, slid from his grasp. In hastily endeavoring to recover it, his foot slipped on the smooth pavement, and he fell down and broke his thigh-bone, which being clumsily set, his age as well being against him, did not properly unite again. The funeral obsequies paid to the memory of this great man have done honor to the Emperor, to the age, and to the bar. The consul Cornelius Tacitus pronounced his funeral oration; and thus his good fortune was crowned by the public applause of so eloquent an orator. He has departed from our midst, full of years, indeed, and of glory; as illustrious by the honors he refused as by those he accepted. Yet still we shall miss him and lament him, as the shining model of a past age; I, especially, shall feel his loss, for I not only admired him as a patriot, but loved him as a friend. We were of the same province, and of neighboring towns, and our estates were also contiguous. Besides these accidental connections, he was left my guardian, and always treated me with a parent's affection. Whenever I offered myself as a candidate for any office in the state, he constantly supported me with his interest; and although he had long since given up all such services to friends, he would kindly leave his retirement and come to give me his vote in person. On the day on which the priests nominate those they consider most worthy of the sacred office, he constantly proposed me. Even in his last illness, apprehending the possibility of the Senate's appointing him one of the five commissioners for reducing the public expenses, he fixed upon me, young as I am, to bear his excuses, in preference to so many other friends, elderly men too, and of consular rank, and said

to me, "Had I a son of my own, I would entrust you with this matter." And so I cannot but lament his death, as though it were premature, and pour out my grief into your bosom; if indeed one has any right to grieve, or to call it death at all, which to such a man terminates his mortality, rather than ends his life. He lives, and will live on forever; and his fame will extend and be more celebrated by posterity, now that he is gone from our sight. I had much else to write to you, but my mind is full of this. I keep thinking of Verginius: I see him before me: I am forever fondly yet vividly imagining that I hear him, am speaking to him, embrace him. There are men amongst us, his fellow-citizens, perhaps, who may rival him in virtue; but not one that will ever approach him in glory.

3. Concerning his friend Corellius he writes the following, from which he cannot keep the note of vanity:

The memory of that excellent person, than whom this age has not produced a man of greater dignity, rectitude, and acuteness, is indelibly imprinted upon my mind. My regard for him sprang from my admiration of the man, and, contrary to what is usually the case, my admiration increased upon a thorough knowledge of him, and indeed I did know him thoroughly, for he kept nothing back from me, whether gay or serious, sad or joyous. When I was but a youth, he esteemed, and (I will even venture to say) revered, me as if I had been his equal. When I solicited any post of honor, he supported me with his interest, and recommended me with his testimony; when I entered upon it, he was my introducer and my companion; when I exercised it, he was my guide and my counselor. In a word, whenever my interest was concerned, he exerted himself, in spite of his weakness and declining years, with as much alacrity as though he were still young and lusty. In private, in public, and at court, how often has he advanced and sup-

ported my credit and interest! It happened once that the conversation, in the presence of the Emperor Nerva, turned upon the promising young men of that time, and several of the company present were pleased to mention me with applause; he sat for a little while silent, which gave what he said the greater weight; and then, with that air of dignity, to which you are no stranger, "I must be reserved," said he, "in my praises of Pliny, because he does nothing without my advice." By which single sentence he bestowed upon me more than my most extravagant wishes could aspire to, as he represented my conduct to be always such as wisdom must approve, since it was wholly under the direction of one of the wisest of men. Even in his last moments he said to his daughter (as she often mentions), "I have in the course of a long life raised up many friends to you, but there are none in whom you may more assuredly confide than Pliny and Cornutus." A circumstance I cannot reflect upon without being deeply sensible how incumbent it is upon me to endeavor not to disappoint the confidence so excellent a judge of human nature reposed in me.

4. Helvidius Priscus, a man of inflexible integrity and unwavering virtue, after serving the state through the reigns of four emperors, was, by order of the Senate, put to death during the reign of Vespasian, though that monarch had sent a pardon which arrived too late. The following letter, which exhibits the tender heart of Pliny, was written concerning the daughters of Priscus:

How sad and bitter a fate has attended the daughters of Helvidius! These two sisters are both dead in childbed, after having each of them been delivered of a girl. This misfortune pierces me with the deepest sorrow; I cannot too greatly lament it. It seems so unspeakably sad to see two such virtuous young ladies fall a sacrifice

to their fruitfulness in the prime and flower of their years. I lament the unhappy condition of the poor infants, who are thus become orphans from their birth, I lament for the sake of the excellent husbands of these ladies, and I lament too for my own. The affection I bear the memory of their dead father is inviolable, as my defense of him in the Senate, and all my writings, will witness for me. Of three children which survived him there now remains but one; and his family, that lately had so many noble supports, rests and stays only upon a single person! It will, however, be a great mitigation of my affliction if fortune shall kindly spare that one, and render him worthy of his father and grandfather: and I am so much the more anxious for his welfare and good conduct as he is the only remaining branch of the family. You know the softness and solicitude of my heart where I have any tender attachments: you must not wonder then that I have many fears, where I have great hopes.

5. He writes thus of his wife Calpurnia to her aunt:

She possesses an excellent understanding together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest evidence of the purity of her heart by her fondness of her husband. Her affection for me, moreover, has given her a taste for books, and my productions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even in getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender anxiety is she when I am going to speak in any case, how rejoiced she feels when it is got through. While I am pleading, she stations persons to inform her from time to time how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the case. When I recite my works at any time, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and drinks in my praises with greedy ears. She sings my verses too, adapting them to her lyre, with no other master but love, that best of instructors, for her guide. From these happy circumstances I derive

my surest hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth or person, which time gradually impairs; it is my honor and glory that she cares for. But what less could be expected from one who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarized under your roof with all that is pure and virtuous, and who learnt to love me first through your praises? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my tender years, presaging from that early period all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, mine, for your giving me her, hers for your giving her me; for you have chosen us out, as it were, for each other.

The two letters following are interesting personal documents concerning Calpurnia. Pliny writes to the Emperor Trajan:

I have hitherto never, Sir, granted an order for post-chaises to any person, or upon any occasion, but in affairs that relate to your administration. I find myself, however, at present under a sort of necessity of breaking through this fixed rule. My wife having received an account of her grandfather's death, and being desirous to wait upon her aunt with all possible expedition, I thought it would be unkind to deny her the use of this privilege; as the grace of so tender an office consists in the early discharge of it, and as I well knew a journey which was founded in filial piety could not fail of your approbation. I should think myself highly ungrateful therefore, were I not to acknowledge that, among other great obligations which I owe to your indulgence, I have this in particular, that, in confidence of your favor, I have ventured to do, without consulting you, what would have been too late had I waited for your consent.

The Emperor replies:

You did me justice, my dearest Secundus, in confiding in my affection towards you. Without doubt, if you had waited for my consent to forward your wife in her journey by means of those warrants which I have entrusted to your care, the use of them would not have answered your purpose; since it was proper this visit to her aunt should have the additional recommendation of being paid with all possible expedition.

To Calpurnia he writes:

Never was business more disagreeable to me than when it prevented me not only from accompanying you when you went into Campania for your health, but from following you there soon after; for I want particularly to be with you now, that I may learn from my own eyes whether you are growing stronger and stouter, and whether the tranquillity, the amusements, and plenty of that charming country really agree with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moment's uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love causes a feeling of suspense and anxiety: but now your sickness conspires with your absence to trouble me grievously with vague and various anxieties. I dread everything, fancy everything, and, as is natural to those who fear, conjure up the very things I most dread. Let me the more earnestly entreat you then to think of my anxiety, and write to me every day, and even twice a day: I shall be more easy, at least while I am reading your letters, though when I have read them, I shall immediately feel my fears again.

And again:

You kindly tell me my absence very sensibly affects you, and that your only consolation is in conversing with my works, which you frequently substitute in my stead. I am glad that you miss me; I am glad that you find some rest in these alleviations. In return, I read over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up as if I had just received them; but, alas! this

only stirs in me a keener longing for you; for how sweet must her conversation be whose letters have so many charms? Let me receive them, however, as often as possible, notwithstanding there is still a mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me.

6. When the daughter of Fundanus, a personal friend, died, the sympathetic Pliny wrote to Marcellinus the following graceful tribute:

I write this to you in the deepest sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! I have never seen a more cheerful and more lovable girl, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said an immortal, life! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet there was in her a wisdom far beyond her years, a matronly gravity united with girlish sweetness and virgin bashfulness. With what an endearing fondness did she hang on her father's neck! How affectionately and modestly she used to greet us his friends! With what a tender and deferential regard she used to treat her nurses, tutors, teachers, each in their respective offices! What an eager, industrious, intelligent, reader she was! She took few amusements, and those with caution. How self-controlled, how patient, how brave, she was, under her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she spoke cheerful, comforting words to her sister and her father; and when all her bodily strength was exhausted, the vigor of her mind sustained her. That indeed continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes us miss her, and grieve that she has gone from us, the more. O melancholy, untimely, loss, too truly! She was engaged to an excellent young man; the wedding-day was fixed, and we were all invited. How our joy has been turned into sorrow! I cannot express in words the inward pain I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out fresh circumstances to aggravate

its affliction) ordering the money he had intended laying out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in frankincense, ointments, and perfumes for her funeral. He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the deeper studies and the fine arts, but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve, his grief, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. So, if you should think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason: for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even seeks of its own accord the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consolations, but at length desires and is lulled by their gentle application.

7. Simply because written by an eye-witness, the following account of the eruption of Vesuvius would be interesting, but it is also vivid and throws light on the character of the writer. The letter relating the death of Pliny the Elder should be read in this connection. Both were written to Tacitus at the latter's request:

The letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, my account broke off:

"Though my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell."

My uncle having left us, I spent such time as was left on my studies (it was on their account indeed that I had stopped behind), till it was time for my bath. After which I went to supper, and then fell into a short and uneasy sleep. There had been noticed for many days before a trembling of the earth, which did not alarm us much, as this is quite an ordinary occurrence in Campania; but it was so particularly violent that night that it not only shook but actually overturned, as it would seem, everything about us. My mother rushed into my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We sat down in the open court of the house, which occupied a small space between the buildings and the sea. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage or folly; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if I had been perfectly at my leisure. Just then, a friend of my uncle's, who had lately come to him from Spain, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, reproved her for her calmness, and me at the same time for my careless security: nevertheless, I went on with my author.

Though it was now morning, the light was still exceedingly faint and doubtful; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining without imminent danger: we therefore resolved to quit the town. A panic-stricken crowd followed us, and (as to a mind distracted with terror every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed on us in dense array to drive us forward as we came out. Being at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots, which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards,

though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid, zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously shaped masses of flame: these last were like sheet-lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great energy and urgency: "If your brother," he said, "if your uncle be safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Upon this our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards, the cloud began to descend, and cover the sea. It had already surrounded and concealed the island of Capri and the promontory of Misenum.

My mother now besought, urged, even commanded me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however she would willingly meet death if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and, taking her by the hand, compelled her to go with me. She complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I looked back; a dense dark mist seemed to be following us, spreading itself over the country like a cloud. "Let us turn out of the high-road," I said, "while we can still see, for fear that, should we fall in the road, we should be pressed to death in the dark, by the crowds that are following us."

HOUSE OF THE VETTII, POMPEII

THE PERISTYLE, PARTLY RESTORED.

We had scarcely sat down when night came upon us, not such as we have when the sky is cloudy, or when there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights put out. You might hear the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the shouts of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and seeking to recognize each other by the voices that replied; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die, from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part convinced that there were now no gods at all, and that the final endless night of which we have heard had come upon the world. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by others imaginary or willfully invented. I remember some who declared that one part of Misenum had fallen, that another was on fire; it was false, but they found people to believe them.

It now grew rather lighter, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day: however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to stand up to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh, or expression of fear, escaped me, had not my support been grounded in that miserable, though mighty, consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun shone out, though with a lurid light, like when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered deep with ashes as if with snow.

We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between

hope and fear; though, indeed, with a much larger share of the latter: for the earthquake still continued, while many frenzied persons ran up and down heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place, till we could receive some news of my uncle.

8. One of the most attractive letters contains an account of a tame dolphin, an incident related also by the elder Pliny. The letter was written to the poet Caninius:

I have met with a story, which, although authenticated by undoubted evidence, looks very like fable, and would afford a worthy field for the exercise of so exuberant, lofty, and truly poetical a genius as your own. It was related to me the other day over the dinner table, where the conversation happened to run upon various kinds of marvels. The person who told the story was a man of unsuspected veracity:—but what has a poet to do with truth? However, you might venture to rely upon his testimony, even though you had the character of a faithful historian to support. There is in Africa a town called Hippo, situated not far from the sea-coast: it stands upon a navigable lake, communicating with an estuary in the form of a river, which alternately flows into the lake, or into the ocean, according to the ebb and flow of the tide. People of all ages amuse themselves here with fishing, sailing, or swimming; especially boys, whom love of play brings to the spot. With these it is a fine and manly achievement to be able to swim the farthest; and he that leaves the shore and his companions at the greatest distance gains the victory. It happened, in one of these trials of skill, that a certain boy, bolder than the rest, launched out towards the opposite shore. He was met by a dolphin, who sometimes swam before him, and sometimes behind him, then played round him, and at

last took him upon his back, and set him down, and afterwards took him up again; and thus he carried the poor frightened fellow out into the deepest part; when immediately he turns back again to the shore, and lands him amongst his companions.

The fame of this remarkable accident spread through the town, and crowds of people flocked round the boy (whom they viewed as a kind of prodigy) to ask him questions and hear him relate the story. The next day the shore was thronged with spectators, all attentively watching the ocean, and (what indeed is almost itself an ocean) the lake. Meanwhile the boys swam as usual, and among the rest, the boy I am speaking of went into the lake, but with more caution than before. The dolphin appeared again and came to the boy, who, together with his companions, swam away with the utmost precipitation. The dolphin, as though to invite and call them back, leaped and dived up and down, in a series of circular movements. This he practiced the next day, the day after, and for several days together, till the people (accustomed from their infancy to the sea) began to be ashamed of their timidity. They ventured, therefore, to advance nearer, playing with him and calling him to them, while he, in return, suffered himself to be touched and stroked. Use rendered them courageous. The boy, in particular, who first made the experiment, swam by the side of him, and, leaping upon his back, was carried backwards and forwards in that manner, and thought the dolphin knew him and was fond of him, while he too had grown fond of the dolphin. There seemed, now, indeed, to be no fear on either side, the confidence of the one and tameness of the other mutually increasing; the rest of the boys, in the meanwhile, surrounding and encouraging their companion.

It is very remarkable that this dolphin was followed by a second, which seemed only as a spectator and attendant on the former; for he did not at all submit to the same familiarities as the first, but only escorted him backwards and forwards, as the boys did their comrade.

But what is further surprising, and no less true than what I have already related, is that this dolphin, who thus played with the boys and carried them upon his back, would come upon the shore, dry himself in the sand, and, as soon as he grew warm, roll back into the sea. It is a fact that Octavius Avitus, deputy governor of the province, actuated by an absurd piece of superstition, poured some ointment over him as he lay on the shore: the novelty and smell of which made him retire into the ocean, and it was not till several days after that he was seen again, when he appeared dull and languid; however, he recovered his strength, and continued his usual playful tricks. All the magistrates round flocked hither to view this sight, whose arrival, and prolonged stay, was an additional expense, which the slender finances of this little community could ill afford; besides, the quiet and retirement of the place was utterly destroyed. It was thought proper, therefore, to remove the occasion of this concourse, by privately killing the poor dolphin. And now, with what a flow of tenderness will you describe this affecting catastrophe! and how will your genius adorn and heighten this moving story! Though, indeed, the subject does not require any fictitious embellishments; it will be sufficient to describe the actual facts of the case without suppression or diminution.

9. His own quiet, studious life is detailed in the following letter to Fuscus:

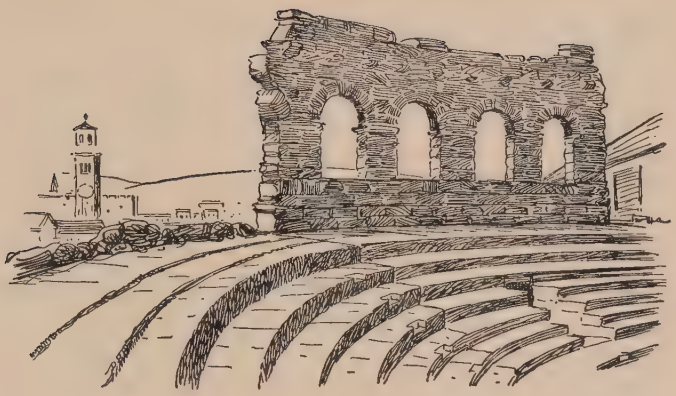
You want to know how I portion out my day, in my summer villa at Tusculum? I get up just when I please; generally about sunrise, often earlier, but seldom later than this. I keep the shutters closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but

what the imagination represents to them. If I have any work in hand, this is the time I choose for thinking it out, word for word, even to the minutest accuracy of expression. In this way I compose more or less, according as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and, opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have put into shape, after which I dismiss him, then call him in again, and again dismiss him. About ten or eleven o'clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according to the weather, I either walk upon my terrace or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. This completed, I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking, or in my study; and find this change of scene refreshes and keeps up my attention. On my return home, I take a little nap, then a walk, and after that, repeat out loud and distinctly some Greek or Latin speech, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time is strengthened by this practice. I then take another walk, am anointed, do my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, among whom I am not without some scholars. Thus we pass our evenings in varied conversation; and the day, even when at the longest, steals imperceptibly away.

Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles above-mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep, and reading a speech or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I insure as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when

I am feeling tired. I now and then amuse myself with hunting, but always take my tablets into the field, that, if I should meet with no game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as they desire) is allotted to my tenants; whose rustic complaints, along with these city occupations, make my literary studies still more delightful to me.

THEATER AT TAORMINA



CHAPTER XXV

THE PERIOD OF AFRICAN LATINITY

A. D. 117–211

PAGAN WRITERS

THE EMPERORS. The period we have just been considering was known as the period of Spanish Latinity, because its chief writers were of Spanish origin; for a similar reason this period may be called that of African Latinity, and it has for perhaps its chief interest the fact that it marks almost the extinction of pagan Latin and the beginnings of the work of the Christian writers.

In the period of a little less than a hundred years seven different emperors occupied the Roman throne. The first three of these were men of some excellent traits and remarkable acquirements. For three years, at least, Hadrian lived in Athens and became an excellent scholar in Greek and Latin, and in the revival

of learning which came with his patronage Greek came to be the literary language of the Empire.

Antoninus Pius, who followed Hadrian in A. D. 138, was another scholarly man, who, though not a writer himself, yet encouraged literary and intellectual progress by granting salaries and privileges to philosophers and teachers of rhetoric.

Marcus Aurelius, second of the Antonines, was interested in youth in Stoic philosophy and became the greatest Roman exponent of that doctrine. With him we shall become better acquainted. His interests, like those of his predecessor, were largely in Greek, and he gave no encouragement to the practice of Latin, while by Commodus, who reigned from 180 to 189, no public assistance was given to scholarship or learning of any sort.

The reign of Pertinax and that of his successor Julianus, with whom begin the long line of the so-called Barracks Emperors, who obtained the throne through the support of the Praetorian Guard, were too short to gain any influence upon literature.

Septimius Severus, last of the emperors in this period, was an African who was very well educated in Greek and Latin, but though he wrote an autobiography in the latter language, he failed to exercise any influence upon other writers.

II. Changes in Rome. The second century brought with it wonderful changes to Rome,

changes which, though they had been in process of making from the time of Augustus, yet only became noticeable during the period of which we are speaking. Rome had ceased to be the center of wealth and of population. The great city had lost its power, and the real center of the Empire was gradually shifting toward the East, though it was not until two hundred years later that the new capital of the Roman Empire was fixed at Constantinople. Leaders of thought and of literature no longer felt it necessary to reside at Rome, but sought, rather, for opportunities to go to Egypt and the Far East, where chances of preferment were greater and where denser population gave them a better market for their wares.

Another influence which led to the more rapid decay of Latin was the progress of Christianity, which created a literature not national, although couched in Latin or Greek.

In our study, then, we have reached the point where we are compelled to consider only the sporadic outcroppings of genius and forego the detail which has made our labors so long. We shall find nothing better in the way of style, nothing more beautiful, nothing more interesting than has already come to our notice, yet there remain the works of a few writers which we must consider because of the subjects they treated or of their influence upon world literature of later years.

III. Suetonius. During the reign of Hadrian, Latin literature had no greater repre-

sentative than Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus, whose biography, so far as we know it, may be given in very few words. He was the son of a Roman knight who commanded a legion on the side of Otho when that Emperor lost his life. Suetonius himself was born near the close of the reign of Vespasian and lived till the time of Hadrian, under whom he held the office of secretary. He was a friend of the younger Pliny, who obtained for him a military tribuneship and who assisted him in the purchase of a small estate and encouraged him to publish some of his writings. In one of his letters Pliny says Suetonius was "a most excellent, honorable and learned man, whom he had the pleasure of entertaining under his own roof and with whom the nearer he was brought into communion the more he loved him." About the year 121 Hadrian dismissed Suetonius from his service, probably on account of too great familiarity with the Empress Sabina, but how long the author survived the disgrace we do not know.

IV. The Works of Suetonius. The writings of Suetonius consist of the *Lives of the Twelve Caesars,* in eight books, *On Illustrious Men,* and a variety of encyclopedic articles which were much used by later writers, who looked for information on such subjects as the games of the Greeks and Romans, the Roman year, dress, imprecations and Roman laws and customs. He was not a great writer but was a diligent compiler of interesting information,

and his surviving works are valuable more for what they contain than for any literary merit, unless we may consider simplicity and directness a merit in an age where there was so much of affectation and bombast.

V. "LIVES OF THE TWELVE CAESARS." *De Vita Caesarum* contains the lives of Julius Caesar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, Vitellius, Vespasian, Titus and Domitian. The beginning of this great work is lost, but from the sixteenth year of the life of Julius Caesar it is continuous to the end. While Suetonius is careful and conscientious, it can hardly be said that he was a real historian—rather was he a collector of good materials. He narrates simply and with what seems scrupulous exactness everything that concerns the life of the person, and the frankness of his utterance adds confirmation to the pictures drawn by Tacitus and Juvenal.

For a long time the *Lives of the Caesars* was a very popular work, and after the invention of printing about 1450 no fewer than sixteen editions were published, which have since been increased by nearly a hundred. Of each of the emperors Suetonius gives us a full account of the descent and parentage, a vivid description of the education, growth and activities of the prince, anecdotes of his later career, an account of the happenings that concerned him most closely, and finally a description of his personal appearance, with a comprehensive and by no means flattering estimate of his character.

VI. Extracts from the "Lives of the Caesars." Almost any selection will give to the reader an idea of the style of Suetonius, and it would take more than we have space for here to give any intimation of the great quantity of historic material within his pages. However, we append a few extracts which may be of interest in themselves and which throw a little light upon the manners, customs and traits of character to be seen in those days.

1. The following curious punishments illustrate absurdities in the character of Tiberius:

A few days after his arrival at Capri, a fisherman coming up to him unexpectedly, when he was desirous of privacy, and presenting him with a large mullet, he ordered the man's face to be scrubbed with the fish; being terrified at the thought of his having been able to creep upon him from the back of the island, over such rugged and steep rocks. The man, while undergoing the punishment, expressing his joy that he had not likewise offered him a large crab which he had also taken, he ordered his face to be farther lacerated with its claws. He put to death one of the Pretorian Guards, for having stolen a peacock out of his orchard. In one of his journeys, his litter being obstructed by some bushes, he ordered the officer whose duty it was to ride on and examine the road, a centurion of the first cohorts, to be laid on his face upon the ground, and scourged almost to death.

2. The personal appearance of Tiberius is thus described:

In person he was large and robust; of a stature somewhat above the common size; broad in the shoulders and chest, and proportionable in the rest of his frame. He used his left hand more readily and with more force than his right; and his joints were so strong, that he could

bore a fresh, sound apple through with his finger, and wound the head of a boy, or even a young man, with a fillip. He was of a fair complexion, and wore his hair so long behind, that it covered his neck, which was observed to be a mark of distinction affected by the family. He had a handsome face, but it was often full of pimples. His eyes, which were large, had a wonderful faculty of seeing in the night-time, and in the dark, for a short time only, and immediately after awaking from sleep; but they soon grew dim again. He walked with his neck stiff and upright; generally with a frowning countenance, being for the most part silent: when he spoke to those about him, it was very slowly, and usually accompanied with a slight gesticulation of his fingers.

3. The insane jealousies of Caligula are merely intimated in the following:

In his behavior towards men of almost all ages, he discovered a degree of jealousy and malignity equal to that of his cruelty and pride. He so demolished and dispersed the statues of several illustrious persons, which had been removed by Augustus, for want of room, from the court of the Capitol into the Campus Martius, that it was impossible to set them up again with their inscriptions entire. And, for the future, he forbade any statue whatever to be erected without his knowledge and leave. He had thoughts too of suppressing Homer's poems: "For why," said he, "may not I do what Plato has done before me, who excluded him from his commonwealth?" He was likewise very near banishing the writings and the busts of Vergil and Livy from all libraries; censuring one of them as "a man of no genius and very little learning;" and the other as "a verbose and careless historian." He often talked of the lawyers as if he intended to abolish their profession. "By Hercules!" he would say, "I shall put it out of their power to answer any questions in law, otherwise than by referring to me!"

4. The Golden House of Nero, to which such

frequent reference is made by later writers, is described thus:

In nothing was he more prodigal than in his buildings. He completed his palace by continuing it from the Palatine to the Esquiline Hill, calling the building at first only "The Passage," but, after it was burnt down and rebuilt, "The Golden House." Of its dimensions and furniture, it may be sufficient to say thus much: the porch was so high that there stood in it a colossal statue of himself a hundred and twenty feet in height; and the space included in it was so ample, that it had triple porticoes a mile in length, and a lake like a sea, surrounded with buildings which had the appearance of a city. Within its area were corn fields, vineyards, pastures, and woods, containing a vast number of animals of various kinds, both wild and tame. In other parts it was entirely over-laid with gold, and adorned with jewels and mother of pearl. The supper rooms were vaulted, and compartments of the ceilings, inlaid with ivory, were made to revolve, and scatter flowers; while they contained pipes which shed unguents upon the guests. The chief banqueting room was circular, and revolved perpetually, night and day, in imitation of the motion of the celestial bodies. The baths were supplied with water from the sea and the Albula. Upon the dedication of this magnificent house after it was finished, all he said in approval of it was, that he had now a dwelling fit for a man. He commenced making a pond for the reception of all the hot streams from Baiae, which he designed to have continued from Misenum to the Avernian lake, in a conduit, enclosed in galleries; and also a canal from Avernum to Ostia, that ships might pass from one to the other, without a sea voyage. The length of the proposed canal was one hundred and sixty miles; and it was intended to be of breadth sufficient to permit ships with five banks of oars to pass each other. For the execution of these designs, he ordered all prisoners, in every part of the Empire, to be brought to Italy; and that even those who

were convicted of the most heinous crimes, in lieu of any other sentence, should be condemned to work at them. He was encouraged to all this wild and enormous profusion, not only by the great revenue of the Empire, but by the sudden hopes given him of an immense hidden treasure, which Queen Dido, upon her flight from Tyre, had brought with her to Africa. This, a Roman knight pretended to assure him, upon good grounds, was still hid there in some deep caverns, and might with a little labor be recovered.

But being disappointed in his expectations of this resource, and reduced to such difficulties, for want of money, that he was obliged to defer paying his troops, and the rewards due to the veterans; he resolved upon supplying his necessities by means of false accusations and plunder. In the first place, he ordered, that if any freedman, without sufficient reason, bore the name of the family to which he belonged; the half, instead of three-fourths, of his estate should be brought into the exchequer at his decease: also that the estates of all such persons as had not in their wills been mindful of their prince, should be confiscated; and that the lawyers who had drawn or dictated such wills, should be liable to a fine. He ordained likewise, that all words and actions, upon which any informer could ground a prosecution, should be deemed treason. He demanded an equivalent for the crowns which the cities of Greece had at any time offered him in the solemn games. Having forbade any one to use the colors of amethyst and Tyrian purple, he privately sent a person to sell a few ounces of them upon the day of the Nundinae, and then shut up all the merchants' shops, on the pretext that his edict had been violated. It is said, that, as he was playing and singing in the theater, observing a married lady dressed in the purple which he had prohibited, he pointed her out to his procurators; upon which she was immediately dragged out of her seat, and not only stripped of her clothes, but her property. He never nominated a person to any office without saying to him, "You know what I want; and let us take care

that nobody has anything he can call his own." At last he rifled many temples of the rich offerings with which they were stored, and melted down all the gold and silver statues, and amongst them those of the Penates, which Galba afterwards restored.

VII. "On Illustrious Men." *De Viris Illustribus* was a long series of biographies of Latin poets, orators, historians, philosophers, grammarians and rhetoricians. The section on orators began with Cicero and that on historians with Sallust, but there has been preserved to us only the greater part of the section on grammarians and rhetoricians and the lives of Terence, Horace, Lucan and Pliny the Elder. Beyond this the extant parts are brief and mutilated.

VIII. Extract from "On Illustrious Men." Typical of his lives of the poets is the following of Horace:

Horatius Flaccus was a native of Venusia, his father having been, by his own account, a freedman and collector of taxes, but, as it is generally believed, a dealer in salted provisions; for some one with whom Horace had a quarrel, jeered him, by saying; "How often have I seen your father wiping his nose with his fist?" In the battle of Philippi, he served as a military tribune, which post he filled at the instance of Marcus Brutus, the general; and having obtained a pardon, on the overthrow of his party, he purchased the office of scribe to a quaestor. Afterwards insinuating himself first, into the good graces of Maecenas, and then of Augustus, he secured no small share in the regard of both. And first, how much Maecenas loved him may be seen by the epigram in which he says:

"If I love you not, Horace, to my very heart's core,

may you see the priest of the college of Titus leaner than his mule."

But it was more strongly exhibited to Augustus, in a short sentence uttered in his last moments: "Be as mindful of Horatius Flaccus as you are of me!" Augustus offered to appoint him his secretary, signifying his wishes to Maecenas in a letter to the following effect: "Hitherto I have been able to write my own epistles to friends; but now I am too much occupied, and in an infirm state of health. I wish, therefore, to deprive you of our Horace: let him leave, therefore, your luxurious table and come to the palace, and he shall assist me in writing my letters." And upon his refusing to accept the office, he neither exhibited the smallest displeasure, nor ceased to heap upon him tokens of his regard. Letters of his are extant, from which I will make some short extracts to establish this: "Use your influence over me with the same freedom as you would do if we were living together as friends. In so doing you will be perfectly right, and guilty of no impropriety; for I could wish that our intercourse should be on that footing, if your health admitted of it." And again: "How I hold you in memory you may learn from our friend Septimius, for I happened to mention you when he was present. And if you are so proud as to scorn my friendship, that is no reason why I should lightly esteem yours, in return." Besides this, among other drolleries, he often called him, "his most immaculate penis," and "his charming little man," and loaded him from time to time with proofs of his munificence. He admired his works so much, and was so convinced of their enduring fame, that he directed him to compose the Secular Poem, as well as that on the victory of his step-sons Tiberius and Drusus over the Vindelici; and for this purpose urged him to add, after a long interval, a fourth book of Odes to the former three. After reading his "Sermones," in which he found no mention of himself, he complained in these terms: "You must know that I am very angry with you, because in most of your works of this description you do not

choose to address yourself to me. Are you afraid that, in times to come, your reputation will suffer, in case it should appear that you lived on terms of intimate friendship with me?'' And he wrung from him the eulogy which begins with,

''While you alone sustain the important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great;
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend;
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime,
That steals one moment of our Caesar's time.''
—*Francis.*

In person, Horace was short and fat, as he is described by himself in his Satires, and by Augustus in the following letter: ''Dionysius has brought me your small volume, which, little as it is, not to blame you for that, I shall judge favorably. You seem to me, however, to be afraid lest your volumes should be bigger than yourself. But if you are short in stature, you are corpulent enough. You may, therefore, if you will, write in a quart, when the size of your volume is as large round as your paunch.''

He lived for the most part in the retirement of his farm, on the confines of the Sabine and Tiburtine territories, and his house is shown in the neighborhood of a little wood not far from Tibur. Some Elegies ascribed to him, and a prose Epistle apparently written to commend himself to Maecenas, have been handed down to us; but I believe that neither of them are genuine works of his; for the Elegies are commonplace, and the Epistle is wanting in perspicuity, a fault which cannot be imputed to his style. He was born on the sixth of the ides of December (27th December), in the consulship of Lucius Cotta and Lucius Torquatus; and died on the fifth of the calends of December (27th November), in the consulship of Caius Marcius Censorinus and Caius Asinius Gallus; having completed his fifty-ninth year. He made a nuncupatory will, declaring Augustus his heir, not being able, from the violence of his disorder, to sign one in due

form. He was interred and lies buried on the skirts of the Esquiline Hill, near the tomb of Maecenas.

IX. Minor Historians. It is not exaggerating to say that with Suetonius classical Latin ceases, though there were a number of writers in later years who used it with more or less success. Among these were the minor historians of the age of the Antonines, of whom the most important was Annius, or Annaeus Florus, who wrote what he called a *History of Rome,* and which, instead of being merely an epitome of Livy, was in reality a panegyric on the Roman people. Written in a poetic style with flowery language and confining itself principally to wars and battles, the work had great popularity as a textbook in the Middle Ages, but has long since ceased to be considered of value in that respect. Concerning the author we know little or nothing.

Beyond what we have discussed, very little historical work of importance was completed during this period, and Suetonius, who is by far the best of the writers, owes his position more to the lack of competitors than to any inherent excellence of his own.

X. Jurists. On the other hand, the study of law was pursued by many eminent men, and under Hadrian collections of the edicts were made and classified and the labors of these devoted men bore fruit years afterward in the remarkable codes of Justinian. The *Edictum Perpetuum*, a codification of the edicts of the praetors and other magistrates, made by Sal-

vius Julianus, became henceforth the basis of Roman law. Most important of the jurists in the reign of Antoninus Pius was Gaius, whose other name seems to have been lost, but who wrote an excellent introduction to the study of the law, which became from that time the text-book of students.

XI. Fronto. Because of his influence upon the men of his own times quite as much as because of his writings, Marcus Cornelius Fronto, who was born at Cirta in Numidia, about A. D. 100, was one of the most important men of the early period of the Antonines. Taught by the best of teachers and possessing original talent and a fine character, Fronto distinguished himself as an orator and teacher even before the death of Hadrian, but it was during the reign of the Antonines that he acquired the most important position of pro-consul of Asia, which, however, he was obliged to resign on account of ill health.

As the best and most influential teacher of his times, he was entrusted with the education of the two young Caesars, Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, both of whom became much attached to their instructor and advanced his cause with such effect that he was highly honored everywhere and acquired great wealth. He was a man of family, but only one of his children, a daughter, lived to be married. Five older children were removed by death. It was probably about A. D. 168 that Fronto himself passed away.

In 1815 parts of his correspondence with his favorite pupils were discovered, and through them we are able to determine something of his methods of teaching and all that is necessary of his style of writing. His letters make it almost impossible for us to realize that he was a man who received the highest praise from those contemporaries who considered him the greatest of writers, for not only does he show a false and corrupt taste in style, but he exhibits a lack of independence and self-reliance and a feebleness in thought that no great writer could possess. The conclusion we must form is that he was a genial, good-natured man of great conceit, who gained the love and confidence of his influential pupils and thus induced them unconsciously to exaggerate his influence.

At this time Latin as a literary tongue was confined to the use of scholars, while the popular vernacular had deviated far from it and was gradually assuming the form which it possessed when it became the basis of the modern romance languages. Fronto and others of his school considered the Latin as inadequate for general use, and in an endeavor to correct it went back to archaisms and old-time forms of speech without seeing that the proper thing to do was to make what they could of the every-day speech.

XII. Aulus Gellius. Similar in style, with the same archaic blemishes, are the writings of Gellius, who was born about A. D. 125 and held

some judicial position in Rome. He is known principally through his *Noctes Atticae* (*Attic Nights*), a pleasant, gossipy work in twenty books, which contain a vast number of interesting details on literature and religious and antiquarian lore. The name he gave his book was derived from the fact that he wrote much of it at Athens during the night, but we must look for its popularity to the fact that it contained a wealth of interesting anecdotes, told in a modest manner, and was filled with quotations from ancient authors. Every one who studies the literature of Rome will find numerous references to Gellius, who by his industry preserved for us many extracts from great writers whose works are otherwise lost.

XIII. Apuleius. The last pagan writer of Latin whom we have to consider in this age is he who is commonly called Lucius Apuleius, though it is difficult to find any authority for his first name. Born about 125 at Madaura, an inland African town, he says of himself that he resembled the elder Cyrus, who was a "Semi-Median and Semi-Persian," as his birthplace was on the border of two kingdoms. The father of Apuleius was a duumvir, the highest political officer in his native place, and at his death gave to his two sons nearly two millions of sesterces. Lucius, if such was his name, succeeded his father in office, but of his career the fullest accounts are given by those writers who see the author himself in the character of Lucius, the hero of the story *The*

Golden Ass, and consider many of the incidents in the novel autobiographical. That there is a resemblance between the two is probable, but good judgment leads us to question the opinion and to find other and more reliable accounts from which to gather our facts.

Apuleius received his early education at Carthage, in a famous school of literature, where he adopted the Platonic system of philosophy, in which he perfected himself by further studies in Athens. He was an ardent student and, dissatisfied with the knowledge he had acquired, traveled extensively through the civilized world, joined many religious fraternities, and became proficient in their mysteries. After his return to Africa he was taken ill at a place which modern writers identify with Tripoli, and here he met a young man who had been a fellow-student at Athens and who now invited him to become the guest of his mother, a wealthy widow named Pudentilla. Pontianus, the friend, appears to have been interested not only in the health of Apuleius, but also in that of his mother, who was a chronic invalid and to whom marriage had been recommended. At any rate, the son begged Apuleius to marry the widow and, though she was neither young nor handsome, she was agreeable and wealthy, so that Apuleius, who by this time was somewhat reduced in circumstances, consented to the marriage.

Soon after the wedding Pontianus died, but not before he had become dissatisfied with his

own plan and had endeavored to break up the relation between his mother and the writer. In this plan he had been joined by his uncle, or rather, the latter had instigated the whole opposition, and now after the death of his nephew he charged Apuleius with having poisoned Pontianus and gained the affections of Pudentilla by witchcraft. The trial of this charge led to the famous *Defense,* which is a clever and amusing speech and seems hardly consistent with the earnestness of a man who was pleading for his life. But from the beginning Apuleius seems to have been perfectly confident of his ability to prove his innocence and used his defense as a means of showing his wit, learning and powers of rhetoric. The main charge was absurd, and for it Apuleius had a ready and sufficient answer: "You are surprised," he said, "that a woman should have married again after thirteen years of widowhood; but the real wonder is, that she should have remained unmarried so long. You pretend that magic alone could have forced a widow of her years to marry a young man; but that is just the sort of case in which magic would be quite superfluous."

After succeeding in the discomfiture of his wife's relation, Apuleius seems to have retired to a quiet life and industrious literary pursuits, during which he wrote voluminously and frequently declaimed in public with great success. Although he nowhere mentions it, he seems to have been opposed to Christianity and

to have favored the doctrines of Plato, upon which he wrote two books.

XIV. The Works of Apuleius. Besides the *Apologia* (*Defense*), which is in reality a discourse on magic, he wrote a book on spirits, especially the god or spirit of Socrates, and edited a collection of his speeches, which he called the *Florida*. The most interesting and the most important from a literary point of view is the *Metamorphoses,* or *Golden Ass,* a long novel with a distinct plot which concerns itself with the transformation of a wealthy young man to an ass and his subsequent change back to human form. The plot, however interesting in itself, is more important in its service as a framework to support a variety of episodes or tales, some fourteen in number, which have no connection whatever with the plot, but are cleverly introduced from time to time into the main narrative. This is identically the plan of the *Arabian Nights*, the *Decameron* and other tales of antiquity, to say nothing of many a modern work.

The extent to which later men are indebted to the *Golden Ass* for subjects may be inferred from the fact that the second story told on the seventh day of the *Decameron* is from this source, that the dreadful combat with wineskins in which Don Quixote was engaged was probably suggested to Cervantes by the adventure of Lucius, and that the occurrences at the camps of the robbers are strikingly similar to some of the incidents of *Gil Blas.*

XV. The Style of Apuleius. Apuleius employs a great variety in style in his different works, but everywhere he produces striking effects by unusual words arranged in a novel order and by using short, rhythmical sentences, very different from the sonorous periods of Cicero and the classical writers. In his oratorical and philosophical works he follows the example of Fronto and reverts to archaic expressions from the earlier writers, but in the *Metamorphoses* he adopts many expressions from the common speech of the people. More gifted than Fronto, he shows a remarkable skill in the use of language and was instrumental in carrying literature over the Dark Ages to the time of the Italian revival.

The language of the *Metamorphoses* endeared it to the people, as did also its superstitions, its loose morals, its friendships, hospitalities, robberies and other everyday occurrences that invariably appeal to humanity at large. So much does it deal with the supernatural, however, that it aided largely in securing for Apuleius that reputation as a mighty sorcerer which came soon after his death and associated him with Vergil in medieval traditions.

XVI. The Story of "The Golden Ass." Lucius of Madaura, a wealthy young man, starts out on a business trip to Thessaly. On the way he meets two men in argument and, when he intervenes, one of them, a commercial traveler, relates the tale which becomes the

first episode of the story. This introduces a sorceress, and Lucius manifests his interest in magic and alchemy.

Proceeding on his way, he arrives at Hypata and puts up at the home of Milo, a miserly old friend. In the morning he walks out through the city and on the way meets a wealthy woman, a friend of his mother, who warns him that the wife of Milo is a vile sorceress who has power to metamorphose men and animals as she pleases, and who uses it to further her own wicked ends. This does little more than arouse the curiosity of Lucius, who, finding the servant at Milo's a charming girl, makes love to her. Later he sups with Byrrhena, his mother's friend, and while drinking and growing drunken, listens to tales of magic until his head reels with them. On his arrival at the house of Milo he sees three robbers about to break into the house; charging manfully at them with his sword, he slays them all. The next morning he is haled into court, with all the populace following him, to answer the charge of murdering three innocent citizens. After defending himself as well as he could, a huge chest is brought in, and he is told to view the bodies of his victims. When they are uncovered, to his amazement he finds them to be three empty, ragged wine-skins and that the whole proceeding is a huge joke which occurs as part of the celebration of the feast of the God of Laughter.

Through his attachment to Fotis, the maid, Lucius finds an opportunity to watch the witch

Pamphile transform herself into a bird, in order that she may visit her lover. When she has flown from the window, Lucius begs and entreats Fotis to get him the box of ointment which Pamphile has used, in order that he may transform himself into a bird, and reluctantly the maid consents, only because she knows the antidote or drug that will cause a restoration at any time. Unfortunately, however, she makes a mistake in the magic box, and when Lucius applies the ointment he finds himself transformed into an ass, though still retaining the consciousness of his manhood. He learns from Fotis that by eating rose leaves he can be changed back to his original self. Going into the garden in search of the rose leaves, he meets a band of robbers, who pillage the house and take him to carry their spoils.

Suffering much mistreatment, he is driven to their den, where he meets another party, hears tales of their lack of success and the death of their leader, and after a time escapes, only to be recaptured. The robbers go out on another expedition, and on their return bring with them a beautiful maiden, who tells her misfortunes and thus gives an opportunity for the old woman who tends the robbers' camp to relate the longest and most beautiful episode in the book, namely, the story of Cupid and Psyche. After this, Lucius and the maiden make an attempt to escape, but are recaptured and condemned to death. A new recruit now enters the robbers' camp, and after entertain-

ing them with a tale or two, convinces them of his power of leadership, and he is chosen chief. At the celebration of his election he plies all the robbers with wine until they are thoroughly drunken, then discloses his identity as the lover of the maiden, and with Lucius, the ass, makes his escape.

For a time the life of Lucius is comparatively easy, but he is unable to obtain any rose leaves. Then, sent out to a farm, the servants mistreat him terribly, and after a long series of adventures, which are enlivened now and then by episodes, Lucius finds himself the companion and servant of some wicked priests of Cybele, who go about the country robbing and gathering in money under the plea of sanctity.

Other incidents follow, affording opportunity for episodes, until at last Lucius falls into the hands of a soldier and is taken to the barracks, only to be sold to two brothers, a cook and a confectioner, who are good enough to make life very easy for the ass and, discovering his intelligence, are wise enough to teach him a great variety of tricks, through which in the end he is able to escape from his persecutors.

Galloping down to the seashore, he lies down in the sand and prays to the great goddess of all the world for metamorphosis back to human form. Isis appears in a dream and promises the transformation, which she secures by enabling him to find his way into the procession in her honor, where her insignia are covered with wreaths of roses. As soon as Lucius nib-

bles at these, he is changed into his own form, to the astonishment of the multitude and the great pleasure of his friends when they learn of the event.

His experiences, however, have changed his ideas of life; he becomes a priest of Isis, goes to Rome, is initiated into all the mysteries, and settles down quietly in the religious order.

XVII. "CUPID AND PSYCHE." The episodes and tales cover a great variety of subjects, some humorous, some tragic, many of them indecent, but all are told with a dramatic force that makes them entertaining reading even today. The longest and most famous among them is the charming story *Cupid and Psyche*, which has been translated, paraphrased and used in various forms by many an author of later times.

The tale is the old Greek myth of Cupid and Psyche, but elaborated and wrought out in the form of a perfect modern short-story. Psyche, the youngest of three daughters, is extremely beautiful, so much so that her reputation extends far and wide until it attracts the attention even of the goddess Venus, who in a jealous rage sends Cupid to induce in her a love for some monster of hideous exterior. Psyche meantime is living a very unpleasant life, because, beautiful as she is, she receives no offers of marriage and is taunted continually by her parents and her two married sisters.

Fearing that he is an object of enmity to the gods, the father of Psyche consults an oracle,

which gives him the following somewhat equivocal response:

> On some high mountain's craggy summit place
> The virgin, deck'd for deadly nuptial rites;
> Nor hope a son-in-law of mortal race,
> But a dire mischief, viperous and fierce;
> Who flies through aether, and with fire and sword
> Tires and debilitates whate'er exists,
> Terrific to the powers that reign on high.
> E'en mighty Jove the wing'd destroyer dreads,
> And streams and Stygian shades abhor the pest.

Following the indication of the oracle, Psyche was exposed upon the summit of a rock, where she waited in fear and trembling and was even more frightened than pleased when Zephyr transported her down the lofty mountain side and laid her softly to sleep on flowery turf at the bottom of a beautiful valley.

The favors bestowed upon her came from Cupid, who himself had fallen in love with the girl and determined to save her from his mother's anger. Many nights the two young people passed together, but every morning Cupid departed, leaving with his wife the injunction that she must tell no one about him and, more important still, that never under any circumstances must she look upon his countenance. If she disobeyed in this respect, dire consequences would surely follow.

The days were long to Psyche, and after a time she wearied her young husband with requests that she might see her sisters and tell them of her joyous life. At last the god con-

sented, but much against his good judgment, which in the end justified itself, for the sisters convinced Psyche that the husband whom she had never seen was a monster and that she ought to slay him in his sleep. Following their advice, Psyche one night lighted a candle and looked upon the glowing face of the god. In her agitation she spilled a drop of burning oil which awakened Cupid, who reproved her sharply and flew away, but not until he had promised himself vengeance on the treacherous sisters. Driven from her beautiful home, Psyche wandered about, finding successively that her two sisters had lost their lives in trying again to meet her, that both her parents were dead, and that Cupid was indeed beyond her reach. In the meantime, Venus had been unable to find the wandering girl, but ultimately succeeded and then imposed upon her a number of bitter tasks, in the performance of which, however, she was aided by birds and animals, so that she always succeeded in time to escape the worst punishments that Venus threatened to assign.

In time, however, the difficulties were removed, Psyche found her way to the palace of Venus, was discovered by Cupid, and after a few more trials of their constancy the two lovers were united under the protecting care of the goddess who had so bitterly opposed their union.

XVIII. Extracts from Different Versions of "Cupid and Psyche." We have not

space for the story as Apuleius told it, nor have we room for any paraphrase, but so numerous have been the versions and so curiously interesting are all that it is desirable to give samples of a few of the most important. By recurring to the brief summary of the tale in the preceding section there will be no difficulty in adjusting these extracts to the proper place in the story.

1. In 1566 William Adlington translated the tale into English, and his quaint language is quite as charming in its way as the story itself. The title he translates as follows:

THE MOST PLEASAUNT AND DELECTABLE TALE OF THE MARRIAGE OF CUPIDE AND PSYCHES

The first few paragraphs of this translation are as follows:

There was sometimes, a certain Kinge, inhabitynge in the West partes, who had to wife a noble Dame, by whome he had three daughters exceedinge fayre: Of whome the two elder weare of such comely shape and beautie, as they did excell and passe all other women living, whereby they weare thought, worthely, to deserve the praise and commendation of every person, and deservedly to be preferred above the residew of the common sorte: Yet the singular passinge beautie and maidenly Magestie of the youngest daughter, did so far surmounte and excell them two, as no eerthly creature coulde by any meanes sufficiently expresse or set out the same, by reason whereof (after the fame of this excellent maiden was spred abrode in every part of the Citie), the Citizens and Strangers there, beinge inwardly pricked by zelous affection to beholde her famous person, came daily by

thousandes, hundreds and scores, to her father's Pallaice. who as astonied with admiration of her incomparable beautie did no lesse worshippe and reverence her, with crosses, signes and tokens, and other divine adorations, accordinge to the custome of the olde used rites and ceremonies, then if she weare Ladie Venus indeede: And shortly after the fame was spredde into the next Cities and borderinge Regions, that the Goddesse whome the deepe seas had borne and brought foorth, and the frothe of the spurginge waves had nourished, to the intent to showe her highe Magnificencie and divine power in earth, to such as earst did honour and woorshippe her: was now conversant amongst mortall men, or else that the earth and not the seas, by a newe concurse and influence of the celestiall Planetes, had budded and yelded foorth a newe Venus, endewed with the flower of virginitie: So dayly more and more encreased this opinion, and now is her fityng fame dispersed into the next Island, and well nigh into every parte and province of the whole worlde. Whereupon innumerable strangers, resorted from farre countreis, adventuringe themselves by longe journies on lande, and by great perilles on water to beholde this glorious Virgin. By occasion whereof suche a Contempte grewe towardes the goddesse Venus, that no person travelled unto the towne Paphos, nor to the ysle Gindos, no nor to Cithera to woorshippe her. Her ornamentes weare throwen out, her Temples defaced, her pillowes and cushions torne, her Ceremonies neglected, her Images and statues uncrowned, and her bare aulters unswept, and foule with the ashes of old burned sacrafice. For why every person honored and worshipped this maiden steede of Venus. And in the morninge at her first comminge abroade, offered unto her oblations, provided banquettes, called her by the name of Venus which was not Venus indeede, and in her honour presented flowers and garlandes in most reverent fashion.

This sodeine chaunge and alteration of celestiall honour did greatly inflame and kindle the minde of very Venus, who (unable to temper her selfe from indigna-

tion, shakinge her head in raginge sorte) reasoned with her selfe in this manner: Beholde the originall parent of all these elementes, beholde the lady Venus renowned thoroughout all the worlde, with whome a mortall Mayden is joyned now partaken of honour, my name registred in the Citie of heaven, is prophaned and made vile by terrene absurdities, if I shal suffer any mortall creature to present my Majestie in earth, or that any shall beare about a false surmised shape of my person: then in vaine did Paris that sheaparde (in whose just judgment and confidence the great Jupiter had affiance) preferre me above the residew of the Goddesses for the Excellencie of my beautie: but she what so ever she be that hath usurped mine honour, shall shortly repent her of her unlawfull estate: And by and by she called her winged sonne Cupide, rashe inough, and hardie, who by his evil manners, contemninge all publique justice and lawe, armed with fire and arrowes, running up and downe in the nightes from house to house, and corruptinge the lawfull marriages of every person, doth nothinge but that whiche is evill, who although that he weare of her owne proper nature sufficient prone of woorke mischiefe, yetwho egged him forwarde with woordes and brought him to the Citie, and shewed him Psyches (for so the Mayden was called) and havyng tolde the cause of her anger, not without great rage, I pray thee (quoth she) my deere childe by motherly bonde of love, by the sweete woundes of thy percinge dartes, by the pleasaunt heate of thy fire, revenge the injurie which is done to thy Mother, by the false and disobedient beautie of a mortall mayden, and I pray thee without delay, that she may fall in love with the most miserablest creature livinge, the most poore, the most crooked, and the most vile, that there may be none founde in all the worlde of like wretchednes. When she had spoken these woordes, she embrased and kissed her soone, and toke her voiage towardes the sea.

2. The scene in which Psyche discovers the godlike character of her husband follows:

But Psyche, now left alone, except so far as a person who is agitated by maddening Furies is not alone, fluctuated in sorrow like a stormy sea; and though her purpose was fixed, and her heart was resolute when she first began to make preparations for the impious work, her mind now wavers, and is distracted with numerous apprehensions at her unhappy fate. She hurries, she procrastinates; now she is bold, now tremulous; now dubious, now agitated by rage; and what is the most singular thing of all, in the same being she hates the beast,—loves the husband. Nevertheless, as the evening drew to a close, she hurriedly prepared the instruments of her ruthless enterprise.

The night came, and with it came her husband, and after their first dalliance was over, he fell into a deep sleep. Then Psyche, to whose weak body and spirit the cruel influence of fate imparted unusual strength, uncovered the lamp, and seized the knife with masculine courage. But the instant she advanced the lamp, and the mysteries of the couch stood revealed, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all wild creatures, even Cupid himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep; at sight of whom, the joyous flame of the lamp shone with redoubled vigor, and the sacrilegious razor repented the keenness of its edge.

But as for Psyche, astounded at such a sight, losing the control of her senses, faint, deadly pale, and trembling all over, she fell on her knees, and made an attempt to hide the blade in her own bosom; and this no doubt she would have done, had not the blade, dreading the commission of such a crime, glided out of her rash hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, she feels herself refreshed at heart by gazing upon the beauty of those divine features. She looks upon the genial locks of his golden head, teeming with ambrosial perfume, the orbed curls that strayed over his milk-white neck and roseate cheeks, and fell gracefully entangled, some before, some behind; causing the very light of the lamp itself to flicker by their radiant splendor. On the shoulders of the

volatile god were dewy wings of brilliant whiteness; and though the pinions were at rest, yet the tender down that fringed the feathers wantoned to and fro in tremulous unceasing play. The rest of his body was smooth and beautiful, and such as Venus could not have repented of giving birth to. At the foot of the bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the auspicious weapons of the mighty god.

While with insatiable wonder and curiosity Psyche is examining and admiring her husband's weapons, she draws one of the arrows out of the quiver, and touches the point with the tip of her thumb to try its sharpness; but happening to press too hard, for her hand still trembled, she punctured the skin, so that some tiny drops of rosy blood oozed forth; and thus did Psyche, without knowing it, fall in love with Love. Then, burning more and more with desire for Cupid, gazing passionately on his face, and fondly kissing him again and again, her only fear was, lest he should wake too soon.

But while she hung over him bewildered with delight so extreme at heart, the lamp, whether from treachery or baneful envy, or because it longed to touch, and to kiss, as it were, such a beautiful object, spirited a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame upon the right shoulder of the god. O rash, audacious lamp! vile minister to love! thus to burn the god of all fire; you whom some lover, doubtless, first invented, that he might prolong even through the night the bliss of beholding the object of his desire! The god, thus scorched, sprang from the bed, and seeing the disgraceful tokens of forfeited fidelity, without a word, was flying away from the eyes and arms of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche, the instant he arose, seized hold of his right leg with both hands, and hung on to him, a wretched appendage to his flight through the regions of the air, till at last her strength failed her, and she fell to the earth.

Her divine lover, however, not deserting her as she lay on the ground, alighted upon a neighboring cypress tree, and thus angrily addressed her from its lofty top:—

"O simple, simple Psyche, for you I have been unmindful of the commands of my mother Venus; for when she bade me cause you to be infatuated with passion from some base and abject man, I chose rather to fly to you myself as a lover. That in this I acted inconsiderately, I know but too well. I, that redoubtable archer, have wounded myself with my own arrow, and have made you my wife, that I, forsooth, might be thought by you to be a serpent, and that you might cut off my head, which bears those very eyes which have so doated upon you. This was the danger that I told you again and again to be on your guard against, this was what I so benevolently forewarned you of. But as for those choice counselors of yours, they shall speedily feel my vengeance for giving you such pernicious advice; but you I will punish only by my flight." And so saying, he soared aloft, and flew away.

Meanwhile Psyche lay prostrate on the ground, gazing on the flight of her husband as long as ever he remained in sight, and afflicting her mind with the most bitter lamentations. But when the reiterated movement of his wings had borne her husband through the immensity of space till she saw him no more, she threw herself headlong from the bank of the adjacent river into its stream. But the gentle river, honoring the god, who is in the habit of imparting his warmth to the waters themselves, and fearing his power, bore her on the surface of a harmless wave to the bank, and laid her safe on its flowery turf.

3. A metrical version of Psyche's early wanderings is given below:

In vapory twilight damp and chill,
  The languid star fades pale away,
The high peak of the distant hill
  Is gilded by the gleams of day.

And who is that distracted fair
  Reclin'd beneath yon spreading yew?

PSYCHE AND CHARON

"BUT HE WHO O'ER THE STREAM PRESIDES
THE FRANTIC GIRL IN PITY BORE,
QUICK DARTING THROUGH HIS BILLOWY TIDES
IN SAFETY TO THE OPPOSING SHORE."

Swoln are her eyes, her dark-brown hair
Is pearly with the morning dew.

Her spring of life now seems to flag,
In wild delirium now she raves—
O, see! from that o'erjutting crag
She plunges in the foaming waves!

But he who o'er the stream presides
The frantic girl in pity bore,
Quick darting through his billowy tides,
In safety to the opposing shore.

There in a bower with wood-moss lin'd,
With violets blue, and cowslips gay,
Old Pan, by Canna's side reclin'd,
Sung many a rustic roundelay.

While wandering from his heedless eyes,
His white goats cropt the neighboring brake,
The god in this unfashioned guise
With no ungentle feelings spake:

"Sweet girl! though rural is the air
That I the king of shepherds wear,
As assay'd silver, tried, and sage,
And prudent are the words of age.
Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me
By my divining power I see,
Both from thy often-reeling pace,
And from thy pale and haggard face,
And from thy deep and frequent sigh,
While grief hangs heavy on thine eye,
That all the ills thou art doom'd to prove,
Are judgments of the God of Love.—
Then list, O list, sweet girl, to me,
Seek not by death thy soul to free,
But cast thy cares, thy griefs away,
To Cupid without ceasing pray,

And soon that soft luxurious boy
Will tune anew thy mind to joy."

The shipman seeks his native vales,
He's come afar from o'er the sea,
He longs to tell his wond'rous tales
Of dangers on the stormy lee.

He'll tell the wonder-stirring tales
To those dear friends he left behind—
Ah me! within his native vales
His sickening soul no friend can find.

Thus Psyche to one sister goes,
That sister's vital spark is fled:
To meet the other next she rose,
But she is number'd with the dead.

And she will seek her father's state,
And there her parents' blessings crave—
Press'd by the heavy hand of fate,
They too rest peaceful in the grave!

From the same source we take the following description of one of the labors of Psyche:

Now four long tedious moons are spent,
She hears no tidings of her lord,
Yet still her wandering steps are bent
In search of him her soul ador'd.

She pray'd at Ceres' corn-wreath'd shrine,
And Juno's altar deck'd with flowers;
But sternly bound by pact divine,
No succor lend the pitying Powers.

Till wearied with unnumber'd woes,
And render'd valiant by despair,
She to the Murtian temple goes—
Perchance her true love tarries there.

O, turn thee from the perilous way!
Ah! wherefore work thine own annoy?
Yon priestess, Custom, marks her prey,
And eyes thee with malignant joy.

Instant she on her victim springs,
She mocks the unavailing prayer,
Furious her withered hand enrings,
And drags her by her flowing hair.

Then laughing Venus bids with speed
Her handmaids on the pavement throw
Of all the flowering plants the seed
That in the Hesperian gardens blow.

And she must each assort before
The dewfall shall the damp grass steep,
While sentry at the chamber door
Solicitude and Sorrow keep.

A little ant the mandate heard,
The oppressive mandate with disdain;
For e'en the weakest 'tis averr'd
Will on the oppressor turn again.

And insect myriads never ceas'd
Their labors till the setting sun,
When Venus, rising from the feast,
With wonder saw the hard task done.

4. Mrs. Tighe, an English author, has written a poem in six cantos called *Psyche,* from which we take the final scene:

Scarce on the altar had she placed the urn,
When lo! in whispers to the ravished ear
Speaks the soft voice of Love! "Turn, Psyche, turn!
And see at last, released from every fear,
Thy spouse, thy faithful knight, thy lover here!"

From his celestial brow the helmet fell,
In joy's full glow, unveiled his charms appear,
Beaming delight and love unspeakable,
While in one rapturous glance their mingling souls they tell.

Two tapers thus, with pure converging rays,
In momentary flash their beams unite,
Shedding but one inseparable blaze
Of blended radiance and effulgence bright,
Self-lost in mutual intermingling light;
Thus, in her lover's circling arms embraced,
The fainting Psyche's soul, by sudden flight,
With his its subtlest essence interlaced;
Oh! bliss too vast for thought! by words how poorly traced!

Fond youth! whom Fate hath summoned to depart,
And quit the object of thy tenderest love,
How oft in absence shall thy pensive heart
Count the sad hours which must in exile move,
And still their irksome weariness reprove;
Distance with cruel weight but loads thy chain
With every step which bids thee farther rove,
While thy reverted eye, with fruitless pain,
Shall seek the trodden path its treasure to regain.

For thee what rapturous moments are prepared!
For thee shall dawn the long-expected day!
And he who ne'er thy tender woes hath shared,
Hath never known the transport they shall pay,
To wash the memory of those woes away:
The bitter tears of absence thou must shed,
To know the bliss which tears of joy convey,
When the long hours of sad regret are fled,
And in one dear embrace thy pains compensated!

Even from afar beheld, how eagerly
With rapture thou shalt hail the loved abode!

Perhaps already, with impatient eye,
From the dear casement she hath marked thy road,
And many a sigh for thy return bestowed!
Even there she meets thy fond enamored glance:
Thy soul with grateful tenderness o'erflowed,
Which firmly bore the hand of hard mischance,
Faints in the stronger power of joy's o'erwhelming trance.

With Psyche thou alone canst sympathize,
Thy heart benevolently shares her joy!
See her unclose her rapture-beaming eyes,
And catch that softly pleasurable sigh,
That tells unutterable ecstasy!
While hark melodious numbers through the air,
On clouds of fragrance wafted from the sky,
Their ravished souls to pious awe prepare,
And lo! the herald doves the Queen of Love declare.

With fond embrace she clasped her long-lost son,
And gracefully received his lovely bride,
"Psyche! thou hardly hast my favor won!"
With roseate smile her heavenly parent cried,
"Yet hence thy charms immortal, deified,
With the young Joys, thy future offspring fair,
Shall bloom forever at thy lover's side;
All-ruling Jove's high mandate I declare,
Blest denizen of Heaven! arise, its joys to share."

She ceased, and lo! a thousand voices, joined
In sweetest chorus, Love's high triumph sing;
There, with the Graces and the Hours entwined,
His fairy train their rosy garlands bring,
Or round their mistress sport on halycon wing;
While she enraptured lives in his dear eye,
And drinks immortal love from that pure spring
Of never-failing full felicity,
Bathed in ambrosial showers of bliss eternally!

XIX. The "Night-watch of Venus." The poetasters of this age frittered away their genius in verbal juggling and elaborately constructed curiosities without attempting any serious work. Most of the verses that remain from the second and even the third century after Christ are of this character or are feeble echoes of Vergil. Some time during the second or third century the *Pervigilium Veneris* (*Night-watch of Venus*) was written, and it is probably the most striking early example of the romantic sentiment which became so characteristic of medieval and modern times. Written for the spring festival of Venus Genetrix, whose worship was revived by Hadrian, it expresses in a quiet way a despondency that seems highly appropriate to this last wail of the old literature. Indeed, the poem itself is almost as much medieval as it is classical. The meter is trochaic septenarii tetrameter, which may be seen in Tennyson's poem *Locksley Hall,* a verse which was quite freely used by the early Latin poets.

Forming a refrain at irregular intervals in the poem occurs a sentence which may be translated as follows:

> To-morrow he shall love who ne'er has loved, and he who has loved to-morrow shall love.

Near the beginning appear these lines on spring:

> It is new spring; spring already harmonious; in spring Jove was born.

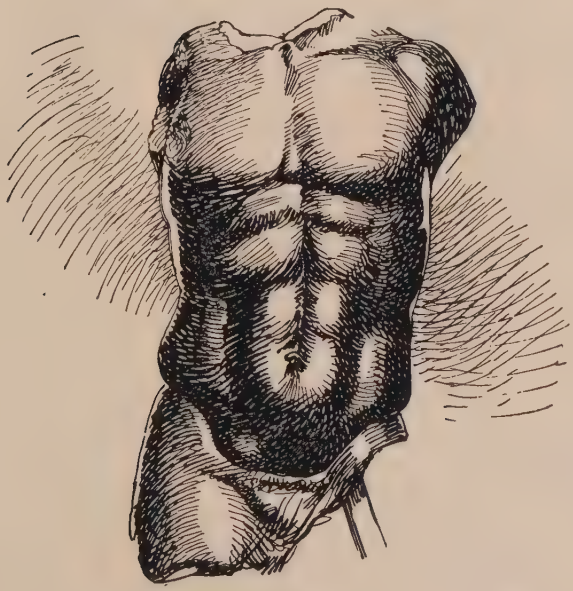
In the spring loves join together; in the spring the birds wed.

And at the close the following:

She (the swallow) is singing, we are silent. When will my spring come?

When shall I become like the swallow and cease to be silent?

I have lost the Muse by keeping silent, and Apollo cares not for me.



TORSO, FROM ANCIENT ROME

CHAPTER XXVI

MARCUS AURELIUS AND THE EARLY CHRISTIAN WRITERS

MARCUS AURELIUS. The Emperor Marcus Aurelius was so pleasing a personality and the influence of his writing has been so continuous and of such high character that it is desirable to give him and his works some importance in our studies, although he composed in Greek, and the translations which we have are from that language.

He was born on the twenty-sixth of April, A. D. 121, of a noble family who traced its descent from Numa, the second king of Rome. Thus the most pious of kings produced among his descendants the most religious of emperors. His father, Annius Verus, was an important official in Rome, and the latter's father of the same name was thrice consul. Although both parents of Marcus Annius Verus, for such was the real name of the Emperor, died young, yet he always looked upon them with veneration and attributed much of his character to their kindly offices. Upon the death of his father, his grandfather adopted him, and the boy thrived under the deep affection which continued to be his. Emperor Hadrian, noticing the fine character of the boy, raised him to the equestrian rank when he was but six years of age, and made him a member of the Salian priesthood when he was but eight. The wife of Emperor Antoninus Pius was an aunt of Marcus, and through this connection the good Emperor, having no son of his own, adopted Marcus, changed his name to that by which we know him, and betrothed him to Faustina, the daughter of Antoninus.

Under the ablest teachers obtainable, he was raised in conformity with the strictest Stoic doctrines, was taught to dress plainly, to live simply and to avoid all softness and luxury. In hunting, wrestling and various outdoor games the naturally-weak boy was strengthened and a courageous soul implanted in his body. None

of the extravagances of the day were permitted to affect him, and by the time he was twenty-six he became a tribune, and other imperial honors were conferred upon him.

In A. D. 161, Antoninus Pius died, and Marcus Aurelius, becoming Emperor, immediately associated with himself Ceionius Commodus, commonly known as Lucius Verus, who had been adopted by Antoninus at the same time with Marcus, an act which proved to be extremely unfortunate in the end.

Although the new Emperor desired nothing so much as a quiet and peaceful reign in which he could carry out the noble ideas which were his from youth, his lot was cast in a stormy time and he was compelled almost immediately to take up arms and continue in wars which broke out on all sides. Moreover, pestilence and famine seized upon Rome herself, and Marcus felt obliged to sacrifice the imperial jewels to find money to allay the sufferings of his people. Added to these troubles, Avidius Cassius raised a rebellion, which, though speedily quelled, added to the torments of the Emperor, who could conceive of nothing worse than civil war. When the followers of Cassius fell away from him, he was assassinated, and his head was carried to the Emperor, who indignantly refused the gift and declined to see the men who had brought it.

About this time his wife died, but her loss was only one of many domestic troubles. Several children had been born to them, and Mar-

cus was passionately fond of them all, but one by one death took them until there remained only his son, the weak Commodus, who succeeded him as Emperor and undid much of the work his father had accomplished. Faustina herself did not escape the slanderous tongues of the court, but, as she always held a warm place in the affections of the Emperor, we can be by no means certain that there was any truth in the charges made against her.

II. MARCUS AURELIUS AND FRONTO. The correspondence between Fronto and Marcus Aurelius, to which we alluded in an earlier paragraph, is extremely interesting, as it shows both men at their best. At the time when the correspondence began Marcus Aurelius was about eighteen years of age, and Fronto must have been some thirty years older.

1. That there was a warm personal affection between them is demonstrated by almost every letter. A few selections written at different periods will verify the statement:

> This is how I have passed the last few days. My sister was suddenly seized with an internal pain, so violent that I was horrified at her looks; my mother in her trepidation on that account accidentally bruised her side on a corner of the wall; she and we were greatly troubled about that blow. For myself, on going to rest I found a scorpion in my bed; but I did not lie down upon him, I killed him first. If you are getting on better, that is a consolation. My mother is easier now, thanks be to God. Good-bye, best and sweetest master. My lady sends you greeting.

Fronto was troubled with the gout, and the

sympathy of Marcus for him is shown in the following extract:

What words can I find to fit my bad luck, or how shall I upbraid as it deserves the hard constraint which is laid upon me? It ties me fast here, troubled my heart is, and beset by such anxiety; nor does it allow me to make haste to my Fronto, my life and delight, to be near him at such a moment of ill-health in particular, to hold his hands, to chafe gently that identical foot, so far as may be done without discomfort, to attend him in the bath, to support his steps with my arm.

One more extract will suffice:

O my dear Fronto, most distinguished Consul! I yield, you have conquered: all who have ever loved before, you have conquered out and out in love's contest. Receive the victor's wreath; and the herald shall proclaim your victory aloud before your own tribunal: "M. Cornelius Fronto, Consul, wins, and is crowned victor in the Open International Love-race." But beaten though I may be, I shall neither slacken nor relax my own zeal. Well, you shall love me more than any man loves any other man; but I, who possess a faculty of loving less strong, shall love you more than any one else loves you; more indeed than you love yourself. Gratia and I will have to fight for it; I doubt I shall not get the better of her. For, as Plautus says, her love is like rain, whose big drops not only penetrate the dress, but drench to the very marrow.

2. Fronto frequently sent Marcus a theme to work up, such as the following:

M. Lucilius, tribune of the people, violently throws into prison a free Roman citizen, against the opinion of his colleagues who demand his release. For this act he is branded by the censor. Analyze the case, and then take both sides in turn, attacking and defending.

The habit of study, thus begun, followed him through life, and we find him studying the Greek writers, asking for copies of Cicero's letters, in order that he might improve his vocabulary, begging Fronto for a supply of similes, and doing various other things that lead us to feel that in spite of his apparent industry he might not have succeeded as a writer if his friends had failed him.

3. The following letter gives a vivid picture of the daily life of a Roman gentleman at that epoch:

My dearest Master: I am well. To-day I studied from the ninth hour of the night to the second hour of day, after taking food. I then put on my slippers, and from the second to the third hour had a most enjoyable walk up and down before my chamber. Then booted and cloaked—for so we were commanded to appear—I went to wait upon my lord the Emperor. We went a-hunting, did doughty deeds, heard a rumor that boars had been caught, but there was nothing to see. However, we climbed a pretty steep hill, and in the afternoon returned home. I went straight to my books. Off with the boots, down with the cloak; I spent a couple of hours in bed. I read Cato's speech on the Property of Pulchra, and another in which he impeaches a tribune. Ho, ho! I hear you cry to your man, Off with you as fast as you can, and bring me these speeches from the library of Apollo. No use to send: I have those books with me too. You must get round the Tiberian librarian; you will have to spend something on the matter; and when I return to town, I shall expect to go shares with him. Well, after reading these speeches I wrote a wretched trifle, destined for drowning or burning. No, indeed my attempt at writing did not come off at all to-day; the composition of a hunter or a vintager, whose shouts are echoing

through my chamber, hateful and wearisome as the law-courts. What have I said? Yes, it was rightly said, for my master is an orator. I think I have caught cold, whether from walking in slippers or from writing badly, I do not know. I am always annoyed with phlegm, but to-day I seem to snivel more than usual. Well, I will pour oil on my head and go off to sleep. I don't mean to put one drop in my lamp to-day, so weary am I from riding and sneezing. Farewell, dearest and most beloved master, whom I miss, I may say, more than Rome itself.

4. That Marcus was not always the meditative scholar and that there was some spice of mischief in his composition, we may infer from the following:

When my father returned home from the vineyards, I mounted my horse as usual, and rode on ahead some little way. Well, there on the road was a herd of sheep, standing all crowded together as though the place were a desert, with four dogs and two shepherds, but nothing else. Then one shepherd said to another shepherd, on seeing a number of horsemen: I say, says he, look you at those horsemen; they do a deal of robbery. When I heard this, I clap spurs to my horse, and ride straight for the sheep. In consternation the sheep scatter; hither and thither they are fleeting and bleating. A shepherd throws his fork, and the fork falls on the horseman who came next to me. We make our escape.

5. Much later Marcus Aurelius the Emperor writes to the old friend, who had probably shown some diffidence in seeking an interview:

TO MY MASTER

I have a serious grievance against you, my dear master, yet indeed my grief is more than my grievance, because after so long a time I neither embraced you nor

spoke to you, though you visited the palace, and the moment after I had left the prince my brother. I reproached my brother severely for not recalling me; nor durst he deny the fault.

6. Marcus Aurelius was devoted to his delicate little children, of whom Fronto writes on one occasion:

I have seen your daughter. It was like seeing you and Faustina in infancy, so much that is charming her face has taken from each of yours.

And again at a later date:

I have seen your chicks, most delightful sight that ever I saw in my life, so like you that nothing is more like than the likeness. . . . By the mercy of Heaven they have a healthy color and strong lungs. One held a piece of white bread, like a little prince, the other a common piece, like a true philosopher's son.

Interesting as it would be, we cannot pursue our study of the letters any further, but we must make one more quotation, namely, the words which were written after the death of these little folks:

Many such sorrows has fortune visited me with all my life long. To pass by my other afflictions, I have lost five children under the most pitiful conditions possible: for the five I lost one by one when each was my only child, suffering these blows of bereavement in such a manner that each child was born to one already bereaved. Thus I ever lost my children without solace, and got them amidst fresh grief.

III. THE "MEDITATIONS" OF MARCUS AURELIUS. The *Meditations* make a volume of considerable size and are collected by the author

in twelve books, forming altogether one of the most intimate personal documents in existence. Begun in camp before the Quadi, when grave dangers were threatening Rome from all sides, the work shows how the good Emperor could retire into the privacy of his own mind even amidst the noise and excitement of war. In fact, no clear notion of Marcus Aurelius can be obtained unless we think of one who to all external appearances was constantly thwarted. By nature the most peaceful of monarchs, he was always engaged in warfare; seeking quiet happiness in home life, he was forced to rule in stately magnificence; wishing only for obscurity, he was born to greatness; ardently loving his wife, he found her subjected to violent charges of unfaithfulness; and devoted wholly to his children, he was doomed to disappointment in every one. Finally, he was denied even a peaceful death, for his life passed away in camp, facing the enemy.

Remembering all this, the profound philosophy of the *Meditations,* their cheerfulness and general helpfulness seem little less than wonderful. His book, written to ease his troubled heart, records his inmost feelings and such pious reflections and moral maxims as may help him to bear his heavy burdens of duty and the petty annoyances of his thwarted life.

What his beliefs really were, we have already seen in our discussions of the Stoic philosophy, and it is unnecessary to recapitulate here, but the close application and practical

realism of Marcus himself is so different from the idealism of the Greeks that the *Meditations* would deserve a thorough reading if they bore no relation to the Stoic doctrines.

IV. EXTRACTS FROM THE "MEDITATIONS." In the extracts which follow we make no attempt to give a complete summary of the doctrines of the great philosopher, nor should the reader look for connection between the different extracts; in fact, the sections of the different books in the work itself are often totally disconnected and may be read separately as well as in context. Yet, there is a certain unity passing through.

The first book contains an account of himself, a summing up of his chief traits of character, and a tracing of each to the source from which it was derived. Thus he begins:

> Of my grandfather Verus I have learned to be gentle and meek, and to refrain from all anger and passion. From the fame and memory of him that begot me I have learned both shamefastness and manlike behavior. Of my mother I have learned to be religious, and bountiful; and to forbear, not only to do, but to intend any evil; to content myself with a spare diet, and to fly all such excess as is incidental to great wealth. Of my great-grandfather, both to frequent public schools and auditories, and to get me good and able teachers at home; and that I ought not to think much, if upon such occasions, I were at excessive charges.

After recapitulating the indebtedness to each of his tutors and the friends who had influenced him, he tells us what he observed in his father and what he gained from him, and,

lastly, what the gods had given him, a portion of which we quote:

From the gods I received that I had good grandfathers, and parents, a good sister, good masters, good domestics, loving kinsmen, almost all that I have; and that I never through haste and rashness transgressed against any of them, notwithstanding that my disposition was such, as that such a thing (if occasion had been) might very well have been committed by me, but that it was the mercy of the gods, to prevent such a concurring of matters and occasions, as might make me to incur this blame.... That I took not upon me to be a man before my time, but rather put it off longer than I needed. That I lived under the government of my lord and father, who would take away from me all pride and vainglory, and reduce me to that conceit and opinion that it was not impossible for a prince to live in the court without a troop of guards and followers, extraordinary apparel, such and such torches and statues, and other like particulars of state and magnificence; but that a man may reduce and contract himself almost to the state of a private man, and yet for all that not to become the more base and remiss in those public matters and affairs, wherein power and authority is requisite. That I have had such a brother, who by his own example might stir me up to think of myself; and by his respect and love, delight and please me. That I have got ingenuous children, and that they were not born distorted, nor with any other natural deformity. That I was no great proficient in the study of rhetoric and poetry, and of other faculties, which perchance I might have dwelt upon, if I had found myself to go on in them with success. That I did by times prefer those, by whom I was brought up, to such places and dignities, which they seemed unto me most to desire; and that I did not put them off with hope and expectation, that (since that they were yet but young) I would do the same hereafter.

Without further introduction, we append

the following extracts, selected here and there throughout the books:

Whensoever thou wilt rejoice thyself, think and meditate upon those good parts and especial gifts, which thou hast observed in any of them that live with thee: as industry in one, in another modesty, in another bountifulness, in another some other thing. For nothing can so much rejoice thee, as the resemblances and parallels of several virtues, eminent in the dispositions of them that live with thee, especially when all at once, as it were, they represent themselves unto thee. See therefore, that thou have them always in a readiness.

. . . . . .

The time of a man's life is as a point; the substance of it ever flowing, the sense obscure; and the whole composition of the body tending to corruption. His soul is restless, fortune uncertain, and fame doubtful; to be brief, as a stream so are all things belonging to the body; as a dream, or as a smoke, so are all that belong unto the soul. Our life is a warfare, and a mere pilgrimage. Fame after life is no better than oblivion. What is it then that will adhere and follow? Only one thing, philosophy. And philosophy doth consist in this, for a man to preserve that spirit which is within him, from all manner of contumelies and injuries, and above all pains or pleasures; never to do anything either rashly, or feignedly, or hypocritically: wholly to depend from himself, and his own proper actions: all things that happen unto him to embrace contentedly, as coming from Him from whom he himself also came; and above all things, with all meekness and a calm cheerfulness, to expect death, as being nothing else but the resolution of those elements, of which every creature is composed. And if the elements themselves suffer nothing by this their perpetual conversion of one into another, that dissolution, and alteration, which is so common unto all, why should it be feared by any? Is not this according to nature? But nothing that is according to nature can be evil.

. . . . . .

Never esteem of anything as profitable, which shall ever constrain thee either to break thy faith, or to lose thy modesty; to hate any man, to suspect, to curse, to dissemble, to lust after anything, that requireth the secret of walls or veils. But he that preferreth before all things his rational part and spirit, and the sacred mysteries of virtue which issueth from it, he shall never lament and exclaim, never sigh; he shall never want either solitude or company: and which is chiefest of all, he shall live without either desire or fear. And as for life, whether for a long or short time he shall enjoy his soul thus compassed about with a body, he is altogether indifferent. For if even now he were to depart, he is as ready for it, as for any other action, which may be performed with modesty and decency. For all his life long, this is his only care, that his mind may always be occupied in such intentions and objects, as are proper to a rational sociable creature.

. . . . . .

He is a true fugitive, that flies from reason, by which men are sociable. He blind, who cannot see with the eyes of his understanding. He poor, that stands in need of another, and hath not in himself all things needful for this life. He an aposteme of the world, who by being discontented with those things that happen unto him in the world, doth as it were apostatise, and separate himself from common nature's rational administration. For the same nature it is that brings this unto thee, whatsoever it be, that first brought thee into the world. He raises sedition in the city, who by irrational actions withdraws his own soul from that one and common soul of all rational creatures.

. . . . . .

The true joy of a man, is to do that which properly belongs unto a man. That which is most proper unto a man is, first, to be kindly affected towards them that are of the same kind and nature as he is himself; to contemn all sensual motions and appetites; to discern rightly all plausible fancies and imaginations, to contemplate

the nature of the universe; both it, and all things that are done in it. In which kind of contemplation three several relations are to be observed. The first, to the apparent secondary cause. The second, to the first original cause, God, from whom originally proceeds whatsoever doth happen in the world. The third and last, to them that we live and converse with: what use may be made of it, to their use and benefit.

. . . . . .

"They kill me, they cut my flesh: they persecute my person with curses." What then? May not thy mind for all this continue pure, prudent, temperate, just? As a fountain of sweet and clear water, though she be cursed by some stander-by, yet do her springs nevertheless still run as sweet and clear as before; yea though either dirt or dung be thrown in, yet is it no sooner thrown, than dispersed, and she cleared. She cannot be dyed or infected by it. What then must I do, that I may have within myself an overflowing fountain, and not a well? Beget thyself by continual pains and endeavors to true liberty with charity, and true simplicity and modesty.

. . . . . .

Either the gods can do nothing for us at all, or they can still and allay all the distractions and distempers of thy mind. If they can do nothing, why doest thou pray? If they can, why wouldst not thou rather pray, that they will grant unto thee, that thou mayst neither fear, nor lust after any of those worldly things which cause these distractions and distempers of it? Why not rather, that thou mayst not at either their absence or presence, be grieved and discontented: than either that thou mayst obtain them, or that thou mayst avoid them? For certainly it must needs be, that if the gods can help us in anything, they may in this kind also. But thou wilt say perchance, "In those things the gods have given me my liberty: and it is in mine own power to do what I will." But if thou mayst use this liberty, rather to set thy mind at true liberty, than willfully with baseness and servility of mind to affect those things, which

either to compass or to avoid is not in thy power, wert not thou better? And as for the gods, who hath told thee, that they may not help us up even in those things that they have put in our own power? Whether it be so or no, thou shalt soon perceive, if thou wilt but try thyself and pray. One prayeth that he may compass his desire, to lie with such or such a one, pray thou that thou mayst not lust to lie with her. Another how he may be rid of such a one; pray thou that thou mayst so patiently bear with him, as that thou have no such need to be rid of him. Another, that he may not lose his child. Pray thou that thou mayst not fear to lose him. To this end and purpose, let all thy prayer be, and see what will be the event.

. . . . . .

How rotten and insincere is he, that saith, I am resolved to carry myself hereafter towards you with all ingenuity and simplicity. O man, what doest thou mean! what needs this profession of thine? The thing itself will show it. It ought to be written upon thy forehead. No sooner thy voice is heard, than thy countenance must be able to show what is in thy mind: even as he that is loved knows presently by the looks of his sweetheart what is in her mind. But the affectation of simplicity is nowise laudable. There is nothing more shameful than perfidious friendship. Above all things, that must be avoided. However true goodness, simplicity, and kindness cannot so be hidden, but that as we have already said in the very eyes and countenance they will show themselves.

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What a small portion of vast and infinite eternity it is, that is allowed unto every one of us, and how soon it vanisheth into the general age of the world: of the common substance, and of the common soul also what a small portion is allotted unto us: and in what a little clod of the whole earth (as it were) it is that thou doest crawl. After thou shalt rightly have considered these things with thyself, fancy not anything else in the world any more to be of any weight and moment but this, to do

MARCUS AURELIUS
121–180 A. D.

that only which thine own nature doth require; and to conform thyself to that which the common nature doth afford.

V. Marcus Aurelius and the Christians. One of the greatest emperors that Rome ever saw, liberal, charitable and wise in most things, Marcus tried to protect the weak, to improve the lot of the slaves, to stand as father to the fatherless. With all these and a host of other Christian virtues, it seems difficult in this age to understand or to explain his treatment of the Christians. The martyrdom of Justin in Rome and of Polycarp at Smyrna both occurred in his reign, and we are informed of many deaths that were caused in the provinces by the pagan fanatics. To say that the Emperor did not know of the atrocities which were practiced in his name is a flimsy excuse and one behind which he would never have taken refuge. The only explanation we can offer is that he did not really know them or their doctrines, and what information was given him was false and calumnious. Even then we are compelled to say that Trajan in this respect was better than Marcus Aurelius, for the former at least tried to give the Christians a fair hearing.

His doctrine differed from that of the Christians in many respects. He could say, it is true, "Either there is a God and then all is well; or if all things go by chance and fortune, yet mayst thou use thine own providence in those things which concern thee properly, and then thou art well." He might even go so far

as to say, "We must needs grant that there is a nature that doth govern the universe," but so small an atom in the universe does he feel himself that he hopes for no other happiness than that which his serene soul may win in this mortal life: "O my soul, the time I trust will be, when thou shalt be good, simple, more open and visible, than that body by which it is enclosed."

In this connection it would be interesting to compare the *Meditations* with another famous book of later date, *The Imitation of Christ,* the one the work of a pagan Emperor, the other of a humble Christian. The Roman scrutinizes his faults with severity, but without that self-contempt which makes the Christian "vile in his own sight." Both consider the praise or blame of man as worthless: the Christian appeals to God's censure; the Roman to that of his own soul. Each looks upon the petty annoyances of injustice or unkindness with a forgiving spirit: the Christian sorrows more for man's malice than for his own wrongs; but the Roman treats the offender with contempt. And so we might continue indefinitely.

But there is one great difference between the books which we must notice. The *Meditations* are addressed by the writer to himself and reflect mood by mood the mind of the man who wrote them; the *Imitation* is addressed to others, and from it we learn nothing of the author's own life, except that we may infer that he practiced what he preached. In the *Medita-*

tions there are no sermons, scarcely any real confessions, but a charming intimacy and personal frankness that nullifies the self-consciousness of the writer and precludes the charge of egoism. Both the Christian and the pagan consider man's great task to be "to overcome himself and every day to be stronger than himself."

VI. Early Christian Writers. We have seen the Christians mentioned by Tacitus, Pliny and Suetonius, have noticed their persecutions by Nero, Marcus Aurelius and other Roman emperors, and it now becomes appropriate to consider those early writers who expressed themselves in Latin. It is not our function to discuss Christianity or any tenets of the Church, but merely to view its writers from a literary standpoint. In our discussion of Hebrew literature we considered the Bible and the early Hebrew authors; in our study of Greek literature we referred to the vast number of works produced in Greek, especially in the Eastern Empire, which, however influential in the Church and indirectly upon modern thought, yet had little direct influence upon secular literature. It will not be possible to do much more than mention some of the leading Christian writers of this era and indicate as briefly as possible the position they held in the great movement. Such a course, however, is interesting, for the greatest single influence upon modern secular literature in all Occidental countries has been Christianity.

Although Christians were numerous at the time we are considering, the religion had made little progress among the wealthy or eminent citizens of Rome, but was confined principally to the poor and the illiterate. Accordingly, if their writings up to the middle of the second century are negligible, it is probably for the reason that their doctrines were so much misunderstood, so violently opposed, and proved so ineffective among the cultured classes. However, by the date last mentioned, greater progress had been made, the belief had spread among the people and had been so long in existence that scholarly men were beginning to take notice of it and accomplished writers to set forth the doctrine in excellent literary form.

VII. Minucius Felix. The first important Christian writer in Latin was Marcus Minucius Felix, a Roman lawyer who, though a pagan in early life, was converted to Christianity and produced probably not far from A. D. 160 a work which still deserves consideration, not only as the earliest specimen of Christian writing in Latin, but because of an attractiveness and excellence which makes it still deserving of attention.

Octavius is a dialogue in which critics suppose Minucius rehearses through Caecilius the speech against Christianity which Fronto had made, and answers its arguments one by one through Octavius, a friend of the first speaker. No argument is based upon the Bible; there is no appeal to the emotions, that is, to faith or to

love, but only to reason, and the arguments are drawn from the experiences of human life and the writings of Cicero and Seneca. This peculiarity is the chief argument in favor of the opinion just cited that the work was intended to meet specific arguments and not a general explanation of the doctrines of Christianity and a complete argument in favor of them.

Caecilius, Octavius and Minucius were walking by the seashore in Ostia when Caecilius saluted a statue of Serapis which they happened to pass. Octavius rebuked Minucius for allowing his friend Caecilius to remain in ignorance of the true religion, but the latter took exception to the rebuke, and the two friends sat down to argue the question before Minucius, who was to be judge. Caecilius claimed that people of such little education as the Christians possessed are not competent to settle the great questions which have puzzled the wisest philosophers, and that the Roman religion should be retained because of the power that its gods have always shown. In the attack upon the practices and beliefs of the Christians which follows, Caecilius shows how ignorant the cultured pagans really were of Christianity, and in a vigorous and even vehement speech he attacks the Christian belief in immortality and recommends skepticism to his hearers. In reply, Octavius takes up the various points raised by Caecilius and answers them in order, laying his greatest stress upon the unity of God and the absurdities into which

heathen pantheism leads its follower. Following the line which we have previously indicated, Octavius completes his argument in a convincing manner, and Caecilius declares that he accepts the new belief, whereupon the friends separate.

VIII. TERTULLIAN. The dates of the birth and the death of Quintus Septimius Florens Tertullianus are both matters of conjecture, but he must have been born about A. D. 160 and have died early in the third century. He was born at Carthage, the son of a Roman centurion, and through his early years followed the pagan philosophy and spent his life in the same licentiousness and abandon which characterized the young men of his class. Just how or when he was converted to Christianity we do not know, but as his wife was also a Christian, critics think that it must have been before the time of his marriage. He became a presbyter in the Church, but whether he held this office in Rome or in Carthage is a matter of dispute.

After middle age he adopted the doctrines of Montanus, who conceived that he had a mission to bring the Church back to the strictness of its early days, that he was the Intercessor promised by Jesus to his Disciples, that revelations to men still continued, and that himself and his companions, Prisca and Maximilla, were the mouthpieces of God. He proclaimed the end of the world, and a large community gathered around him at Pepuza in Syria, where they expected the reappearance of

Christ. The doctrines of Montanism were strictly ascetic and spread rapidly, especially in the East. Its most famous convert, however, was Tertullian and after the fourth century we hear no more of the heresy.

Tertullian loved and hated with great intensity; in his writings he shows no sympathy with Greek speculation or with freedom of thought and, in fact, strongly advocates the life of asceticism which he was prone to follow. Neander says of him, in connection with his numerous writings: "In Tertullian we find the first germ of that spirit which afterwards appeared with more refinement and purity in Augustine, as from Augustine the scholastic theology proceeded, and in him also the Reformation found its point of connection."

Throughout the Middle Ages the writings of Tertullian had considerable influence, and both Jerome and Cyprian acknowledge their indebtedness to him. Harsh, inelegant and sometimes obscure, his style is always vigorous and animated, and sometimes his eloquence is intense and overpowering. As the first leader of the Western Church, his position has been one of great importance, and his admirers have called him the Cicero of the Church, although in quality his rugged utterance bears little resemblance to the polished periods of the great orator. For nearly two centuries the style of Tertullian, his brief sentences, unnatural expressions, marked antitheses and passionate earnestness formed the ideal of the

Christian writers, and it was only in the time of St. Augustine that the Latin of the Church returned more nearly to the classic style.

IX. St. Cyprian. Thascius Caecilius Cyprianus was born about A. D. 200, probably in Africa, and lived till he was about forty-five as a pagan, but was then converted to Christianity and became one of the most illustrious of the early writers. Like St. Francis, he was so moved by the fervor of his new religion that he gave all his goods to the poor, and his popularity grew to so great an extent that in 248 he was elected Bishop of Carthage, one of the most important positions in the Church. Nevertheless, five years after he was converted, during the persecutions of Emperor Decius, he was greeted everywhere by cries of "Cyprian to the lions," and escaped martyrdom only by flight, justifying his action by the plea that his life was needed by the Church. Again, in 257, in the persecutions of Valerian, he was banished, but was recalled and confined to his gardens at Carthage. Ordered to meet the proconsul at Utica, he refused, and when that officer came to Carthage, he took refuge in his gardens. In A. D. 258 he was arrested, and cheerfully suffered the martyrdom he had shunned at an earlier date. "God be thanked," he cried on hearing his sentence; "a priest may be put to death, but he cannot be overcome."

From Cyprian's letters the reader gains a fine insight into the sweet character of the man as well as a lively view of the struggle of the

Christian Church in its infancy and the animosities aroused over questions of doctrine and discipline. On one occasion he wrote:

> The pleasant aspect of the garden harmonizes with the gentle breezes of a mild autumn in soothing and cheering the senses; the neighboring thickets insure us solitude; and the vagrant trailings of the vine branches, creeping in pendent mazes among the reeds supporting them, have made for us a leafy shelter. 'Tis with delight that here we clothe our thoughts with words.

His writings consist of thirteen treatises and eighty-one letters, but as some of the treatises are addressed to individuals and some of the letters are really tracts, the distinction is scarcely valid. He is considered orthodox, and, although he was an admirer of Tertullian, the objections urged against the latter have not been charged against Cyprian. In style he is so attractive that he appeals far more strongly to the reader than does Tertullian.

X. COMMODIANUS. Of the life of this earliest Christian poet we know little except that he was born a pagan, probably in Syria, and that after his conversion he became a bishop.

His writings consist of the *Carmen Apologeticum* (*Song of Defense of Christianity*), a long poem, and a collection of eighty short poems called *Instructiones,* in which the words are so arranged that the initials of the first words in the lines spell the titles of the poems. Other peculiarities of composition are noticeable in the meter of the poems; for instance, the first half of hexameter lines is hardly to be

distinguished from prose, but the second half contains perfect measures.

The style of Commodianus is dry and uninteresting, but of value to the student of language because of the introduction of many words and phrases from the language of the common people. The *Carmen* closes with a fantastic description of the end of the world, which constitutes the most remarkable part of the poem. The *Instructiones* is divided into two books, the first of which warns the Jews and the heathen to abandon their errors and be converted; the second gives good advice to different types of Christians.

XI. Arnobius. *Adversus Nationes* (*Against the Gentiles*) is a work in seven books, of which the first two vehemently defend the Christians against the accusations of their enemies, and the five following are as violent in showing the absurdities of polytheism and the pagan forms of worship. The work is thought to have been written by Arnobius, a distinguished rhetor in Africa, who, having become a convert to Christianity, wrote the *Adversus Nationes* in response to a request from his bishop to prove his faith. With little originality of thought, the work is of small value except to show in what manner an educated pagan could use his talents in defense of Christianity.

XII. Lactantius. Lucius Caelius (Caecilius) Firmianus Lactantius was born probably in Africa, about A. D. 250, and died about 330. He studied in Africa as a pupil of Arno-

bius, and about 301 settled in Nicomedia at the invitation of Diocletian, in order to teach Latin rhetoric, where it had few patrons. Just when he was converted to Christianity is not known, but about 317 he went to Gaul to superintend the education of Crispus, the son of the Emperor Constantine. Of the writings of Lactantius before his conversion nothing remains, but his later works are numerous. Most important of these are the *Divine Institutes,* an exhaustive philosophical work in seven books; *On the Work of God,* discussing the creation and nature of man; *On the Wrath of God,* dealing with the current theories of Providence; *On the Deaths of the Persecutors,* a violent treatise on the persecutions from Nero to Galerius. Lactantius modeled his style upon that of Cicero, and with more justice than in the case of Tertullian he has been called the Christian Cicero. Learned in pagan lore, he did not forget his knowledge when he became a Christian, but made it serve Christianity.

XIII. Conclusion. In our consideration of the early Christian writers we have passed beyond the limits usually set to the Period of African Latinity and have brought our story well into the beginning of the fourth century. There in the person of Lactantius is seen a Christian writer who possesses a real elegance of style and is the forerunner of those of his own faith who carried on the work in literary Latin. In fact, from this time Latin literature ceases to be Roman and becomes Christian.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE END OF THE ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

PAGAN WRITINGS OF THE THIRD CENTURY. During the time we have just considered, while Christian literature was developing, pagan authors continued to produce senile writings that do not really concern us in the elementary studies we are making. Poetry was cultivated diligently by imitators of Vergil and the classic poets, but they dealt with unimportant and childish subjects and treated them in a frivolous or inefficient manner. One invention of the period is curious because of its long-continued popularity. This was the habit of expressing maxims and wise saws in two hexameter lines, such, for instance, as, "Regard it as the chief virtue to hold your own tongue; he is nearest to God who knows how to keep a wise silence," or, "Be sure to tell

many of another's kindness, but keep silence about the kindnesses you have done to others."

Among the prose works of this period are none that show any great creative talent, and only two historians are worthy of mention, both of whom, Dio Cassius and Herodian, wrote in Greek. Besides these, there were important contributions to the development of Roman law and some primitive scientific works on agriculture, veterinary medicine and similar subjects.

The one fact of importance to remember is the rise of a school of oratory in Gaul, which demonstrates again how far the center of culture had removed from Rome, whose great Christian writers now were Africans and whose pagan orators were Gauls. This learned school flourished in the latter years of the third century and through the greater part of the fourth, during which time its speeches were based upon imitations of the Roman classics, but whose chief function seems to have been to flatter the emperors. A collection of twelve panegyrics still exists, the first of which is Pliny's address in honor of Trajan, while the remainder are selected from different dates down to that in honor of Theodosius, near the end of the fourth century.

II. The Fourth and Fifth Centuries. While from one point of view the beginnings of medieval literature may be attributed to Tertullian and the early Christians, yet we cannot say that classical literature was wholly

dead, because not only during the third century was pagan literature produced, but still it continued to appear during the fourth and fifth centuries and lost itself in the final blaze of light which surrounds the name of Boëthius. In fact, in the fourth century, after Constantine had recognized Christianity as a state religion and placed it on an equal footing with the ancient belief, there was a revival of classic style, and the secular writings of the Christians are not to be distinguished from those of the adherents of the old religion. The writings of the leaders of Christian thought properly belong to the Church rather than to a secular discussion such as this, but some of them exerted so much influence upon subsequent writers and are themselves so intrinsically interesting that we cannot pass them wholly by. Dismissing, however, the great number of those who wrote, we will confine ourselves to the consideration of a few general facts and a few great writers.

In the fourth century the chief seat of philosophy was Athens, where the philosophical writings were almost entirely in Greek, but during the same era a number of important histories were produced which require some little attention.

III. Eutropius. About all we can learn of the personal history of Eutropius is that at one time he was secretary to Constantine the Great, that he accompanied the Emperor Julian on an expedition into Persia, and that he was alive

in the age of Valens, to whom he dedicated his book. Whether he was a Christian or a pagan writer is uncertain, but as he takes no notice of the various persecutions and appears to advocate dishonest dealings at times, the supposition is that he was not a Christian. His chief work of which we have any record is an *Abridgment of Roman History,* which contains little that is original, but has been of service because of its easy style and the simplicity and purity of its Latin. The following passage is a fair example of his style:

Septimius Severus then assumed the government of the Roman Empire; a native of Africa, born in the province of Tripolis, and town of Leptis. He was the only African, in all the time before or after him, that became emperor. He was first praefect of the treasury, afterwards military tribune, and then rose, through several offices and posts of honor, to the government of the whole state. He had an inclination to be called Pertinax, in honor of that Pertinax who had been killed by Julian. He was very parsimonious, and naturally cruel. He conducted many wars, and with success. He killed Pescennius Niger, who had raised a rebellion in Egypt and Syria, at Cyzicus. He overcame the Parthians, the interior Arabians, and the Adiabeni. The Arabians he so effectually reduced, that he made them a province; hence he was called Parthicus, Arabicus and Adiabenicus. He rebuilt many edifices throughout the whole Roman world. In his reign, too, Clodius Albinus, who had been an accomplice of Julianus in killing Pertinax, set himself up for Caesar in Gaul, and was overthrown and killed at Lyons.

Severus, in addition to his glory in war, was also distinguished in the pursuits of peace, being not only accomplished in literature, but having acquired a complete

knowledge of philosophy. The last war that he had was in Britain; and that he might preserve, with all possible security, the provinces which he had acquired, he built a rampart of thirty-two miles long from one sea to the other. He died at an advanced age at York, in the eighteenth year and fourth month of his reign, and was honored with the title of god. He left his two sons, Bassianus and Geta, to be his successors, but desired that the name of Antoninus should be given by the Senate to Bassianus only, who, accordingly, was named Marcus Aurelius Antoninus Bassianus, and was his father's successor. As for Geta, he was declared a public enemy, and soon after put to death.

IV. The "Chronicle" of St. Jerome. More important than any other historical work of the period is the *Chronicle* of St. Jerome, an account which begins with the birth of Abraham and continues to the Trojan War merely as a translation of Eusebius, but from that date until A. D. 325 Jerome adds his own comments to his translations, and from 325 onward the work is entirely his own. Most of his information he obtained from Suetonius, and while lacking anything of general interest in style, it has been of great importance to students.

V. Marcellinus. Ammianus Marcellinus, who lived from about A. D. 330 to 400, was a Greek of Antioch who served in the Roman army in its campaigns in Asia, Gaul, Persia and Egypt, after which he settled at Rome and wrote a continuation of Tacitus from the time of Nerva to the death of Valens in A. D. 378. Thirteen of the thirty-one books of this history have been lost, but that portion which deals with the events in which the author took part

are valuable and interesting, for he gives admirable pictures of life and brings vividly before us the decay and rapid degeneracy of the Roman people. Although himself a pagan, he shows no antipathy to Christianity, but holds the indifferent attitude of an honest soldier who wishes to give an unbiased account of the things he knows, and, having little understanding of politics and the intrigues of the imperial court, to tell his story freely and without exaggeration. Even the terrible defeat of the Romans by the Goths at Hadrianople and the death of the Emperor Valens did not seem sufficient to convince him that the end of the Roman Empire was at hand and that whatever remained of Roman culture and power must take refuge in the Eastern Empire, whose capital was Constantinople.

VI. Law and Oratory. For centuries the study of the law was the most important concern of Roman courts, and even during the last centuries of Roman existence it was not neglected. Under Diocletian and Constantine the codification of the laws was continued by noted lawyers, and in A. D. 438 the *codex* of Theodosius was compiled by a commission of jurists. In the reign of Justinian, Tribonian, a distinguished jurist, scholar and man of affairs gave to Roman law its final form in the three great works, the *Code,* published in 529, the *Pandects,* or *Digests,* and the *Institutes,* published in 533. All later jurisprudence was based upon these laws.

The Gallic school of oratory continued to flourish, and during the fifth and sixth centuries Gaul was prominent in literature of all kinds, but the best oratory was found in the Christian pulpit from the time of Constantine, although we have not space to consider it.

VII. Ambrosius. The works of the leaders of the Church scarcely belong to Roman literature, but we find ourselves continually recurring to them because of the style of the Latin in which they were written. Among the most noted men in the latter part of the fourth century was Ambrosius (St. Ambrose), who was born in Gaul of a Roman family. He was carefully educated as a lawyer, and in 374 was chosen bishop at Milan. That he was a man of great firmness is proved by his daring to exclude from the Church the Emperor Theodosius until the latter had shown repentance for the massacre at Thessalonica, and his tactfulness was demonstrated by the further fact that he succeeded in retaining the friendship of the Emperor through the dispute. His writings are varied and exerted a great influence on early Christianity, and his hymns have affected Church music ever since. To him probably more than to any other man can be attributed the fact that Italy did not adopt the Arian heresy.

VIII. St. Jerome. Eusebius Hieronymus (Sophronius), known as St. Jerome, or frequently as Hieronymus, was born about A. D. 331 at Stridon, a town whose site is now un-

known but that lay somewhere on the boundaries between Dalmatia and Pannonia. His parents were both Christians and under the superintendence of his father he was carefully educated in both Greek and Latin. After a residence in Gaul he visited Rome and then appears to have settled in Aquileia with his friend Rufinus, but for some reason he made a hurried trip to the East and was taken dangerously ill at Antioch. Having recovered from this sickness, his religious fervor seems to have increased, and he retired to the desert for three years, where he engaged in penitential labors and in study, especially of Hebrew. In 382 he went to Rome on a religious mission and resided there for three years, during which time he acquired great popularity and influence through his sanctity, learning and eloquence. Many persons placed themselves under his spiritual direction, among whom the most remarkable were the Lady Paula and her daughter, who followed him to Palestine, where he took up his residence at Bethlehem. Here the Lady Paula founded four convents, one of which St. Jerome himself governed, and in this retreat he completed the great literary labor of his life.

Engaging vehemently in controversy over points of doctrine and with a number of noted heretics, he embroiled himself with all of them and stirred up so much opposition that he found Bethlehem insecure and was forced to go into retirement for about two years, after

which he returned to his convent, only to be seized by a fatal illness.

St. Jerome is regarded as the most learned and eloquent of the Latin fathers, and his letters, treatises, controversial articles and commentaries on the Scripture have been many times translated. His chief work, however, and the labor for which he is most generally known, is the *Vulgate,* his translation into Latin of the Bible, a version which still holds its place as the received text in the Roman Catholic Church.

IX. St. Augustine. Aurelius Augustinus, generally known as St. Augustine, was born in A. D. 354 in Africa. His father was a pagan, his mother a Christian, and in his early years Augustine accepted a mystical materialism which denied divine agency in anything and rested its belief upon pure reason. While a successful teacher of rhetoric in Italy, he fell under the influence of St. Ambrose, was converted to Christianity, became presbyter at Hippo in 392 and bishop in 395. He died in 430 during the siege of Hippo by the Vandals and before their conquering forces had destroyed the city.

St. Augustine's nature was many-sided, and many of its elements seemed contradictory. Although a sharp reasoner, he was a speculator in deep mysticism; though full of tenderness and gentleness, at one time or another he was found most harsh and uncompromising; though an original thinker in most respects,

yet he was an ardent believer in authority. Controversial treatises, sermons, commentaries and letters make up a great part of his writings, while the remainder are composed of theological speculation and curious ponderings on the relation of the human soul to God.

X. THE "CONFESSIONS" OF ST. AUGUSTINE. Best known of all his works, and the only one with which as students of literature we are particularly concerned, is his *Confessions,* a volume composed of thirteen books, the object of which Augustine himself states as follows:

> Accept the books of my Confessions, which you wished for. There see me, and praise me not more than I deserve; there believe, not others about me, but myself; there mark me, and see what I was in myself, by myself; and if aught in me please thee, there praise with me, Whom, and not myself, I wished to be praised for me. For He "made us, and not we ourselves;" but we had destroyed ourselves; and Who made, re-made us. But when you have then learnt what I am, pray for me, that I fall not away, but be perfected.

The *Confessions* gives us an account of the way in which God led one of the most powerful minds of Christian antiquity out from darkness into light and changed him from a heretic into one of the most energetic defenders of Catholic truth.

Accordingly, his *Confessions,* properly speaking, would close at the end of the ninth book, as the only incidents which he relates subsequent to his conversion and baptism are those connected with his mother's death. We cannot call the *Confessions* a regular biog-

raphy; it is rather a general sketch of his unconverted life, illustrated by particular instances.

In reading the *Confessions* it should be borne in mind that by no means were all of the Romans yet Christians, and that the Christians were everywhere surrounded by pagans, so that perhaps the bulk of the population, while if not at enmity with Christianity were as yet so little concerned with it that manners and customs affected unconsciously the firmest of Christian believers. This state of affairs will account largely for the apparent indifference with which St. Augustine accepts as commonplace and almost inevitable certain forms of sin. In order that this expression may not be misunderstood, we might be more explicit and say that it accounts for the way in which St. Augustine speaks with strong condemnation of his own past sins, which he considers shocking and loathsome in themselves, but since he had condemned them and they were washed away by baptism they were no longer of personal concern, but were things with which he had nothing more to do.

Those who are interested will find material for much thought in a comparison of the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius, the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, and the *Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis. The one which concerns us now is always interesting, the more so perhaps because of the extreme naturalness with which he passes at once from the incident

of which he is speaking to the principle with which it is connected. Thus his youthful sin of stealing pears gives him an opportunity to inquire into the nature of those sins which are committed without apparent personal temptation, and the effect produced by the gayety of a drunken beggar leads him to consider the nature of joy.

XI. EXTRACTS FROM THE "CONFESSIONS." There is so much in the first nine books of the *Confessions* that is of literary value and interest to the general reader that it is difficult to confine our extracts to the space by which we are limited, and any reader who finds in such intimate personal disclosures a stimulating influence should read the entire work.

1. The following extract shows how St. Augustine regarded his infancy:

For what would I say, O Lord my God, but that I know not whence I came into this dying life (shall I call it?) or living death. Then immediately did the comforts of Thy compassion take me up, as I heard (for I remember it not) from the parents of my flesh, out of whose substance Thou didst sometime fashion me. Thus there received me the comforts of woman's milk. For neither my mother nor my nurses stored their own breasts for me; but Thou didst bestow the food of my infancy through them, according to Thine ordinance, whereby Thou distributest Thy riches through the hidden springs of all things. Thou also gavest me to desire no more than Thou gavest; and to my nurses willingly to give me what Thou gavest them. For they, with an heaven-taught affection, willingly gave me, what they abounded with from Thee. For this my good from them, was good for them. Nor, indeed, from them was it, but through them;

for from Thee, O God, are all good things, and from my God is all my health. This I since learned, Thou, through these Thy gifts, within me and without, proclaiming Thyself unto me. For then I knew but to suck; to repose in what pleased, and cry at what offended my flesh; nothing more.

Afterwards I began to smile; first in sleep, then waking: for so it was told me of myself, and I believed it; for we see the like in other infants, though of myself I remember it not. Thus, little by little, I became conscious where I was; and to have a wish to express my wishes to those who could content them, and I could not; for the wishes were within me, and they without; nor could they by any sense of theirs enter within my spirit. So I flung about at random limbs and voice, making the few signs I could, and such as I could, like, though in truth very little like, what I wished. And when I was not presently obeyed (my wishes being hurtful or unintelligible), then I was indignant with my elders for not submitting to me, with those owing me no service, for not serving me; and avenged myself on them by tears. Such have I learnt infants to be from observing them; and, that I was myself such, they, all unconscious, have shown me better than my nurses who knew it.

2. This shows how he acquired the power of speech:

Passing hence from infancy, I came to boyhood, or rather it came to me, displacing infancy. Nor did that depart,—(for whither went it?)—and yet it was no more. For I was no longer a speechless infant, but a speaking boy. This I remember; and have since observed how I learned to speak. It was not that my elders taught me words (as, soon after, other learning) in any set method; but I, longing by cries and broken accents and various motions of my limbs to express my thoughts, that so I might have my will, and yet unable to express all I willed, or to whom I willed, did myself, by the understanding which Thou, my God, gavest me, practice the sounds in

my memory. When they named anything, and as they spoke turned towards it, I saw and remembered that they called what they would point out, by the name they uttered. And that they meant this thing and no other, was plain from the motion of their body, the natural language, as it were, of all nations, expressed by the countenance, glances of the eye, gestures of the limbs, and tones of the voice, indicating the affections of the mind, as it pursues, possesses, rejects, or shuns. And thus by constantly hearing words, as they occurred in various sentences, I collected gradually for what they stood; and having broken in my mouth to these signs, I thereby gave utterance to my will. Thus I exchanged with those about me these current signs of our wills, and so launched deeper into the stormy intercourse of human life, yet depending on parental authority and the beck of elders.

3. His account of the theft, to which we have previously alluded, is given thus:

What fruit had I then (wretched man!) in those things, of the remembrance whereof I am now ashamed? Especially, in that theft which I loved for the theft's sake; and it too was nothing, and therefore the more miserable I, who loved it. Yet alone I had not done it: such was I then, I remember, alone I had never done it. I loved then in it also the company of the accomplices, with whom I did it? I did not then love nothing else but the theft, yea rather I did love nothing else; for that circumstance of the company was also nothing. What is, in truth? who can teach me, save He that enlighteneth my heart, and discovereth its dark corners? What is it which hath come into my mind to inquire, and discuss, and consider? For had I then loved the pears I stole, and wished to enjoy them, I might have done it alone, had the bare commission of the theft sufficed to attain my pleasure; nor needed I have inflamed the itching of my desires, by the excitement of accomplices. But since my pleasure was not in those pears, it was in the offense itself, which the company of fellow-sinners occasioned.

What then was this feeling? For of a truth it was too foul: and woe was me, who had it. But yet what was it? Who can understand his errors? It was the sport, which, as it were, tickled our hearts, that we beguiled, those who little thought what we were doing, and much misliked it. Why then was my delight of such sort, that I did it not alone? Because none doth ordinarily laugh alone? ordinarily no one; yet laughter sometimes masters men alone and singly when no one whatever is with them, if anything very ludicrous presents itself to their senses or mind. Yet I had not done this alone; alone I had never never done it. Behold my God, before Thee, the vivid remembrance of my soul; alone, I had never committed that theft, wherein what I stole pleased me not, but that I stole; nor had it alone liked me to do it, nor had I done it. O friendship too unfriendly! thou incomprehensible inveigler of the soul, thou greediness to do mischief out of mirth and wantonness, thou thirst of others' loss, without lust of my own gain or revenge: but when it is said, "Let's go, let's do it," we are ashamed not to be shameless.

Who can disentangle that twisted and intricate knottiness? Foul is it: I hate to think on it, to look on it. But Thee I long for, O Righteousness and Innocency, beautiful and comely to all pure eyes, and of a satisfaction unsating. With Thee is rest entire, and life imperturbable. Whoso enters into Thee, enters into the joy of his Lord: and shall not fear, and shall do excellently in the All-Excellent. I sank away from Thee, and I wandered, O my God, too much astray from Thee my stay, in these days of my youth, and I became to myself a barren land.

4. Concerning his mother he writes as follows:

And Thou sentest Thine hand from above, and drewest my soul out of that profound darkness, my mother, Thy faithful one, weeping to Thee for me, more than mothers weep the bodily deaths of their children. For she, by that faith and spirit which she had from Thee, discerned

the death wherein I lay, and Thou heardest her, O Lord; Thou heardest her, and despisedst not her tears, when streaming down, they watered the ground under her eyes in every place where she prayed; yea Thou heardest her. For whence was that dream whereby Thou comfortedst her; so that she allowed me to live with her, and to eat at the same table in the house, which she had begun to shrink from, abhorring and detesting the blasphemies of my error? For she saw herself standing on a certain wooden rule, and a shining youth coming towards her, cheerful and smiling upon her, herself grieving and overwhelmed with grief. But he having (in order to instruct, as is their wont, not to be instructed) inquired of her the causes of her grief and daily tears, and she answering that she was bewailing my perdition, he bade her rest contented, and told her to look and observe, "That where she was, there was I also." And when she looked, she saw me standing by her in the same rule. Whence was this, but that Thine ears were towards her heart? O Thou Good omnipotent, who so carest for every one of us, as if Thou caredst for him only; and so for all, as if they were but one!

Whence was this also, that when she had told me this vision, and I would fain bend it to mean, that she rather should not despair of being one day what I was; she presently, without any hesitation, replies: "No; for it was not told me that, 'where he, there thou also;' but 'where thou, there he also?'" I confess to Thee, O Lord, that to the best of my remembrance (and I have oft spoken of this), that Thy answer, through my waking mother,—that she was not perplexed by the plausibility of my false interpretation, and so quickly saw what was to be seen, and which I certainly had not perceived, before she spake,—even then moved me more than the dream itself, by which a joy to the holy woman, to be fulfilled so long after, was, for the consolation of her present anguish, so long before foresignified. For almost nine years passed, in which I wallowed in the mire of that deep pit, and the darkness of falsehood, often essaying to rise,

but dashed down the more grievously. All which time that chaste, godly, and sober widow (such as Thou lovest), now more cheered with hope, yet no whit relaxing in her weeping and mourning, ceased not at all hours of her devotions to bewail my case unto Thee. And her prayers entered into Thy presence; and yet Thou sufferest me to be involved and reinvolved in that darkness.

Thou gavest her meantime another answer, which I call to mind; for much I pass by, hasting to those things which more press me to confess unto Thee, and much I do not remember. Thou gavest her then another answer, by a Priest of Thine, a certain Bishop brought up in Thy Church, and well studied in Thy books. Whom when this woman had entreated to vouchsafe to converse with me, refute my errors, unteach me ill things, and teach me good things (for this he was wont to do, when he found persons fitted to receive it), he refused, wisely, as I afterwards perceived. For he answered, that I was yet unteachable, being puffed up with the novelty of that heresy, and had already perplexed divers unskillful persons with captious questions, as she had told him: "but let him alone a while" (saith he), "only pray God for him, he will of himself by reading find what that error is, and how great its impiety." At the same time he told her, how himself, when a little one, had by his seduced mother been consigned over to the Manichees, and had not only read, but frequently copied out almost all, their books, and had (without any argument or proof from any one) seen how much that sect was to be avoided; and had avoided it. Which when he had said, and she would not be satisfied, but urged him more, with entreaties and many tears, that he would see me, and discourse with me; he, a little displeased at her importunity, saith, "Go thy ways, and God bless Thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish." Which answer she took (as she often mentioned in her conversations with me) as if it had sounded from heaven.

5. And concerning the death of his friend he writes:

In those years when I first began to teach rhetoric in my native town, I had made one my friend, but too dear to me, from a community of pursuits, of mine own age, and, as myself, in the first opening flower of youth. He had grown up of a child with me, and we had been both school-fellows, and play-fellows. But he was not yet my friend as afterwards, nor even then, as true friendship is; for true it cannot be, unless in such as Thou cementest together, cleaving unto Thee, by that love which is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. Yet was it but too sweet, ripened by the warmth of kindred studies: for, from the true faith (which he as a youth had not soundly and thoroughly imbibed), I had warped him also to those superstitious and pernicious fables, for which my mother bewailed me. With me he now erred in mind, nor could my soul be without him. But behold Thou wert close on the steps of Thy fugitives, at once God of vengeance, and Fountain of mercies, turning us to Thyself by wonderful means; Thou tookest that man out of this life, when he had scarce filled up one whole year of my friendship, sweet to me above all sweetness of that my life.

Who can recount all Thy praises, which he hath felt in his one self? What diddest Thou then, my God, and how unsearchable is the abyss of Thy judgments? For long, sore sick of a fever, he lay senseless in a deathsweat; and his recovery being despaired of, he was baptized, unknowing; myself meanwhile little regarding, and presuming that his soul would retain rather what it had received of me, not what was wrought on his unconscious body. But it proved far otherwise: for he was refreshed, and restored. Forthwith, as soon as I could speak with him (and I could, so soon as he was able, for I never left him, and we hung but too much upon each other), I essayed to jest with him, as though he would jest with me at that baptism which he had received, when utterly absent in mind and feeling, but had now understood that he had received. But he so shrunk from me, as from an enemy; and with a wonderful and sudden freedom bade

me, as I would continue his friend, forbear such language to him. I, all astonished and amazed, suppressed all my emotions till he should grow well, and his health were strong enough for me to deal with him, as I would. But he was taken away from my phrensy, that with Thee he might be preserved for my comfort; a few days after, in my absence, he was attacked again by the fever, and so departed.

At this grief my heart was utterly darkened; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me, and my father's house a strange unhappiness; and whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture. Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them; and I hated all places, for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me, "he is coming," as when he was alive and absent. I became a great riddle to myself, and I asked my soul, why she was so sad, and why she disquieted me sorely: but she knew not what to answer me. And if I said, "Trust in God," she very rightly obeyed me not; because that most dear friend, whom she had lost, was, being man, both truer and better, than that phantasm she was bid to trust in. Only tears were sweet to me, for they succeeded my friend, in the dearest of my affections.

6. The drunken man arouses such thoughts as the following:

I panted after honors, gains, marriage; and Thou deridedst me. In these desires I underwent most bitter crosses, Thou being the more gracious, the less Thou sufferedst aught to grow sweet to me, which was not Thou. Behold my heart, O Lord, who wouldest I should remember all this, and confess to Thee. Let my soul cleave unto Thee, now that Thou hast freed it from that fast-holding birdlime of death. How wretched was it! and Thou didst irritate the feeling of its wound, that forsaking all else, it might be converted unto Thee, who art above all, and without whom all things would be

nothing; be converted, and be healed. How miserable was I then, and how didst Thou deal with me, to make me feel my misery on that day, when I was preparing to recite a panegyric of the Emperor, wherein I was to utter many a lie, and lying, was to be applauded by those who knew I lied, and my heart was panting with these anxieties, and boiling with the feverishness of consuming thoughts. For, passing through one of the streets of Milan, I observed a poor beggar, then, I suppose, with a full belly, joking and joyous: and I sighed, and spoke to the friends around me, of the many sorrows of our phrenzies; for that by all such efforts of ours, as those wherein I then toiled, dragging along, under the goading of desire, the burthen of my own wretchedness, and, by dragging, augmenting it, we yet looked to arrive only at that very joyousness, whither that beggar-man had arrived before us, who should never perchance attain it. For what he had obtained by means of a few begged pence, the same was I plotting for by many a toilsome turning and winding; the joy of a temporary felicity. For he verily had not the true joy; but yet I with those my ambitious designs was seeking one much less true. And certainly he was joyous, I anxious; he void of care, I full of fears. But should any ask me, had I rather be merry or fearful? I would answer, merry. Again, if he asked had I rather be such as he was, or what I then was? I should choose to be myself, though worn with cares and fears; but out of wrong judgment; for, was it the truth? For I ought not to prefer myself to him, because more learned than he, seeing I had no joy therein, but sought to please men by it; and that not to instruct, but simply to please. Wherefore also Thou didst break my bones with the staff of thy correction.

Away with those then from my soul, who say to her, "It makes a difference, whence a man's joy is. That beggar-man joyed in drunkenness; Thou desiredst to joy in glory." What glory, Lord? That which is not in Thee. For even as his was no true joy, so was that no true glory: and it overthrew my soul more. He that very

night should digest his drunkenness; but I had slept and risen again with mine, and was to sleep again, and again to rise with it, how many days, Thou, God, knowest. But "it doth make a difference whence a man's joy is." I know it, and the joy of a faithful hope lieth incomparably beyond such vanity. Yea, and so was he then beyond me: for he verily was the happier; not only for that he was thoroughly drenched in mirth, I disemboweled with cares: but he, by fair wishes, had gotten wine; I, by lying was seeking for empty, swelling praise. Much to this purpose said I then to my friends: and I often marked in them how it fared with me; and I found it went ill with me, and grieved, and doubled that very ill; and if any prosperity smiled on me, I was loath to catch at it, for almost before I could grasp it, it flew away.

7. His conversion is the subject of the last few pages in the eighth book:

The very toys of toys, and vanities of vanities, my ancient mistresses, still held me; they plucked my fleshly garment, and whispered softly, "Dost thou cast us off? and from that moment shall we no more be with thee for ever? and from that moment shall not this or that be lawful for thee for ever?" And what was it which they suggested in that I said, "this or that," what did they suggest, O my God? Let Thy mercy turn it away from the soul of Thy servant. What defilements did they suggest! what shame! And now I much less than half heard them, and not openly showing themselves and contradicting me, but muttering as it were behind my back, and privily plucking me, as I was departing, but to look back on them. Yet they did retard me, so that I hesitated to burst and shake myself free from them, and to spring over whither I was called; a violent habit saying to me, "Thinkest thou, thou canst live without them?"

But now it spake very faintly. For on that side whither I had set my face, and whither I trembled to go, there appeared unto me the chaste dignity of Continency,

serene, yet not relaxedly gay, honestly alluring me to come, and doubt not; and stretching forth to receive and embrace me, her holy hands full of multitudes of good examples. There were so many young men and maidens here, a multitude of youth and every age, grave widows and aged virgins; and Continence herself in all, not barren, but a fruitful mother of children of joys, by Thee her Husband, O Lord. And she smiled on me with a persuasive mockery, as would she say, "Canst not thou what these youths, what these maidens can? or can they either in themselves, and not rather in the Lord their God? The Lord their God gave me unto them. Why standest thou in thyself, and so standest not? Cast thyself upon Him, fear not He will not withdraw Himself that thou shouldest fall; cast thyself fearlessly upon Him, He will receive, and will heal thee." And I blushed exceedingly, for that I yet heard the other than a command from God, to open the book, and read the first chapter I should find. For I had heard of Antony, that coming in during the reading of the Gospel, he received the admonition, as if what was being read, was spoken to him: "Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come and follow me." And by such oracle he was forthwith converted unto Thee. Eagerly then I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for there had I laid the volume of the Apostle, when I arose thence. I seized, opened, and in silence read that section, on which my eyes first fell: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh," in concupiscence. No further would I read; nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

Then putting my finger between, or some other mark, I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance made it known to Alypius. And what was wrought in him, which I knew not, he thus showed me. He asked to see

what I had read: I showed him; and he looked even further than I had read, and I knew not what followed. This followed, "him that is weak in the faith, receive;" which he applied to himself, and disclosed to me. And by this admonition was he strengthened; and by a good resolution and purpose, and most corresponding to his character, wherein he did always very far differ from me, for the better, without any turbulent delay he joined me. Thence we go in to my mother; we tell her; she rejoiceth: we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumpheth, and blesseth Thee, "Who art able to do above that which we ask or think;" for she perceived that Thou hadst given her more for me, than she was wont to beg by her pitiful and most sorrowful groanings. For Thou convertedst me unto Thyself, so that I sought neither wife, nor any hope of this world, standing in that rule of faith, where Thou hadst showed me unto her in a vision, so many years before. And Thou didst convert her mourning into joy, much more plentiful than she had desired, and in a much more precious and purer way than she erst required, by having grandchildren of my body.

8. We close with the following touching account of the death of his mother:

What answer I made her unto these things, I remember not. For scarce five days after, or not much more, she fell sick of a fever; and in that sickness one day she fell into a swoon, and was for a while withdrawn from these visible things. We hastened round her; but she was soon brought back to her senses; and looking on me and my brother standing by her, said to us inquiringly, "Where was I?" And then looking fixedly on us, with grief amazed; "Here," saith she, "shall you bury your mother." I held my peace and refrained weeping; but my brother spake something, wishing for her, as the happier lot, that she might die, not in a strange place, but in her own land. Whereat, she with anxious look, checking him with her eyes, for that he still savored

such things, and then looking upon me; "Behold," saith she, "what he saith:" and soon after to us both, "Lay," she saith, "this body anywhere; let not the care for that any way disquiet you: this only I request, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be." And having delivered this sentiment in what words she could, she held her peace.

But I, considering Thy gifts, Thou unseen God, which Thou instillest into the hearts of Thy faithful ones, whence wondrous fruits do spring, did rejoice and give thanks to Thee, recalling what I before knew, how careful and anxious she had ever been, as to her place of burial, which she had provided and prepared for herself by the body of her husband. For because they had lived in great harmony together, she also wished (so little can the human mind embrace things divine) to have this addition to that happiness, and to have it remembered among men, that after her pilgrimage beyond the seas, what was earthly of this united pair had been permitted to be united beneath the same earth. But when this emptiness had through the fullness of Thy goodness begun to cease in her heart, I knew not, and rejoiced admiring what she had so disclosed to me; though indeed in that our discourse also in the window, when she said, "What do I here any longer?" there appeared no desire of dying in her own country. I heard afterwards also, that when we were now at Ostia, she with a mother's confidence, when I was absent, one day discoursed with certain of my friends about the contempt of this life, and the blessing of death: and when they were amazed at such courage which Thou hadst given to a woman, and asked, whether she were not afraid to leave her body so far from her own city? she replied, "Nothing is far to God; nor was it to be feared lest at the end of the world, He should not recognize whence He were to raise me up." On the ninth day then of her sickness, and the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the three and thirtieth of mine, was that religious and holy soul freed from the body.

I closed her eyes; and there flowed withal a mighty sorrow into my heart, which was overflowing into tears; mine eyes at the same time, by the violent command of my mind, drank up their fountain wholly dry; and woe was me in such a strife! But when she breathed her last, the boy Adeodatus burst out into a loud lament; then, checked by us all, held his peace. In like manner also a childish feeling in me, which was, through my heart's youthful voice, finding its vent in weeping, was checked and silenced. For we thought it not fitting to solemnize that funeral with tearful lament, and groanings: for thereby do they for the most part express grief for the departed, as though unhappy, or altogether dead; whereas she was neither unhappy in her death, nor altogether dead. Of this, we were assured on good grounds, the testimony of her good conversation and her faith unfeigned.

What then was it which did grievously pain me within, but a fresh wound wrought through the sudden wrench of that most sweet and dear custom of living together? I joyed indeed in her testimony, when, in that her last sickness, mingling her endearments with my acts of duty, she called me "dutiful," and mentioned, with great affection of love, that she never had heard any harsh or reproachful sound uttered by my mouth against her. But yet, O my God, Who madest us, what comparison is there betwixt that honor that I paid to her, and her slavery for me? Being then forsaken of so great comfort in her, my soul was wounded, and that life rent asunder as it were, which, of hers and mine together, had been made but one.

XII. "The City of God." The other important work of St. Augustine is his *De Civitate Dei,* a work of his old age, written in reply to the charge that the sack of Rome by Alaric was due to the neglect of the ancient religion. This production, which is considered by many

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one of the greatest achievements of the human intellect, is in twenty-two books, the first ten of which refute "the vain opinions adverse to the Christian religion," and the remaining twelve present Christian truths, though because of digressions and the introduction into one section of matter properly belonging to another it is not possible to keep up the distinction. In many places St. Augustine's writings show that he was a student of Cicero and that he modeled his style to a considerable extent upon that of the great orator. Nevertheless, it has an originality in that it abandons the periodic structure of the Ciceronian writers, introduces words from the popular speech, forms new ones to express abstract thought, and includes many Biblical phrases. This Latin written by St. Augustine continued as the Latin of the Church, except that in the centuries preceding the Renaissance there was a further deviation from classical rules.

XIII. Ausonius. Many poets wrote during the fourth century, but very few of them were interesting, and none need be considered important, with the possible exception of Decimus Magnus Ausonius, who was born near the beginning of the fourth century and lived almost to its close. He was the son of a physician living in what is now the city of Bordeaux, became an advocate, and abandoned that profession to become a teacher of rhetoric and oratory. In this he was so successful that the Emperor Valentinian invited him to Rome as tu-

tor of the heir Gratian, and when the latter ascended the throne he rewarded his teacher liberally and ultimately made him consul. At the death of Gratian, Ausonius retired to his native city and remained there until the time of his death.

About all we have of his writing was produced during this later period, and it consists of somewhat fragmentary trifles that can scarcely be considered poetry, although their variety is great and some show a real cleverness in the use of language. Among his poems are one descriptive of Bordeaux and another entitled *Mosella,* in which he describes the stream and valley of the Moselle in a way which shows his ardent love of nature and her beauties.

XIV. Prudentius. Although Ausonius was a Christian, yet none of his poetry is of a Christian type, and some of it is marred by licentiousness. The most important of the poets who wrote on specifically Christian subjects during the fourth century was Aurelius Prudentius Clemens. He was born near Saragossa in Spain, in A. D. 348. It is probable that he spent most of his life in Spain, where he held important political offices, and that he died about 410. Both his epics and his lyrics are inspired by earnest faith and genuine enthusiasm, but, while his narration and description are brilliant and were intended to appeal to the cultured classes, their artificiality prevented them from being widely popular. Never-

theless, excepting Ausonius and Claudian, he was the most important poet of the century.

XV. Claudian. Claudianus was born in 365 at Alexandria in Egypt, where his native tongue was Greek, but having acquired a perfect command over Latin he "placed himself," to use the words of Gibbon, "after an interval of three hundred years among the poets of ancient Rome." In 395 he went to Rome, where in the court of Honorius he gained the rank of patrician and was awarded a statue in the Forum. Having by his eulogies gained the favor of Stilicho, he used his influence to advance himself, but after the death of his patron he was relegated to an obscurity from which he did not again arise.

Claudian's works consist of an epic poem, *Gigantomachia,* a fragment of another epic and several occasional poems and panegyrics. Claudian shows the mythological and antiquarian learning which he had acquired from the Alexandrian school, but he uses the Latin language with a skill and dexterity not possessed by any of his contemporaries, and his verse is correct and harmonious, with a pure and classical diction.

Rome, however, was too far advanced in her decay to blind the eyes of Claudian to her condition, and even while he showered his panegyrics upon Stilicho, he was forced to write the following lines of the goddess Roma, the personification of his beloved city, as she approached Olympus to beg relief from famine:

Her voice is weak, and slow her steps; her eyes
Deep sunk within; her cheeks are gone; her arms
Are shriveled up with wasting leanness. On
Her feeble shoulders hardly can she bear
Her tarnished shield; she shows from loosened helm
Her hoary locks, and drags a rusty spear.

XVI. Boëthius. The last writer of any importance who seems to belong to the old order of civilization is Anicius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boëthius, a Roman of noble antecedents and exalted station, whose birth occurred probably in A. D. 480. After his father's death he was adopted by the patrician Symmachus, whose daughter he married and whom not only Boëthius but the people of his age generally regarded as an almost saintly character. Aided by an excellent education, Boëthius won the reputation of being the most accomplished man of his time. Called early to a public career, the highest honors of the state came unsought to him; in A. D. 510 he was sole consul and afterwards was raised by Theoderic to the head of the whole civil administration. Accomplished as orator, poet, musician and philosopher, of noble birth and with an abundance of wealth, he was universally esteemed for his virtues, and appeared to all mankind as a remarkable example of the union of merit and good fortune. In the year 522 his two sons, almost too young for so exalted an honor, were created joint consuls and rode to the Senate-house attended by a throng of senators and a shouting multitude. On this occasion, amid general applause, Boëthius him-

self delivered the public speech in the King's honor.

Within a year he was a solitary prisoner at Pavia, stripped of honors, accused of treason, despoiled of his property, with death hanging over him; and, worse than all, with the terrible fear that those dearest to him would be involved in his downfall. Nor did he escape, for after a long imprisonment the servile Senate decreed his death, and he was executed in A. D. 524, with terrible tortures. Just how he met his death is uncertain. According to one account he was cut down by the swords of soldiers before the very judgment seat of Theodoric, but according to another account a cord was fastened about his forehead and tightened till his eyes started from their sockets, when he was brutally killed with a club.

He was a prolific writer on a variety of philosophical and mathematical subjects and was instrumental in establishing the logic of Aristotle during the Middle Ages, but the work on which his reputation as the last Roman author rests is his great treatise *On the Consolation of Philosophy.*

XVII. THE "CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY." This work consists of five books in the literary form of the *satura,* that is, of prose interrupted and varied by passages in verse. The prose passages are derived in a large measure from the philosophy of Aristotle, while the metrical sections are more original to Boëthius, beautiful in sentiment, though inferior in thought.

Throughout the Middle Ages and down to the beginnings of modern times the *Consolation of Philosophy* was the familiar companion of most scholars, and few books have exerted a wider influence. Translations of it are known in every European tongue, and in English they have appeared at intervals from the time of King Alfred's paraphrase almost to the present day. With its alternate prose and verse skillfully fitted together like a dialogue, the *Consolation* stands unique in literature and has a pathetic interest from the circumstances of its composition. It is a work that ought not to be forgotten, although it contains not the slightest indication of Christianity or any specific religion.

The attitude of Boëthius is that of an educated man who in trouble turns to reason rather than to faith for relief, but his work is full of noble sentiments and of teachings which are essentially religious, although they apply to no particular religion. It was while in prison, with death staring him in the face, that Boëthius began his great work, in which at the beginning he laments his hard fate and sees before him Philosophy in the form of a woman, with whom he discusses such topics as the unimportance of what is called good or bad fortune, the nature of providence, the divine order of the world, chance, free will, self-mastery, human folly and sin.

XVIII. Extracts from Boëthius. 1. From Book One we picture the condition of the mind

of Boëthius and the appearance of philosophy, by quoting the following:

While I was thus mutely pondering within myself, and recording my sorrowful complainings with my pen, it seemed to me that there appeared above my head a woman of a countenance exceeding venerable. Her eyes were bright as fire, and of a more than human keenness; her complexion was lively, her vigor showed no trace of enfeeblement; and yet her years were right full, and she plainly seemed not of our age and time. Her stature was difficult to judge. At one moment it exceeded not the common height, at another her forehead seemed to strike the sky; and whenever she raised her head higher, she began to pierce within the very heavens, and to baffle the eyes of them that looked upon her. Her garments were of an imperishable fabric, wrought with the finest threads and of the most delicate workmanship; and these, as her own lips afterwards assured me, she had herself woven with her own hands. The beauty of this vesture had been somewhat tarnished by age and neglect, and wore that dingy look which marble contracts from exposure. On the lowermost edge was inwoven the Greek letter Π, on the topmost the letter Θ[1], and between the two were to be seen steps, like a staircase, from the lower to the upper letter. This robe, moreover, had been torn by the hands of violent persons, who had each snatched away what he could clutch. Her right hand held a note-book; in her left she bore a staff. And when she saw the Muses of Poesie standing by my bedside, dictating the words of my lamentations, she was moved a while to wrath, and her eyes flashed sternly. "Who," said she, "has allowed yon play-acting wantons to approach this sick man—these who, so far from giving medicine to heal his malady, even feed it with sweet poison? These it is who kill the rich crop of reason with the barren thorns of passion, who accustom men's minds

[1]Π (P) stands for the Political life, the life of action; Θ (Th) for the Theoretical life, the life of thought.

to disease, instead of setting them free. Now, were it some common man whom your allurements were seducing, as is usually your way, I should be less indignant. On such a one I should not have spent my pains for naught. But this is one nurtured in the Eleatic and Academic philosophies. Nay, get ye gone, ye sirens, whose sweetness lasteth not; leave him for my muses to tend and heal!'' At these words of upbraiding, the whole band, in deepened sadness, with downcast eyes, and blushes that confessed their shame, dolefully left the chamber.

But I, because my sight was dimmed with much weeping, and I could not tell who was this woman of authority so commanding—I was dumbfoundered, and, with my gaze fastened on the earth, continued silently to await what she might do next. Then she drew near me and sat on the edge of my couch, and, looking into my face all heavy with grief and fixed in sadness on the ground, she bewailed in these words the disorder of my mind:

HIS DESPONDENCY

Alas! in what abyss his mind
  Is plunged, how wildly tossed!
Still, still towards the outer night
  She sinks, her true light lost,
As oft is, lashed tumultuously
By earth-born blasts, care's waves rise high.

Yet once he ranged the open heavens,
  The sun's bright pathway tracked;
Watched how the cold moon waxed and waned
  Nor rested, till there lacked
To his wide ken no star that steers
Amid the maze of circling spheres.

The causes why the blusterous winds
  Vex ocean's tranquil face,
Whose hand doth turn the stable globe,
  Or why his even race
From out the ruddy east the sun
Unto the western waves doth run:

What is it tempers cunningly
The placid hours of spring,
So that it blossoms with the rose
For earth's engarlanding:
Who loads the year's maturer prime
With clustered grapes in autumn time:

All this he knew—thus ever strove
Deep Nature's lore to guess.
Now, reft of reason's light, he lies,
And bonds his neck oppress:
While by the heavy load constrained,
His eyes to this dull earth are chained.

"But the time," said she, "calls rather for healing than for lamentation." Then, with her eyes bent full upon me. "Art thou that man," she cries, "who, erstwhile fed with the milk and reared upon the nourishment which is mine to give, had grown up to the full vigor of a manly spirit? And yet I had bestowed such armor on thee as would have proved an invincible defense, hadst thou not first cast it away. Dost thou know me? Why art thou silent? Is it shame or amazement that hath struck thee dumb? Would it were shame; but, as I see, a stupor hath seized upon thee." Then, when she saw me not only answering nothing, but mute and utterly incapable of speech, she gently touched my breast with her hand, and said: "There is no danger; these are the symptoms of lethargy, the usual sickness of deluded minds. For a while he has forgotten himself; he will easily recover his memory, if only he first recognizes me. And that he may do so, let me now wipe his eyes that are clouded with a mist of mortal things." Thereat, with a fold of her robe, she dried my eyes all swimming with tears.

THE MISTS DISPELLED

Then the gloom of night was scattered,
Sight returned unto mine eyes.
So, when haply rainy Caurus
Rolls the storm-clouds through the skies,

Hidden is the sun; all heaven
Is obscured in starless night.
But if, in wild onset sweeping,
Boreas frees day's prisoned light,
All suddenly the radiant god outstreams,
And strikes our dazzled eyesight with his beams.

Even so the clouds of my melancholy were broken up. I saw the clear sky, and regained the power to recognize the face of my physician. Accordingly, when I had lifted my eyes and fixed my gaze upon her, I beheld my nurse, Philosophy, whose halls I had frequented from my youth up.

"Ah! why," I cried, "mistress of all excellence, hast thou come down from on high, and entered the solitude of this my exile? Is it that thou, too, even as I, mayst be persecuted with false accusations?"

"Could I desert thee, child," said she, "and not lighten the burden which thou hast taken upon thee through the hatred of my name, by sharing this trouble? Even forgetting that it were not lawful for Philosophy to leave companionless the way of the innocent, should I, thinkest thou, fear to incur reproach, or shrink from it, as though some strange new thing had befallen? Thinkest thou that now, for the first time in an evil age, Wisdom hath been assailed by peril? Did I not often in days of old, before my servant Plato lived, wage stern warfare with the rashness of folly? In his lifetime, too, Socrates, his master, won with my aid the victory of an unjust death. And when, one after the other, the Epicurean herd, the Stoic, and the rest, each of them as far as in them lay, went about to seize the heritage he left, and were dragging me off protesting and resisting, as their booty, they tore in pieces the garment which I had woven with my own hands, and, clutching the torn pieces, went off, believing that the whole of me had passed into their possession. And some of them, because some traces of my vesture were seen upon them, were destroyed through the mistake of the lewd multitude, who falsely deemed them to be my disciples. It

may be thou knowest not of the banishment of Anaxagoras, of the poison draught of Socrates, nor of Zeno's torturing, because these things happened in a distant country; yet mightest thou have learnt the fate of Arrius, of Seneca, of Soranus, whose stories are neither old nor unknown to fame. These men were brought to destruction for no other reason than that, settled as they were in my principles, their lives were a manifest contrast to the ways of the wicked. So there is nothing thou shouldst wonder at, if on the seas of this life we are tossed by storm-blasts, seeing that we have made it our chiefest aim to refuse compliance with evil-doers. And though, maybe, the host of the wicked is many in number, yet is it contemptible, since it is under no leadership, but is hurried hither and thither at the blind driving of mad error. And if at times and seasons they set in array against us, and fall on in overwhelming strength, our leader draws off her forces into the citadel while they are busy plundering the useless baggage. But we from our vantage ground, safe from all this wild work, laugh to see them making prize of the most valueless of things, protected by a bulwark which aggressive folly may not aspire to reach."

2. The following lyrical prayer is also from the first book:

Builder of yon starry dome,
Thou that whirlest, throned eternal,
Heaven's swift globe, and, as they roam,
Guid'st the stars by laws supernal:
So in full-sphered splendor dight
Cynthia dims the lamps of night,
But unto the orb fraternal
Closer drawn, doth lose her light.

Who at fall of eventide,
Hesper, his cold radiance showeth,

Lucifer his beams doth hide,
Paling as the sun's light groweth,
Brief, while winter's frost holds sway,
By thy will the space of day;
Swift, when summer's fervor gloweth.
Speed the hours of night away.

Thou dost rule the changing year:
When rude Boreas oppresses,
Fall the leaves; they reappear,
Wooed by Zephyr's soft caresses.
Fields that Sirius burns deep-grown
By Arcturus' watch were sown:
Each the reign of law confesses,
Keeps the place that is his own.

Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all!
Can it be that Thou disdainest
Only man? 'Gainst him, poor thrall,
Wanton Fortune plays her vainest.
Guilt's deserved punishment
Falleth on the innocent;
High uplifted, the profanest
On the just their malice vent.

Virtue cowers in dark retreats,
Crime's foul stain the righteous beareth,
Perjury and false deceits
Hurt not him the wrong who dareth;
But whene'er the wicked trust
In ill strength to work their lust,
Kings, whom nations' awe declareth
Mighty, grovel in the dust.

Look, oh look upon this earth,
Thou who on law's sure foundation
Framedst all! Have we no worth,
We poor men, of all creation?

Sore we toss on fortune's tide;
Master, bid the waves subside!
And earth's ways with consummation
Of Thy heaven's order guide!

3. Another lyric from the same book is as follows:

ALL THINGS HAVE THEIR NEEDFUL ORDER

He who to th' unwilling furrows
Gives the generous grain,
When the Crab with baleful fervors
Scorches all the plain;
He shall find his garner bare,
Acorns for his scanty fare.

Go not forth to cull sweet violets
From the purpled steep,
While the furious blasts of winter
Through the valleys sweep;
Nor the grape o'erhasty bring
To the press in days of spring.

For to each thing God hath given
Its appointed time;
No perplexing change permits He
In His plan sublime.
So who quits the order due
Shall a luckless issue rue.

4. The following from the second book might very well appear under the title *Everything Passes:*

"If Fortune should plead thus against thee, assuredly thou wouldst not have one word to offer in reply; or, if thou canst find any justification of thy complainings, thou must show what it is. I will give thee space to speak."

Then said I: "Verily, thy pleas are plausible—yea, steeped in the honeyed sweetness of music and rhetoric. But their charm lasts only while they are sounding in the ear; the sense of his misfortune lies deeper in the heart of the wretched. So, when the sound ceases to vibrate upon the air, the heart's indwelling sorrow is felt with renewed bitterness."

Then said she: "It is indeed as thou sayest, for we have not yet come to the curing of thy sickness; as yet these are but lenitives conducing to the treatment of a malady hitherto obstinate. The remedies which go deep I will apply in due season. Nevertheless, to deprecate thy determination to be thought wretched, I ask thee, Hast thou forgotten the extent and bounds of thy felicity? I say nothing of how, when orphaned and desolate, thou wast taken into the care of illustrious men; how thou wast chosen for alliance with the highest in the state—and even before thou wert bound to their house by marriage, wert already dear to their love—which is the most precious of all ties. Did not all pronounce thee most happy in the virtues of thy wife, the splendid honors of her father, and the blessing of male issue? I pass over—for I care not to speak of blessings in which others also have shared—the distinctions often denied to age which thou enjoyedst in thy youth. I choose rather to come to the unparalleled culmination of thy good fortune. If the fruition of any earthly success has weight in the scale of happiness, can the memory of that splendor be swept away by any rising flood of troubles? That day when thou didst see thy two sons ride forth from home joint consuls, followed by a train of senators, and welcomed by the good-will of the people; when these two sat in curule chairs in the Senate-house, and thou by thy panegyric on the king didst earn the fame of eloquence and ability; when in the Circus, seated between the two consuls, thou didst glut the multitude thronging around with the triumphal largesses for which they looked—methinks thou didst cozen Fortune while she caressed thee, and made thee her darling. Thou didst

bear off a boon which she has never before granted to any private person. Art thou, then, minded to cast up a reckoning with Fortune? Now for the first time she has turned a jealous glance upon thee. If thou compare the extent and bounds of thy blessings and misfortunes, thou canst not deny that thou art still fortunate. Or if thou esteem not thyself favored by Fortune in that thy then seeming prosperity hath departed, deem not thyself wretched, since what thou now believest to be calamitous passeth also. What! art thou but now come suddenly and a stranger to the scene of this life? Thinkest thou there is any stability in human affairs, when man himself vanishes away in the swift course of time? It is true that there is little trust that the gifts of chance will abide; yet the last day of life is in a manner the death of all remaining Fortune. What difference, then, thinkest thou, is there, whether thou leavest her by dying, or she leave thee by fleeing away?"

5. The worst sting of adverse fortune:

Then said I: "True are thine admonishings, thou nurse of all excellence; nor can I deny the wonder of my fortune's swift career. Yet it is this which chafes me the more cruelly in the recalling. For truly in adverse fortune the worst sting of misery is to have been happy."

"Well," said she, "if thou art paying the penalty of a mistaken belief, thou canst not rightly impute the fault to circumstances. If it is the Felicity which Fortune gives that moves thee—mere name though it be—come reckon up with me how rich thou art in the number and weightiness of thy blessings. Then if, by the blessing of Providence, thou hast still preserved unto thee safe and inviolate that which, howsoever thou mightest reckon thy fortune, thou wouldst have thought thy most precious possession, what right hast thou to talk of ill-fortune whilst keeping all Fortune's better gifts? Yet Symmachus, thy wife's father—a man whose splendid char-

acter does honor to the human race—is safe and unharmed; and while he bewails thy wrongs, this rare nature, in whom wisdom and virtue are so nobly blended, is himself out of danger—a boon thou wouldst have been quick to purchase at the price of life itself. Thy wife yet lives, with her gentle disposition, her peerless modesty and virtue—this the epitome of all her graces, that she is the true daughter of her sire—she lives, I say, and for thy sake only preserves the breath of life, though she loathes it, and pines away in grief and tears for thy absence, wherein, if in naught else, I would allow some marring of thy felicity. What shall I say of thy sons and their consular dignity—how in them, so far as may be in youths of their age, the example of their father's and grandfather's character shines out? Since, then, the chief care of mortal man is to preserve his life, how happy art thou, couldst thou but recognize thy blessings, who possessest even now what no one doubts to be dearer than life! Wherefore, now dry thy tears. Fortune's hate hath not involved all thy dear ones; the stress of the storm that has assailed thee is not beyond measure intolerable, since there are anchors still holding firm which suffer thee not to lack either consolation in the present or hope for the future."

"I pray that they still may hold. For while they still remain, however things may go, I shall ride out the storm. Yet thou seest how much is shorn of the splendor of my fortunes."

"We are gaining a little ground," said she, "if there is something in thy lot wherewith thou art not yet altogether discontented. But I cannot stomach thy daintiness when thou complainest with such violence of grief and anxiety because thy happiness falls short of completeness. Why, who enjoys such settled felicity as not to have some quarrel with the circumstances of his lot? A troublous matter are the conditions of human bliss; either they are never realized in full, or never stay permanently. One has abundant riches, but is shamed by his ignoble birth. Another is conspicuous for his nobility,

but through the embarrassments of poverty would prefer to be obscure. A third, richly endowed with both, laments the loneliness of an unwedded life. Another, though happily married, is doomed to childlessness, and nurses his wealth for a stranger to inherit. Yet another, blest with children, mournfully bewails the misdeeds of son or daughter. Wherefore, it is not easy for any one to be at perfect peace with the circumstances of his lot. There lurks in each several portion something which they who experience it not know nothing of, but which makes the sufferer wince. Besides, the more favored a man is by Fortune, the more fastidiously sensitive is he; and, unless all things answer to his whim, he is overwhelmed by the most trifling misfortunes, because utterly unschooled in adversity. So petty are the trifles which rob the most fortunate of perfect happiness! How many are there, dost thou imagine, who would think themselves nigh heaven, if but a small portion from the wreck of thy fortune should fall to them? This very place which thou callest exile is to them that dwell therein their native land. So true is it that nothing is wretched, but thinking makes it so, and conversely every lot is happy if borne with equanimity. Who is so blest by Fortune as not to wish to change his state, if once he gives rein to a rebellious spirit? With how many bitternesses is the sweetness of human felicity blent! And even if that sweetness seem to him to bring delight in the enjoying, yet he cannot keep it from departing when it will. How manifestly wretched, then, is the bliss of earthly fortune, which lasts not forever with those whose temper is equable, and can give no perfect satisfaction to the anxious-minded!

"Why, then, ye children of mortality, seek ye from without that happiness whose seat is only within us? Error and ignorance bewilder you. I will show thee, in brief, the hinge on which perfect happiness turns. Is there anything more precious to thee than thyself? Nothing, thou wilt say. If, then, thou art master of thyself, thou wilt possess that which thou wilt never be willing to

lose, and which Fortune cannot take from thee. And that thou mayst see that happiness cannot possibly consist in these things which are the sport of chance, reflect that, if happiness is the highest good of a creature living in accordance with reason, and if a thing which can in any wise be reft away is not the highest good, since that which cannot be taken away is better than it, it is plain that Fortune cannot aspire to bestow happiness by reason of its instability. And, besides, a man borne along by this transitory felicity must either know or not know its unstability. If he knows not, how poor is a happiness which depends on the blindness of ignorance! If he knows it, he needs must fear to lose a happiness whose loss he believes to be possible. Wherefore, a never-ceasing fear suffers him not to be happy. Or does he count the possibility of this loss a trifling matter? Insignificant, then, must be the good whose loss can be borne so equably. And, further, I know thee to be one settled in the belief that the souls of men certainly die not with them, and convinced thereof by numerous proofs; it is clear also that the felicity which Fortune bestows is brought to an end with the death of the body; therefore, it cannot be doubted but that, if happiness is conferred in this way, the whole human race sinks into misery when death brings the close of all. But if we know that many have sought the joy of happiness not through death only, but also through pain and suffering, how can life make men happy by its presence when it makes them not wretched by its loss?''

THE GOLDEN MEAN

Who founded firm and sure
Would ever live secure,
In spite of storm and blast
Immovable and fast;
Whoso would fain deride
The ocean's threatening tide;—
His dwelling should not seek

On sands or mountain-peak.
Upon the mountain's height
The storm-winds wreak their spite:
The shifting sands disdain
Their burden to sustain.
Do thou these perils flee,
Fair though the prospect be,
And fix thy resting-place
On some low rock's sure base.
Then, though the tempests roar,
Seas thunder on the shore,
Thou in thy stronghold blest
And undisturbed shalt rest;
Live all thy days serene,
And mock the heaven's spleen.

6. The following verses have been named *The Thorns of Error,* probably by the author, but possibly by a translator:

Who fain would sow the fallow field,
And see the growing corn,
Must first remove the useless weeds,
The bramble and the thorn.

After ill savor, honey's taste
Is to the mouth more sweet;
After the storm, the twinkling stars
The eyes more cheerly greet.

When night hath past, the bright dawn comes
In car of rosy hue;
So drive the false bliss from thy mind,
And thou shalt see the true.

7. *Reminiscence* is an extract from the third book:

Who truth pursues, who from false ways
  His heedful steps would keep,
By inward light must search within
  In meditation deep;
All outward bent he must repress
His soul's true treasure to possess.

Then all that error's mists obscured
  Shall shine more clear than light,
This fleshly frame's oblivious weight
  Hath quenched not reason quite;
The germs of truth still lie within.
Whence we by learning all may win.

Else how could ye the answer due
  Untaught to questions give,
Were 't not that deep within the soul
  Truth's secret sparks do live?
If Plato's teaching erreth not,
We learn but that we have forgot.

8. *Chance* is the title given some lines which appear near the beginning of the fifth book:

In the rugged Persian highlands,
  Where the masters of the bow
Skill to feign a flight, and, fleeing,
  Hurl their darts and pierce the foe;
There the Tigris and Euphrates
  At one source their waters blend,
Soon to draw apart, and plainward
  Each its separate way to wend.
When once more their waters mingle
  In a channel deep and wide,
All the flotsam comes together
  That is borne upon the tide:
Ships, and trunks of trees, uprooted
  In the torrent's wild career,

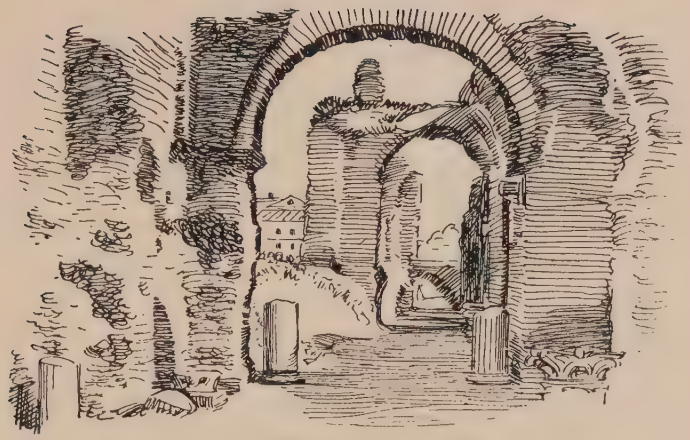
Meet, as 'mid the swirling waters
Chance their random way may steer.
Yet the shelving of the channel
And the flowing water's force
Guides each movement, and determines
Every floating fragment's course.
Thus, where'er the drift of hazard
Seems most unrestrained to flow,
Chance herself is reined and bitted,
And the curb of law doth know.

XIX. The End of the Old Civilization. Although there were still in the sixth century some men who could find the leisure and taste for study, yet Boëthius is the last who could clothe ancient thoughts and feelings in literary form. Long before the end of the fifth century Rome's power was broken, and the center of the Roman Empire lay in Constantinople. The Western provinces were in the hands of the barbarians: Angles and Saxons ruled in Britain; Franks, in Northern Gaul; Visigoths, in Southern Gaul and Spain; Vandals, in Africa; Italy herself had been repeatedly overrun by hardy warriors from the North; Rome had been twice sacked, and Theodoric, the Emperor, a Goth himself, had established a kingdom at Ravenna, thus sweeping away the last vestige of the Roman Empire in the West.

Throughout the Middle Ages some of the classical writers were studied and copied laboriously in monasteries, and the layman, who received the clerkly education, learned Latin as the only language except the more difficult Greek in which there was a literature; but,

though the language remained, it was then as now a language of the past, spoken nowhere, found only in writing, and of the civilization which it marked people were in far greater ignorance than we are to-day.

COLUMN DI FOCA, IN THE FORUM AT ROME



CHAPTER XXVIII

CHRONOLOGY

PRIOR to 390 B. C. the dates of Roman history are merely conjectural, and after that time there is much uncertainty and not a little of absolute ignorance concerning them. In the following table the dates may be considered as reliable as any and to be those generally accepted, but not all the conjectural ones are so marked. A single date before a man's name, without other qualifying statements, signifies that at that time he was about forty years of age, or at the height of his powers.

753 B. C.—Founding of Rome.

471 B. C.—*Comitia Tributa* established.

458 B. C.—Cincinnatus made Dictator.

450 B. C.—"Twelve Tables" completed.

390 B. C.—Gauls defeated the Romans; first certain date in Roman history.

367 B. C.—"Licinian Rogations" enacted.

320 B. C.—Appius Claudius Caecus, orator.
272 B. C.—Tarentum captured; Romans supreme from Rubicon to the end of the peninsula.
264–241 B. C.—First Punic War.
240 B. C.—End of Pre-Literary Period; beginning of Pre-Classical Period.
240 B. C.—Livius Andronicus, poet.
229 B. C.—GNAEUS NAEVIUS, poet.
218–201 B. C.—Second Punic War.
214 B. C.—T. MACCIUS PLAUTUS, writer of comedies.
194 B. C.—MARCUS PORTIUS CATO, writer of tragedies and a history.
190 B. C.—QUINTUS ENNIUS, poet.
180 B. C.—MARCUS PACUVIUS, tragic poet.
179 B. C.—Statius Caecilius, poet.
159 B. C.—PUBLIUS TERENTIUS AFER (TERENCE), writer of comedies, died.
149–146 B. C.—Third Punic War.
140 B. C.—Galba, orator.
133 B. C.—Rome master of Southern Europe; Tiberius Gracchus elected tribune.
130 B. C.—Lucius Accius (Attius), tragic poet.
129 B. C.—Tiberius Gracchus, school of oratory.
121 B. C.—Gaius Gracchus, orator, died.
109 B. C.—M. Licinius Crassus, orator.
108 B. C.—GAIUS LUCILIUS, satirist.
103 B. C.—Marcus Antonius, legist.
95 B. C.—Q. Mucius Scaevola, the Younger, legist.

86 B. C.—Death of Marius.
84 B. C.—End of Pre-Classical Period; beginning of Classical Period (Golden Age).
74 B. C.—Q. Hortensius Hortalus, orator.
71 B. C.—Death of Spartacus.
70 B. C.—Crassus and Pompey made consuls.
69 B. C.—Titus Pomponius Atticus, publisher and writer.
66 B. C.—Marcus Tullius Cicero, orator.
62 B. C.—Quintus Tullius Cicero, poet.
60 B. C.—First Triumvirate formed.
60 B. C.—Gaius Julius Caesar, historian.
59 B. C.—Titus Lucretius, poet.
54 B. C.—Gaius Valerius Catullus, poet, died.
50 B. C.—Aulus Hirtius, historian.
48 B. C.—Caesar, Dictator.
46 B. C.—Gaius Sallustius Crispus (Sallust), historian.
44 B. C.—Caesar assassinated.
44 B. C.—Cornelius Nepos, historian.
43 B. C.—End of Ciceronian Era of Classical Period; beginning of Augustan Era.
30 B. C.—Publius Vergilius Maro (Vergil), epic poet.
27 B. C.—Octavius became Augustus, the first emperor.
25 B. C.—Quintus Horatius Flaccus (Horace), satirist and lyricist.
19 B. C.—Albius Tibullus, elegiac poet.
15 B. C.—Propertius, elegiac poet, died.
8 B. C.—Titus Livius (Livy), historian.

3 B. C.—Publius Ovidus Naso (Ovid), elegiac poet.

14 A. D.—End of Augustan Era and of Classical Period; beginning of Post-Classical Period (Period of African Latinity); beginning of Claudian Era.

25—Phaedrus, writer of fables.

60—Gaius Petronius, satirist.

60—Lucius Annaeus Seneca (The Younger), writer of tragedies and on philosophy.

65—Aulus Persius Flaccus (Persius), satirist.

65—Marcus Annaeus Lucanus (Lucan), epic poet, died.

68—Death of Nero.

69—End of Claudian Era; beginning of Flavian Era.

70—Gaius Plinius Secundus (Pliny the Elder), historian.

79–81—Reign of Titus; Pompeii and Herculaneum destroyed.

80—Marcus Fabius Quintilianus (Quintilian), orator.

80—Marcus Valerius Martialis (Martial), epigrammatist.

96—End of Flavian Era; beginning of Era of Literary Revival.

96—Publius Cornelius Tacitus, historian.

100—Decius Junius Juvenalis (Juvenal), satirist.

101—Gaius Plinius Caecilius Secundus (Pliny the Younger), letter-writer.

117—End of Era of Literary Revival and of the Post-Classical Period; beginning of Period of African Latinity.
112—Gaius Suetonius Tranquillus, historian.
161–180—Reign of Marcus Aurelius.
165—Apuleius, novelist.
165—Marcus Aurelius, philosopher; wrote in Greek.
211—End of Period of African Latinity; beginning of Period of Decline.
212—Quintus Florens Tertullianus (Tertullian), Christian writer.
200–258—Thascius Caecilius Cyprianus (St. Cyprian), Christian writer.
249—Commodianus, Christian poet.
290—Lucius Caelius Lactantius, the Christian Cicero.
306–337—Reign of Constantine.
325—Nicene Creed formulated.
329—Byzantium chosen capital.
340?–420—Hieronymus (St. Jerome).
340–397—St. Ambrose.
348–410—Aurelius Prudentius Clemens (Prudentius).
354–430—St. Augustine.
410—Rome sacked by Alaric, the Goth.
451—Battle of Chalons.
455—Rome pillaged by Genseric, the Vandal.
476—Extinction of the Roman Empire of the West.
480–524—Boëthius, philosopher.

ITALY

ITALY

CHAPTER I

MEDIEVAL INSTITUTIONS

THE MIDDLE AGES. The "Middle Ages," as the term is generally understood, include the thousand years extending from the end of the fifth century to the end of the fifteenth. Considered in respect to the social condition of the people at large, it was an ignorant and poverty-stricken age, though during the last two centuries there was a marked improve-

ment. The first five centuries were, Hallam says, "almost absolutely barren, and present little but a catalogue of evils." Then he proceeds: "We begin in darkness and calamity; and though the shadows grow fainter as we advance, yet we are to break off our pursuit (at the end of the Middle Ages) as the morning breathes upon us and the twilight reddens into the luster of day."

The people of all European states then in existence partook to a certain extent of the same general characteristics, and some institutions, no matter where they originated, which have lost their popularity and usefulness, were then common to all. Though communication was difficult, war and commerce brought people of different nations together, and each took to itself what it found good in the customs of others. A few of these medieval institutions were so characteristic and so widely extended in their influence that they must be understood if one is to appreciate the literature of any country, and so it seems well to deal with them briefly at this point, rather than to wait to consider them in the countries where they originated. We allude especially to the three great institutions, feudalism, chivalry and monasticism.

I. FEUDALISM

II. Origin and Development. The feudal system was a social organization based upon the holding of land in feud, and the relation of

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MILAN CATHEDRAL

THIS BEAUTIFUL CATHEDRAL, BUILT IN THE LATTER PART OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, IS NOTED FOR ITS WEALTH OF SPIRES (98) AND OF STATUES (MORE THAN 2000).

lord to vassal. A *fee, feud* or *fief* was a heritable estate in lands, held of a superior lord, by whom the estate was granted and who retained rights in the land and against the tenant, such, for instance, as the receiving of service, and particularly military service.

In the latter part of the fifth century the Merovingian Franks conquered Gaul, and their king became possessed of immense tracts of land. Their habits and customs were very different from those that the Romans had imposed upon the Gauls, and even the king himself had great difficulty in ruling his turbulent subjects. Lawless by nature and impatient of all control, the leaders sought a measure of independence which the king was only too glad to grant if in return he could depend upon their loyalty at critical times. The possession of new lands was the power that brought allegiance about, for the king gave to his nobles large holdings over which they were to have absolute sway, providing that from time to time when requested they should render him military service.

This was a very satisfactory arrangement at first, and worked for the good of the kingdom so long as the king was powerful enough to control his nobility. But the love of power is inherent, and soon the great duke ceased to pay respect to the king, the count to the duke, and so on until in the ninth century there were in France twenty-nine great independent fiefs, which in the next century increased to fifty-

five. In Germany and England, history repeated itself, only at different epochs and perhaps more slowly; thus in England the strong central government established by Alfred the Great had in the eleventh century broken up into a multitude of dukedoms, some of whose heads were more powerful even than the king, but which in turn broke up and were dissipated into petty dependencies in the same manner.

The feudal system, which originated as we have indicated, was extended by small landholders who gave up their lands to some great noble or Church dignitary in order to receive them again as tenants; and for the passing of the fee and the promise of service, to gain protection and assistance in times of trouble. Sometimes in the practice of *commendation* the inferior merely put himself under the protection and care of a lord, and thus became a vassal without losing his lands.

III. Suzerain and Vassal. The lord who made the grant was known as *suzerain,* or *liege,* and he who held the land as tenant was a *vassal, liegeman* or *retainer.* The actual tilling of the land was done by *villains,* or *serfs,* who usually passed from owner to owner with the land.

The act of homage by which a man became vassal to his sovereign consisted in kneeling with uncovered head and praying for the privilege; in taking of sword and belt and placing them in the hands of the lord; in making the following statement: "I become your man from this day forth, of life and limb, and will hold

faith to you for the lands I claim to hold of you." The oath of fealty which followed pledged him as a vassal.

In return for the act of homage, the lord performed the ceremony of *investiture* by presenting a stick, a branch, a stone or some other object from the land, by which token he signified the passing of the right of possession.

Feudal obligations varied with the occasion, but usually consisted, on the part of the vassal, in rendering military service on demand, in aiding in the administration of justice in the domains of the lord and in paying a ransom for the release of the lord if taken prisoner. On the other hand, the lord was obliged to protect his vassal, to deal justly with him and to see that he was treated with justice by other vassals.

When the feudal system was first inaugurated, it may be that the granting of lands was for temporary purposes and that they were supposed to return to the hands of the overlord, but soon the obligations became hereditary, and the lands were held permanently by the grantees. However, if the heir was a female, the lord reserved the right to select her husband in order that he might be a loyal vassal, and in case the lands fell to a minor heir, the lord took charge of the education and training of the boy and during his minority received the revenues of the lands. It was the eldest son who immediately on the death of his vassal father paid homage to the lord, or, if an infant,

might wait till his majority was reached. The position of a younger son was not enviable, for he must go out to conquer an estate for himself, win the daughter of some sonless lord, or become a dependent upon his elder brother.

IV. The Feudal Family. In a broad sense the feudal family consisted not only of the overlord, his wife and children, but was made up of his liegemen and their families, the clergy, the serfs and all who lived upon his lands. In this great body of people were the four classes always evident: the military class, who did the fighting; the wives and daughters, who cared for the household; the clergy, who did the praying; and the serfs, who did the work.

In each of these classes there were different social ranks. The rank of a noble depended on the extent of his possessions: the rulers of great provinces who could put large armies in the field were dukes, marquises and counts; below them were barons and knights; and still lower in the scale, the squires, or attendants on knights. Among the clergy might be all grades, from village priest to abbot and bishop. On the continent there were two classes of serfs—the villain, who was in a measure a free man, who could give up his land if he wished, and who paid only a definite amount of labor to his lord; and the serf proper, who was his lord's personal property and must work all the time for his master.

The villains and serfs usually lived in villages at the foot of the hill on which was sit-

uated the castle, the home of the lord's wife and children, as well as of a host of retainers and hangers-on, who preferred to become the henchmen of the lord rather than to go out to look for and conquer estates for themselves.

Usually the castle, often called the symbol of feudalism, was a vast turreted fortress situated on a high hill or an almost inaccessible rock. Outside it was encircled by a deep moat or ditch, usually filled with water and passable only opposite the main entrance of the castle by means of a drawbridge, which, when not in use, hung against the castle gates. The huge doors were further protected by a portcullis, or iron grating, which could be dropped from above. The center of the castle was the *donjon-keep,* a huge tower, to which access could be obtained only through many strong and well-defended doors. Within the castle proper the chief apartment was the huge banquet hall, where hung the arms and trophies of the master and where he met his guests and retainers. Capacious oak-finished chambers were numerous and adapted to every household use, while outside but within the enclosure, protected by impregnable walls, were the stables, kennels, storehouses and other outbuildings needed for the comfort and safety of the great family.

The defenses of cities were similar to those of the castles—ditches, walls with battlemented towers, drawbridges, gates and portcullises; storming a castle was like storming a city. What might happen under such circumstances

has been graphically described by Grossi in his novel, *Marco Visconti*. Treachery on the part of two Milanese citizens had enabled the Germans to devise a plot by which one of the gates of the city was opened, supposedly to receive supplies, but in reality to enable the besieging Germans to enter Milan. The Limontese are peasants from Limonta who have come in to fight for their lord. The account proceeds:

The drawbridge was now lowered, and four horses drawing a wagon of hay came on under the arch, till the leaders almost touched the closed portcullis with their heads; at a word from the Limontese captain the portcullis rose, and lifting itself noisily between the fluting of the pillars, was nearly hidden in the vault above; then the man who had charge of the wagon urged on the horses for a few steps, and then stopped short with some trivial excuse. "Go on!" shouted Lupo to him; but instead of obeying he uttered a shrill whistle, and a band of soldiers, issuing from behind the church of San Marco, where they had been hiding, galloped towards the arch.

"Let the gate down!" cried Lupo. They raised the weights, and the portcullis fell, but in falling it came against the wagon of hay underneath, and remained suspended in the air. "Raise the bridge!"

"We can't raise it, for those outside are holding it with ropes and pulleys."

"Treason! treason! Ambrose! Michael! Limontese to the rescue! Treason!"

The keeper of the tower blew a sharp blast on his horn to summon help; those scattered along the fortifications ran up from all sides: the two sentinels, the falconer, the boatman, four or five others, rushed on either side of the wagon, and laying wildly about them, succeeded in keeping back some men on foot who were forcing an entrance. At the same time Lupo sprang on the backs of the horses fastened to the wagon, showered

blows upon them with the butt-end of a lance, pricked them with the point, and urged and frightened them with his voice; so that at last, by arching their backbones, and straining every nerve, with their bellies bent to the ground, they succeeded in moving their load a little, notwithstanding the resistance that was opposed by the enormous bars of iron sunk in the hay which had yielded to the weight. The falconer's son shouted out two or three times for the gate to be raised for a moment, so as to set the wagon free to pass below; but in the midst of the confusion and uproar his voice was not heard. In the meantime the German cavalry horses had become furious, the bridge re-echoed with their iron hoofs, and some of them had already penetrated under the arch, where it was perfectly dark, and where the confusion, and noise, and the exchange of blows was quite frightful, till in the midst of the clamor was heard the sound of descending iron, and then arose a sharp cry of agony. A last effort had at that moment freed the wagon from the weight which embarrassed it, and the portcullis in its descent had fallen on a German trooper.

Soon some lighted torches arrived to illumine the scene of terror. Five or six German horsemen, who had already made their way through, were quickly dispatched by the Limontese, and below the arch of the bridge there began a furious fight between those outside, who were trying with levers to raise the portcullis, and those within, who were using every effort to prevent them. They dealt savage blows right and left with their pikes and lances, to the destruction alike of men and horses; but the Germans had the worst of it, embarrassed as they were by the formidable defenses with which the gate on their side was armed; sharp spikes, on which, in their headlong career, they were impaled.

Lupo now perceived a fresh troop of enemies advancing on the road of San Marco to renew the fray, so he ordered some of his people, who were arriving from all sides, to mount on the tower and level a mangonel at them. In a few minutes a storm of stones descended

from above, and from the loopholes a cloud of arrows, and the Germans found they had better abandon the enterprise, and take to flight.

The drawbridge having been raised without further hindrance, and all being now quiet, the Limontese returned to let the portcullis completely down, and found beneath it a fine Hungarian horse, that had been caught, together with its rider. The horse, which had received that enormous weight on its spine, had both its hind legs broken; the soldier was held by the foot, and both were struggling violently to get from under the terrific weight. The poor animal, whose hinder parts were crushed to the earth, with pricked-up ears and mane erect, its eyes bloodshot and starting from its head, and its nostrils distended, raised its head from time to time, kept pawing and striking fiercely with its fore feet, trying to rise, and biting the while at all who approached it, and uttering shrieks of pain. The rider, with one foot broken and entangled between the broken limbs of the horse and the portcullis, was frightfully shaken and jolted at every movement of the animal. He twisted himself about and clutched at everything with his hands, now raising himself on his knee, and with clasped hands, praying in his German tongue that they would spare his life; now picking up his sword and brandishing it fiercely, and hampered and wounded as he was, showing that he would not allow himself to be killed with impunity. Seen in this attitude by torchlight, with a face all covered with shaggy red hair, with his gray eyes flashing with rage, pain, and fear; he seemed like a wolf caught in a trap at the moment when the shepherd is coming behind him with upraised club to give him the *coup de grace*.

Our mountaineers took pity on him, and removing him from under the trap, carried him to a house, where he was looked after by old Marta, who was considered the first doctoress in Limonta.

Shut up in this great fortress, the life of the family was an intimate one, for such was the

isolation that the inmates must depend upon themselves for occupation and entertainment. When not engaged in war, the lord devoted himself to the management of his fief or to hunting, which then was more than a pastime, for it was one of the chief sources of supply for the table, and the amount of food required by the denizens of a castle was enormous. The wife superintended the cooking, spinning and weaving, cared for the wounded and sick, or in time of necessity even managed the estate or defended the castle. The ladies of the time were healthy and brave, and they possessed such accomplishments as music, the embroidering of tapestries, chess and often letters. No matter how fierce the lord might be to his enemies, he was usually loving and tender to his wife and family, though patriarchal and chivalric concepts of domestic life were occasionally enforced with barbaric rigors.

V. The Church and the Military. Large tracts of land were often given to the Church; when these endowments were not heritable they were known as *benefices,* but later they became heritable and were not distinguishable from ordinary fiefs. As the Church possessed one central organization, there was a unity of custom that enabled her to hold her possessions more firmly and by proper care to make her fiefs the richest of all. About one-third of Germany was held by ecclesiastics, who were represented in secular matters by patrons or vassals. Many of the strongest lay lords in

Europe were in form vassals to Church dignitaries and bound by oath to protect them in time of danger.

The military forces of feudal times were bound together by ties of personal service and were unlike the armies of any other times. There were no divisions into company, regiment or legion, but each lord, with the knights of his following, mounted on horseback, protected by a headpiece or coat of mail or full suit of armor, fought as he pleased with lance, spear, battle axe or sword.

VI. The Decline of Feudalism. The decline of feudalism was brought about by a variety of causes, among which were the Crusades, the centralizing tendencies of trade and commerce, more enlightened views of the ownership of lands, and the general advance of civilization. During the thirteenth century in England and the fifteenth in France and Germany, the authority of the kings became well established, and feudalism as a power was destroyed, though traces of it still exist, especially in the laws relating to lands.

As an agent of government, feudalism may be regarded as about the worst possible, for it destroyed central authority, led to warfare and rapine, and sunk the welfare of the people beneath the rivalries of the overlords. Force and conspiracy were the only arguments, and it is no wonder that ignorance prevailed and that even the Church became corrupted by avarice and a thirst for power.

But feudalism accomplished some good things: it was probably the only state of society which could have successfully preserved Christian Europe from the inroads of barbaric Moslem tribes; it caused lands to be cleared and cultivated, and opened the way to a better agriculture; it developed in its family life those sentiments and feelings which constitute the essence of chivalry.

II. CHIVALRY

VII. Definition and Origin. The word *chivalry* is derived from the French word *cheval,* which means *horse.* Some feudal tenants were required to give service on horseback, equipped with a coat of mail, and if they had been invested with their arms in a ceremonious manner, there was nothing more required to make them knights. In this sense, chivalry may be referred to the age of Charlemagne. To serve as knights because of vassalage involved no particular personal merit, nor is it synonymous with that more generous and self-sacrificing devotion which passes now under the name of chivalry and which was so great a part of medieval life. Rather would it seem to be more closely connected with that other custom in the act of homage, by which men commended themselves by professing loyalty and attachment upon bended knee.

Whatever the origin, chivalry may be considered, to use the words of Hallam, "the best school of moral discipline which the Middle

Ages afforded." He continues, as follows, to elaborate the "three powerful spirits that have moved over the face of the waters and given a predominant impulse to the moral sentiments and energies of mankind:"

> These are the spirits of liberty, of religion, and of honor. It was the principal business of chivalry to animate and cherish the last of these three. And whatever high magnanimous energy the love of liberty or religious zeal has ever imparted was equaled by the exquisite sense of honor which this institution preserved.

Thus in the Middle Ages chivalry meant the whole institution of knighthood, its ideals and its practices; it was the gentle and romantic side of the stern life of warlike races. Though long since dead, its ideals persist in our civilization, and as we look back at its remarkable development throughout Europe we may feel that excepting Christianity alone no single influence has done so much to make modern people different from those of ancient times.

VIII. The Knightly Virtues. In Malory's *King Arthur,* Sir Ector, who has found Sir Lancelot dead, makes these "dolefull complaints:" "'Ah, Lancelot,' he said . . . 'thou wert the courteousest knight that ever bore shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover among sinful men that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the press of knights; and thou wert the meek-

est man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortel foe that ever put spear in rest.' "

Three virtues seem essential to the character of a knight—loyalty, courtesy and munificence —virtues which Hallam describes as follows:

1. *Loyalty.* The first of these, in its original sense, may be defined fidelity to engagements; whether actual promises, or such tacit obligations as bound a vassal to his lord and a subject to his prince. It was applied also, and in the utmost strictness, to the fidelity of a lover towards the lady he served. Breach of faith, and especially an express promise, was held a disgrace that no valor could redeem. False, perjured, disloyal, recreant, were the epithets which he must be compelled to endure who had swerved from a plighted engagement even towards an enemy. This is one of the most striking changes produced by chivalry. Treachery, the usual vice of savage as well as corrupt nations, became infamous during the vigor of that discipline. As personal rather than national feeling actuated its heroes, they never felt that hatred, much less that fear of their enemies, which bind men to the heinousness of ill faith. In the wars of Edward III, originating in no real animosity, the spirit of honorable as well as courteous behavior towards the foe seems to have arrived at its highest point. Though avarice may have been the primary motive of ransoming prisoners instead of putting them to death, their permission to return home on the word of honor in order to procure the stipulated sum—an indulgence never refused —could only be founded on experienced confidence in the principles of chivalry.

2. *Courtesy.* A knight was unfit to remain a member of the order if he violated his faith; he was ill acquainted with its duties if he proved wanting in courtesy. This word expressed the most highly refined good-breeding,

founded less upon a knowledge of ceremonious politeness —though this was not to be omitted—than on the spontaneous modesty, self-denial, and respect for others, which ought to spring from his heart. Besides the grace which this beautiful virtue threw over the habits of social life, it softened down the natural roughness of war, and gradually introduced that indulgent treatment of prisoners which was almost unknown to antiquity. Instances of this kind are continual in the later period of the Middle Ages.

3. *Munificence.* Liberality, indeed, and disdain of money, might be reckoned, as I have said, among the essential virtues of chivalry. All the romances inculcate the duty of scattering their wealth with profusion, especially towards minstrels, pilgrims, and the poorer members of their own order. The last, who were pretty numerous, had a constant right to succor from the opulent; the castle of every lord who respected the ties of knighthood was open with more than usual hospitality to the traveler whose armor announced his dignity, though it might also conceal his poverty.

Valor, loyalty, courtesy, munificence, formed collectively the character of an accomplished knight, so far as was displayed in the ordinary tenor of his life, reflecting these virtues as an unsullied mirror. Yet something more was required for the perfect idea of chivalry, and enjoined by its principles; an active sense of justice, an ardent indignation against wrong, a determination of courage to its best end, the prevention or redress of injury. It grew up as a salutary antidote in the midst of poisons, while scarce any law but that of the strongest obtained regard, and the rights of territorial property, which are only rights as they conduce to general good, became the means of general oppression.

IX. Training and Ceremony of Knighting. Only persons of good family, that is, *gentlemen* belonging to the ruling or land-holding class, were eligible to knighthood, though occasion-

ally some man of inferior birth might be knighted for some peculiarly noble act or brilliant feat of arms.

There was a distinct scheme of education by which the sons of gentlemen were brought up from the age of seven years in the castles of their superior lords, where they learned the whole discipline of knighthood. From seven to fourteen these boys were called *pages,* or *varlets,* and especially in attendance upon ladies they learned the more gracious observances of chivalry; at fourteen they were given the name of *squire,* or *esquire,* came more closely in attendance upon the knights, and were instructed in the use of arms and the art of horsemanship, and by athletic exercises acquired strength and habits of agility. The squire's personal duties consisted in leading the knight's warhorse, buckling on his armor, in remaining near him in time of battle to render whatever aid was needed, to remount him if his steed was slain, and to fight for him in case he was in danger from overpowering numbers. At twenty-one, if the squire's conduct had been commendable, he might aspire to knighthood.

The ceremonies of knighting were solemn and imposing. After a night spent in solitary vigil beside his armor, the young man bathed, made his confession and received absolution. Having passed with credit an examination into his fitness, he took an oath to be loyal to his liege lord, to defend the Church, to protect all

good women, to relieve the distressed and to right all wrongs so far as he was able. Then a sword was placed at his side, spurs were fastened upon his heels, and kneeling down, his lord gave him the accolade, consisting of three strokes with the flat of his sword on head and shoulders, and said, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I make thee knight. Arise, Sir —." Any knight might confer knighthood upon one whom he approved, and once a knight in any country, a man carried that distinction into every part of the Christian world where he might travel.

X. Tournaments. Besides the definite training described above, another cause tended to the perpetuation of chivalry, and that was the policy of sovereigns in giving great festivals and tournaments, to which all knights were admitted. Tournaments cannot be traced back of the eleventh century, but from that time on knights were found when not engaged in actual war to be encountering one another in jousts, tilts or tourneys, as the mimic battles were called.

Every scenic performance of modern times must be tame in comparison with these animating combats. At a tournament the space enclosed within the lists was surrounded by sovereign princes and their noblest barons, by knights of established renown, and all that rank and beauty had most distinguished among the fair. Covered with steel, and known only by their emblazoned shield, or by the favors of their mistresses, a still prouder bearing, the combatants rushed forward to a strife without enmity, but not without danger. Though their weapons

were pointless, and sometimes only of wood; though they were bound by the laws of tournaments, to strike only upon the strong armor of the trunk, or, as it was called, *between the four limbs,* those impetuous conflicts often terminated in wounds and death. The Church uttered her excommunications in vain against so wanton an exposure to peril; but it was more easy for her to excite than to restrain that martial enthusiasm. Victory in a tournament was little less glorious, and perhaps at the moment more exquisitely felt, than in the field, since no battle could assemble such witnesses of valor. "Honor to the sons of the brave!" resounded amidst the din of martial music from the lips of the minstrels, as the conqueror advanced to receive the prize from his queen or his mistress; while the surrounding multitude acknowledged in his prowess of that day an augury of triumphs that might in more serious contests be blended with those of his country.

The following description of a tournament held in the fourteenth century at Milan is condensed from the novel *Marco Visconti,* written by the Italian author, Tommaso Grossi. The gathering of the crowd is thus described:

The inhabitants were hastening from all quarters to enjoy the pleasures of a spectacle so welcome at that time. There was a constant succession of men, women, and children, all dressed in their smartest clothes. You might distinguish among the crowd the wool-staplers, by a white hat and a kind of switch, which they carried. You might discern the master armorers, of whom, in Milan alone, there were more than ten thousand, by an apron of skins of various colors, according as the artificer was a maker of cuirasses, or swords, shields, helmets, or spurs. Among the workmen in the same trade, or school, as they expressed themselves in Milan, you might tell the journeymen from the masters, and these again from the superintendents, the minor officials, the consuls, the abbots.

The knights might be distinguished by their short, silken cloaks, their velvet hoods, their large sleeves turned-up, their scarlet upper garments (long womanish gowns, fastened by a girdle), and ladies by their necklaces, ornaments, crowns of pearls or precious stones; their pelisses of sable, minever, or marten fur—finery and ornaments forbidden to plebeians and to rich artisans, who were obliged to content themselves with fustian, wool, or mixed stuffs; with skins of lamb, rabbit, fox, and other common animals, and were not allowed to wear floating garments, or clasps, or buttons, unless made of bone, brass, steel, or such like common metals. So contrary was the spirit of that age to ours; then, as infinite trouble was taken to divide ranks as now to equalize them.

The tournament was held by Azzone Visconti, the viceroy of the Emperor, in celebration of the former's appointment to the position. Ottorino Visconti is a nephew to Marco, for whom the story is named, and is one of the principal characters in the book:

The minstrel had scarcely departed, when Azzone took his seat on the dais, which was the signal for commencing the tournament. The arena had already been cleared of the populace, who had been allowed to go in and out at will as long as the quintain and the other games had been going on; the bars had been let down inside the lists, and a herald rode round uttering at each of the four sides of the arena the following proclamation:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! This is the proclamation of the high and mighty Lord Azzone, Viceroy of his Serene Majesty, the Emperor of the Romans. Let no one dare to enter the lists during the tournament, or to favor or disfavor any of the combatants by deed, word, or sign, under pain of forfeiting horse and armor, if the offender be knight or squire; of losing an ear, if he be artisan or laborer; a hand, if he be a slave, and his life, if he be a knave or a felon."

This done, the six judges of the tournament, clad in long silken robes, took their seats in a gallery near the Viceregal box, in front of which a banner was displayed, embroidered with gold and scarlet quarterings.

Not a sound was to be heard in all that vast multitude; the parapets of the towers, the galleries and boxes were crowded with spectators, while the barricades round the lists, where no seats had been erected, swarmed with people surging and treading one upon another; and all eyes were directed in turn to the two opposite ends of the lists, where two pairs of magnificent tents had been pitched, those on the Viceroy's right being scarlet, and those on his left white.

But now a flourish of trumpets was heard, and from the two white pavilions issued forth twelve knights clad in white surcoats, with white plumes in their helmets, and the same number of squires, with green stripes on their doublets—while from the opposite pavilions came an equal number of knights and squires with red surcoats and plumes, and yellow livery respectively.

At the head of the white troop was our friend Ottorino; and the red one was led by a young Milanese warrior, by name Sacramoro. The two parties, who were to fight with blunted lances, arms of courtesy, as they were called, now advanced slowly towards each other, and stopping before the Viceroy's box, saluted him by lowering the points of their lances.

Their richly-caparisoned chargers had iron horns on their foreheads, and rows of bells suspended from their breast-plates. Each knight had his family colors emblazoned on his shield, in all sorts of fantastic devices, with his crest and past feats of arms, so as to be better distinguished in the *melee*. Besides this, each man wore a strip of taffeta, of different colors. Some carried it fastened on their side, others on their shoulder-belt; it was called the lady's favor, as it was, or was supposed to be, a gift from the knight's lady-love, towards whom, according to the rules of chivalry, every one had to turn his thoughts before engaging in any dangerous enter-

prise, so as to give himself courage to come out of the affair with honor.

We said above that these were either real or pretended gifts between lovers, because all knights could not possibly have been really in love, or at any rate have met with a sympathetic damsel; but as in those days the absence of love in a knight was in itself a crime, not to say downright irreligion, those who were not in love pretended to be so, and those who had no lady-love's colors to be donned, invented some for themselves, and left the lookers-on to exercise their conjectures.

The fact is that the passion of fevered love had arrived at such a pitch with these knights, that they made a point of yielding to no one in this particular, and it was quite common for some blockhead to go about armed *cap-a-pie,* from one country and one court to another, challenging every knight he met to single combat, unless he confessed at once that his opponent's lady-love was the most beauteous and most virtuous damsel in the world, and his love for her the most unfeigned. Then the witless idiot would on this flimsy pretext unhorse, wound, and kill other fools like himself, until he stumbled across some one with a harder head than his own, who, with a good sword-cut or lance-thrust, did him the pious service of knocking his folly out of his head by sending him to fertilize a cabbage garden.

When chivalry became extinct, that elegant device of pretending to be ardently in love descended, in Italy at least, to the poets. Hence arose that legion of affected, tiresome, woebegone imitators of Petrarch, who so long inundated Italy with sonnets and canzonets addressed to the eyes, the mouth, the foot, the hand, or the complexion, and so on, of innumerable Queens of beauty, one lovelier than the other. Luckily, poets are a quiet race, and generally do not make war on more than their neighbor's listening powers—otherwise it would have gone hard with our poor ancestors.

But to return to our story. After saluting the Viceroy, the two companies wheeled off to right and left, till

A Lay Figure in Government Armory, Madrid

MOUNTED KNIGHT IN ARMOR

they arrived at their respective ends of the lists, whence they again returned halfway down the course, halted, and mutually saluted each other. Their noble chargers champed their bits, as if eager for the fray, while their riders with their visors down, and lances erect, came forward in a serried mass with their respective leaders slightly in advance. Their helmets, cuirasses, and shields, adorned with gold and silver badges, gleamed brightly in the rays of the mid-day sun, while the housings and caparisons of their chargers flaunted out to the public gaze as they turned along the course, and plumes, banners, and streamers floated in the wind.

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Meanwhile the band of red knights came trooping past. Its leader, Sacramoro, displayed beneath his helmet a visage well bronzed by the sun and set off by a pair of truculent eyes—his mouth and left cheek were disfigured by a deep scar extending to his chin—while his broad chest and shoulders made him look very formidable, as he rode forward on a fine dark brown Macedonian charger, with the careless mien of a man accustomed to face far greater dangers than these.

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At the first sound of the trumpets, the knights, who were drawn up in lines at each end of the lists, all lowered their visors together; at the second, they placed their lances in rest; and at the third, both parties, uttering their respective cries of San Ambrogio, and Ottorino, and San Giorgio, and Sacramoro, set off at full speed from either end, and encountered each other in the middle of the arena with a noise like thunder. In a moment you saw lances shivered to pieces, knights unhorsed, horses charging each other breast to breast, or biting and striking out with their forefeet, and then galloping off all over the course with empty saddles and dangling reins; while from the *melee* arose a cloud of blinding dust, from which proceeded a confused mass of cries of triumph, rage, encouragement, and command. Soon after grooms came running up to catch the loose horses, squires

to assist their lords to remount, and inferior attendants to help some disabled man out of the *melee;* while the outside of the lists resounded with the exclamations and applause of the spectators, who were eagerly asking which side had got the best of it.

The knights now discarded their lances, and drew their swords, called *di marra* because they had neither point nor edge. They were formidable weapons, however, and when brought down on a helmet by arms that knew no other trade, quite heavy enough, if the blow was well aimed, to break the head inside, or, at least, to make the wearer stagger dizzily about for a good while. Meanwhile the heralds, umpires, and clerks of the course, who kept vigilant watch on the combatants to see that they fought fairly, and did their duty, were incessantly calling out to them not to show themselves degenerate.

The combat lasted rather more than an hour with varying fortune; but at last the white party seemed to have had the worst of it. Four of them had been borne to the tents severely wounded, while their comrades, hard pressed by the enemy, continued slowly to retreat. The Viceroy, thinking it was all over with them, and wishing to avoid further bloodshed, was on the point of giving the signal that the fighting should cease, when Ottorino, calling Beatrice and her message to mind, and burning with rage and shame, threw his shield behind him, clutched his sword desperately with both hands, and charged the leader of the red party, crying out: "Look to yourself, Sacramoro!"

The threatened man at once threw up his broad buckler over his head, and directed an ineffectual sword-thrust at his adversary's cuirass. The latter, however, seeing from his opponent's style of defense that a direct blow at the head would be of no use, lowered his sword instead of raising it, and making a furious cross cut, struck Sacramoro on the right cheek-piece of his helmet with such force that he was knocked clean off his horse, and had to be carried off to the red tent with a broken jaw, and little more than alive.

On this, hearing Ottorino's battle-cry of San Ambrogio, the defeated party took heart, while their hitherto victorious adversaries lost courage and began to give way. Our young hero, meanwhile, dealt sweeping blows around with loud shouts, and was well supported by his companions to the utmost of their power. In an instant the whole aspect of affairs was changed; two more of the red faction were unhorsed, while those who still kept in their saddles, deprived of their leader as a rallying point, wandered about the lists in disorder, continually pursued and wounded by their adversaries; and as it was now plain that all further defense was useless, the Viceroy gave the signal, the trumpets sounded, and the tournament came to an end.

While the crowd outside was uttering various cries, clapping their hands, and throwing hats and handkerchiefs into the air, by way of applause and welcome to the victorious party, seven or eight of the heralds and umpires were seen to ride at full speed after one of the red knights, and drive him out of the lists with the butt-end of a lance; a punishment always inflicted, according to the laws of the tourney, on any one who did not at once cease fighting, when the signal was given.

Such of the combatants as were able to sit upright in their saddles, or stand on their legs, presented themselves one by one, as their names were called out by a herald, before the judges' box, and according to the testimony borne by the various officials of the tourney, it was adjudged that all had comported themselves like good and loyal knights; two only excepted, one of the white faction, who was charged with having run his lance into his adversary's thigh, which was a foul stroke, as not having been placed between the four limbs, as the saying ran; and the other, one of the red faction, accused of having wounded a horse. As to the first, however, he was cleared from blame by the very man who had received the wound, who proved that the thrust was really aimed at his shield, but that the lance-head glanced off and struck a different part from what was evidently in-

tended. The other managed to escape by getting one of the clerks of the course to swear that his competitor's horse raised its head just as he was delivering his sword cut.

The last names called were those of the men in the tents, of whom there were ten; seven wounded, and three dead—and it was decided that they had all comported themselves in a worthy and valiant manner.

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The novice knights, according to the laws of the tourney, presented the heralds of the camp with the helmets they had worn in the field; but here arose a new difficulty, inasmuch as one of the said novices had broken a lance in a passage of arms held at Como a short time before, and there were some who pretended that he was not required to give his helmet to the heralds, as this was not his first feat of arms. It was however decided that the helmet was due, because the combat in which he had taken part before was only a skirmish, that is, a joust, in which the sword was not used; and the famous maxim was now enunciated with respect to jousts and tourneys, that the sword frees the lance, but not the lance the sword.

The white faction were declared to be the victors, and the votes having been collected not only of the judges and officers of the tournament, but also of the ladies and damsels, it was decided that Ottorino had proved himself the most valiant knight, and the prize was adjudged to him —viz., a white charger, with white trappings, and a silver helmet and shield, and so the day's work came to an end.

XI. The Decline of Chivalry. During the Crusades chivalry may be said to have been at its best, and immediately afterward its greatest effects were seen. In fact, chivalry was coexistent with the feudal system, and fell only with the latter. Nevertheless, there were specific influences, such as the invention of gunpowder, which created another form of war-

fare that militated strongly against knighthood. In the fourteenth century it was rapidly declining; in the fifteenth it had disappeared, or existed only in a decayed and vitiated form, unworthy of its high ideals. We shall see in another place how Cervantes helped to laugh the dying institution out of existence.

Chivalry was neither wholly good nor wholly bad; often its high ideals were perverted to serve selfish ends; its loyalty became servility, its courtesy a cloak for licentiousness, and its munificence an excuse for senseless prodigality. Besides, the courtesy of chivalry did not extend to the lower classes, and rarely was respect shown to women except of noble birth; and the worst of cruelties were practiced upon serfs and defenseless dependents. Such deeds, however, did not belong to the true knight, who has been described as "simple, modest, a sterling friend and tender lover, pious, humane and magnanimous, he held together in rare symmetrical union the whole circle of the virtues." The appeal of chivalry to the imagination of succeeding ages and its profound influence upon literature will be understood as we proceed with our readings.

III. MONASTICISM

XII. Asceticism. Long before the time of the Christians, asceticism was practiced in the East, as we have seen, by devotees of various cults; Egyptians and Greeks separated themselves from their fellows and in deserts and

out-of-the-way places lived austere lives, in the belief that by so doing they were perfecting themselves and coming nearer to the ideals of their religion. Christ taught his followers to go among the people, to live and labor with them, to bear the heat and burden of the day. Many of the early Christians, however, saw such debasing conduct and such terrible crimes among the pagans who surrounded them that they felt the stern necessity of preserving themselves from contamination if they would keep their religion pure, and knew themselves unequal to the task except by practicing self-denial in seclusion from the world. A belief in the early reappearance of Christ still further induced them to ascetic lives, in which celibacy, poverty, fasting, the wearing of sackcloth and night vigils were the chief forms of self-mortification. The tendency to asceticism has always been condemned by certain leaders in the Church, but it has never been wholly eliminated and still persists in some form in many even of the Protestant sects. During the Middle Ages asceticism became one of the great institutions of the time.

The man who fled to the desert and lived the life of a hermit in a little cave, without property or family, was by the conditions of his existence compelled to keep the two vows of poverty and chastity, and when other hermits joined him in a colony a third vow, that of obedience, became necessary. These are the three chief vows of the monks.

The self-inflicted tortures by which the early hermits punished their sinful bodies seem incredible. Saint Simeon, for instance, a Syrian monk of the first century, after remaining for ten years in seclusion near Antioch, took up his residence in a hut on a pillar, the top of which was not more than a yard in diameter. By degrees the height of the pillar was increased to sixty feet and in the narrow confines of that exalted position he lived for thirty-seven years, as some authorities say. Crowds of pilgrims flocked to hear him preach from his high pulpit, and so great was his reputation for sanctity that he was believed to have the power to perform miracles. Other *pillar saints,* or *stylites,* imitated him, and for centuries sacred men of this type appeared at intervals.

Asceticism led to exaggerated ideas of many kinds; the privations endured and the self-inflicted punishments which were frequently used look to us now like the actions of madmen, though in so vicious an age, in which ignorance was so general, they may not be such subjects for wonder, after all. With the passage of time we understand them better.

The following extract from the *Life of St. Francis of Assisi* will give a vivid picture of the ascetic life of the tenderest and sweetest of Christian saints, the revered founder of the Franciscan Order. The *Life* was written by St. Bonaventura in 1260, about thirty-five years after the death of its subject:

When therefore the man of God, Francis, perceived that by his ensample many were incited to bear the Cross of Christ with fervor of soul, he himself was incited, like a good leader of the army of Christ, to reach unto the palm of victory by the heights of unconquered valor. For, considering that saying of the Apostle, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," and being fain to wear the armor of the Cross upon his body, he restrained his sensual appetites with such strict discipline as that he would barely take what was necessary to support life. For he was wont to say that it was difficult to satisfy the needs of the body without yielding unto the inclinations of the senses. Wherefore he would hardly, and but seldom, allow himself cooked food when in health, and, when he did allow it, he would either sprinkle it with ashes, or by pouring water thereupon would as far as possible destroy its savor and taste. Of his drinking of wine what shall I say, when even of water he would scarce drink what he needed, while parched with burning thirst? He was alway discovering methods of more rigorous abstinence, and would daily make progress in their use, and albeit he had already attained the summit of perfection, yet, like a novice, he was ever making trial of some new method, chastising the lusts of the flesh by afflicting it. Howbeit, when he went forth abroad, he adapted himself—as the Gospel biddeth—unto them that entertained him, in the quality of their meats, yet only so as that, on his return unto his own abode, he strictly observed the sparing frugality of abstinence. In this wise he showed himself harsh toward his own self, gracious toward his neighbor, and in all things subject unto the Gospel of Christ, and did thus set an ensample of edification, not alone by his abstinence, but even in what he ate. The bare ground for the most part served as a couch unto his wearied body, and he would often sleep sitting, with a log or a stone placed under his head, and, clad in one poor tunic, he served the Lord in cold and nakedness.

Once when he was asked how in such scant clothing he could protect him from the bitterness of the winter's cold, he made answer in fervor of spirit, "If through our yearning for the heavenly fatherland we have been inwardly kindled by its flame, we can easily endure this bodily cold." He abhorred softness in clothing, and loved harshness, declaring that for this John the Baptist had been praised by the divine lips. In sooth, if ever he perceived smoothness in a tunic that was given him, he had it lined with small cords, for he would say that, according unto the Word of Truth, it was not in poor men's huts, but in Kings' houses, that softness of raiment was to be sought. And he had learnt by sure experience that the devils be afeared of hardness, but that by luxury and softness they be the more keenly incited to tempt men.

Accordingly, one night when by reason of an infirmity in his head and eyes he had, contrary unto his wont, a pillow of feathers placed beneath his head, the devil entered thereinto, and vexed him until the morning hour, distracting him in divers ways from his exercise of holy prayer; until, calling his companion, he made the pillow and the devil withal be carried afar from the cell. But as the Brother was leaving the cell, carrying the pillow, he lost the power and use of all his limbs, until, at the voice of the holy Father, who perceived this in spirit, his former powers of mind and body were fully restored unto him.

Stern in discipline, Francis stood continually upon the watch-tower, having especial care unto that purity that should be maintained in both the inner and the outer man. Wherefore, in the early days of his conversion, he was wont in the winter season to plunge into a ditch full of snow, that he might both utterly subdue the foe within him, and might preserve his white robe of chastity from the fire of lust. He would maintain that it was beyond compare more tolerable for a spiritual man to bear intense cold in his body, than to feel the heat of carnal lust, were it but a little, in his mind.

When he was at the hermitage of Sartiano, and had one night devoted himself unto prayer in his cell, the ancient enemy called him, saying thrice, "Francis, Francis, Francis." When he had inquired of him what he sought, that other made reply to deceive him, "There is no sinner in the world whom God would not spare, should he turn unto Him. But whoso killeth himself by harsh penance, shall find no mercy throughout eternity." Forthwith the man of God perceived by revelation the deceits of the enemy, and how he had striven to render him once more lukewarm. And this the following event proved. For but a little after this, at the instigation of him whose breath kindleth coals, a grievous temptation of the flesh laid hold on him. When the lover of chastity felt its oncoming, he laid aside his habit, and began to scourge himself severely with a cord, saying, "Ah, brother ass, thus must thou be led, thus must thou submit unto the lash. The habit is the servant of Religion, it is a token of holiness, the sensual man may not steal it; if thou art fain to go forth anywhither, go!" Then, impelled by a marvelous fervor of spirit, he threw open the door of his cell, and went out into the garden, where, plunging his now naked body into a great snow-heap, he began to pile up therefrom with full hands seven mounds, the which he set before him, and thus addressed his outer man, "Behold (saith he), this larger heap is thy wife, these four be two sons and two daughters, the other twain be a serving man and maid, that thou must needs have to serve thee. Now bestir thee and clothe them, for they be perishing with cold. But if manifold cares on their behalf trouble thee, do thou be careful to serve the one Lord." Then the tempter departed, routed, and the holy man returned unto his cell victorious, in that, by enduring the external cold in right penitent fashion, he had so extinguished the fire of lust within that thereafter he felt it no whit. Now a Brother, who at the time was devoting himself unto prayer, beheld all these things by the light of a clear shining moon. When the man of God discovered that he had seen these things on that night,

he revealed unto him how that temptation had befallen him, and bade him tell no man, so long as he himself lived, the thing that he had seen.

And not only did he teach that the appetites of the body must be mortified, and its impulses bridled, but also that the outer senses, through the which death entereth into the soul, must be guarded with the utmost watchfulness. He bade that intimate intercourse with women, holding converse with them, and looking upon them—the which be unto many an occasion of falling—should be zealously shunned, declaring that by such things a weak spirit is broken, and a strong one ofttimes weakened. He said that one who held converse with women—unless he were of an especial uprightness—could as little avoid contamination therefrom as he could, in the words of Scripture, go upon hot coals and his feet not be burned. He himself so turned away his eyes that they might not behold vanity after this sort that he knew the features of scarce any woman—thus he once told a companion. For he thought it was not safe to dwell on the appearance of their persons, that might either rekindle a spark of the vanquished flesh, or spot the radiance of a chaste mind. For he maintained that converse with women was a vain toy, except only for confession or the briefest instruction, such as made for salvation, and was in accord with decorum. "What dealings," saith he, "should a Religious have with a woman, except when she seeketh, with devout supplication, after holy penitence, or counsel anent a better life? In overweening confidence, the enemy is less dreaded, and the devil, if so be that he can have a hair of his own in a man, soon maketh it wax into a beam."

He taught the Brothers zealously to shun sloth, as the sink of all evil thoughts, showing by his ensample that the rebellious and idle body must be subdued by unceasing discipline and profitable toil. Wherefore he would call his body "brother ass," as though it were meet to be loaded with toilsome burdens, beaten with many stripes, and nourished on mean fare. If he beheld any

man wandering about in idleness, and fain to feed on the toil of others, he thought he ought to be called "brother fly," for that, doing no good himself, and spoiling the good done by others, he made himself an hateful pest unto all. Wherefore he ofttimes said, "I would that my Brethren should labor and employ themselves, lest, being given up unto sloth, they should stray into sins of heart or tongue." He was minded that a Gospel silence should be observed by the Brethren, such as, to wit, that they should at all times diligently refrain from every idle word, as those that shall give account thereof in the Day of Judgment. But if he found any Brother prone unto vain words, he would sharply chide him, declaring a shamefast sparingness of speech to be the guard of a pure heart, and no small virtue, seeing that death and life are in the power of the tongue, not so much with regard unto taste as with regard unto speech.

XIII. Monasticism. The monks of the East took upon themselves all the tortures of the early hermits, and even to-day they live apart from the public and rarely intervene in affairs outside their monasteries. In the West, however, the monks looked with disfavor upon such a course, and at an early date the Pope recognized in them a vast power for the Christianizing of the world.

The first monks appeared in the West about A. D. 340, when Athanasius brought them, but their ideals found ready acceptance among the religiously inclined, and their numbers grew with surprising rapidity. Before two hundred years had passed there were thousands housed in hundred of monasteries, some of which were in the most inaccessible parts of Europe.

Until about A. D. 500 there was no general rule, but each monk lived nearly as he saw fit. But Benedict of Nursia, who lived from 480 to 543, prepared a fixed set of rules and established at Monte Cassino the first Benedictine monastery, upon which he imposed his laws. By them the life of every monk was regulated for every hour in the day; nor was it all a life of prayer and devotion, for while no monks were allowed to leave the monastery without the permission of the abbot, yet each was compelled to labor certain hours that alternated with those of prayer and other religious exercises. So excellent were the results of these rules that other monasteries adopted them, and fifty years after their promulgation the Benedictine ideas became almost universal in the monasteries; it is said that at one time there were forty thousand different establishments that followed them. At first no attention was paid to learning, but after 540 most of the monks began to devote a certain part of each day to study, for they felt the necessity of knowledge in the management of so comprehensive an organization.

By the eighth century the monks had come to occupy in the minds of the people a position far superior to the clergy, and as a result most of the competent men who were religiously inclined became monks, and the clergy was recruited from the illiterate and superstitious. This still further widened the distance between the two orders, and to lessen it and bring the

clergy back to their original high standing, many of them were gathered together, especially in the cathedral towns, where they were taught to live the monastic life according to the canons of the Church. Prior to the establishment of these "cathedral schools" the priests married and lived with their families, but under the influence of the monks the married priests were supplanted by celibates, until in later years celibacy became the established practice.

Other orders, whose rule varied in some respects from that of the Benedictines, were established at different times and in different places, and each wore its own peculiar habit and practiced its own peculiar rule; however, an intimate knowledge of their growth and merits is not necessary for us at this time.

A monastery was the common dwelling place of the monks—a religious house. The church was the heart of the place, for the monastery existed for the church. "Almost as essential to the idea of a monastery as the church, was the cloister, or great quadrangle, enclosed on all sides by the high walls of the monastic buildings.... All round this quadrangle ran a covered arcade, whose roof, leaning against the high walls, was supported on the inner side by an open trelliswork in stone—often exhibiting great beauty of design and workmanship—through which light and air were admitted into the arcade.... The cloister was really the living place of the monks; here they pursued

their daily avocations; here they taught their school."

XIV. The Influence of Monasticism. The monastic idea drew from active life in the world the best talent of the age; its tendency was against the family and against the dignity and proper position of women; and when wealth and power came to the monks, many of them lived idle and profligate lives that hurried on the wane or downfall of their orders.

Yet the debt the world owes to monasticism is a heavy one, for the monks were the civilizers of the Middle Ages, the one centralizing power that held together the diverging ranks of society. During the darkness and destruction of the early centuries they preserved all that survived in the West of civilization, learning, and even Christianity itself. Their labors were numerous and their accomplishments many. They were successful agriculturalists, and skillful in many such trades as shoemaking and tailoring, for they followed every practical industry of the age in which they lived. While the rest of mankind were steeped in ignorance and fighting only for personal existence or self-aggrandizement, the monks made delicate embroideries; illuminated manuscripts on the choicest vellum; carved ivory, wood and gems; made exquisite ornaments in gold and silver; laid mosaics of marvelous excellence, and executed fresco-paintings of high quality, many examples of which are seen in the great museums of to-day.

They collected in their libraries the choice manuscripts of antiquity and studied them with a faithful care so that when there came a revival of interest in such things the monks were ready to cultivate it and supply its demands.

Around the monasteries villages sprang up, dependent for their existence upon the watchful care of the monks, of whom the wisest were teachers in schools. From the Franciscan Order came at least five Popes and such men as Duns Scotus and Roger Bacon.

Such are some of the benefits of monasticism; but times changed, the average culture of humanity increased, the ascetic life ceased to appeal to the generality of the religiously inclined, and by the fifteenth century the power of the monks had waned in Europe, and their great work had been accomplished.

IV. THE TROUBADOURS

XV. Introduction. We still find it necessary to consider a varied class of professional individuals who lived by their wits, and smaller groups who imitated the professionals much as amateurs do to-day. The Middle Ages were replete with sentiment and imagination; romance ran riot. The ladies were the recipients of a homage that never was greater, though it might have been more sincere. The life of the castle, the tournaments, battles, sieges and all the stratagems of love and war were material for tales and jests, while the long hours of en-

forced quietude in the evening and during inclement weather led to the rise of a class of professional entertainers who went from castle to castle and from country to country singing songs, telling tales, performing feats of strength and dexterity or giving humorous performances of many kinds. So peculiar to the Middle Ages were some of these types that no account of that epoch would be complete without a description of them, and the work of some bears so important a relation to modern literature that we must consider them somewhat closely, even at the risk of apparent incongruity in this chapter.

XVI. The Troubadours. The language of Provence, one of the six or seven great Romance languages, happens to contain the earliest Roman poetry in existence, the so-called "Boëthius fragment," which dates from the tenth century. The literature of Provence proper, however, does not begin till the next century. During the last part of the eleventh, all of the twelfth and the first part of the thirteenth centuries there flourished in Provence a class of poets who contributed to that country its finest lyrics. These men, who included among their numbers people of every grade of society from king to peasant, used the soft Provençal language with great skill, and produced a host of poems characterized by their clever wit and deep sentiment. The troubadours, as these poets were called, almost without exception were favorites of princes and nobles, whose

victories in peace and war were celebrated, whose enemies were satirized, and whose political opinions were often modified by their favorites. Their number must have been immense, for we have the names of no fewer than four hundred of them. The work of the troubadours was artificial and finally became a slave to form, for most of the singers frittered away their energies in elaborate rhyme schemes and complicated versification. The poems were chiefly of love and war, and many of them would be called bold and indecent at this time, but they were melodious, passionate and intricately beautiful.

The rage for rhyming spread widely, and such men as Alfonso II of Spain, Richard the Lion-hearted of England and the Counts of Poitou and Anjou were numbered among the troubadours who learned from Provence and practiced the art for pleasure. By the last quarter of the twelfth century Provençal troubadours were established at the courts of North Italian princes, singing the same kind of songs with as much of popularity as they enjoyed at home. Into Northern Spain, Northern France and England the troubadours carried their songs, everywhere were received with delight, and were recognized as brilliant ornaments to society. They always selected a fair lady as the mistress of their hearts and sang under an assumed name the praises of her beauty, bewailed her cruelty or mourned her death. Though nominally these love lyrics

From Engraving by Gustav Doré

QUEEN ELEANOR AND HER TROUBADOURS

THE WIFE OF LOUIS VII OF FRANCE AT ANTIOCH DURING THE SECOND CRUSADE.

were but extravagant expressions of a vivid imagination, yet frequently the sport became earnest, and illicit love brought its usual harvest of revenge and murder.

Whenever at the great court festivals several troubadours were present, they engaged in poetic contests wherein, after repeating their lays as eloquently and impressively as possible, one or more of the ladies sitting in court decided who was victor in the metrical joust.

The troubadours of Northern France were called *trouveres,* and cannot be distinguished from their prototypes in Provence, but in the writings of later years a difference has grown up in the use of the two words, the trouveres being considered the less dignified and of slightly lower position in society, though their songs were purer and more refined. Both occasionally accompanied themselves on a harp, but more frequently each was attended by a *jongleur,* who played the accompaniments for his master.

Tremacoldo, a character in Grossi's *Marco Visconti,* must be considered as of this type, though there was in him at times, in spite of his sincerity and devotion, something of the mountebank and court fool. At his first appearance he is described as follows:

> He was a man in a fantastic dress, with two rows of silver bells on his doublet, hosen, and mantle, with a funnel-shaped hat on his head, also surrounded with bells. He carried a lute on his shoulders, and as he began to touch the chords he accompanied the sounds with the most ridiculous antics, which caused great merriment.

"Tremacoldo, Tremacoldo!" exclaimed the knights and ladies. He was a famous minstrel, well known at fairs and tourneys, as well as at the courts of every prince in Italy, and, in short, wherever people were assembled together. He knew a thousand tricks and jests; he had at his fingers' ends all sorts of fantastic games; he told the newest jokes, the finest stories, and sang the poetry of the most celebrated troubadours of that day, himself not amongst the least of them.

A little later he sings a song, which, he says, "saved my skin, and got me besides four gold pieces:"

If e'er thy suit might win the ear
  Of fairest nymph, and favored be;
If e'er from death or prison drear
  St. Nicholas deliver thee;
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
  His scrip and wallet be thy care.

No roof above his head, no home,
  A wanderer and destitute;
From house to house his lot to roam,
  With wallet still and plaintive lute:
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
  His scrip and wallet be thy care.

How oft within the forest shade,
  Ere Philomel awoke the day,
His wallet 'neath his weary head,
  Still sleeping, with his lute, he lay:
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
  His scrip and wallet be thy care.

His wallet still his lowly seat,
  He strikes his soft recording lute;
The beasts he lures from wild retreat,
  The guests within the court sit mute:
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
  His scrip and wallet be thy care.

Unhurt, Judaea's plains among,
Or while he climbs the mountain track,
His lute about his neck still hung,
His faithful wallet at his back:
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
His scrip and wallet be thy care.

A pilgrim weary, sad, alone,
'Tis his that holy tomb to greet,
To pay his vow and kiss the stone,
With wallet meet, and lute-strings sweet:
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
His scrip and wallet be thy care.

If e'er thy suit might win the ear
Of fairest nymph, and favored be;
If e'er from death or prison drear
St. Nicholas deliver thee;
The Minstrel's lute to touch forbear,
His scrip and wallet be thy care.

Further on in the story Grossi introduces Arnaldo Vitale, the real troubadour, who was a military man, as well, and who would scorn the antics of Tremacoldo:

He appeared in the Viceroy's balcony, dressed as a troubadour, for he had laid aside his breastplate and other armor, and had arrayed himself in a doublet and leggings of blue and white. He wore on his head a square blue cap, with two white feathers, which shaded his left cheek. He appeared to be about thirty years of age; with his head covered with rich, soft, chestnut locks, and a calm and rather stern expression of countenance.

The party in the Viceroy's balcony drew round him at once, and those in the neighboring erections stretched forward to hear him. He looked round the noble circle, and then bowing to Azzone, asked him for a subject.

"I have often heard my father," said the Viceroy, "who was in France for some time, recall the adventures

of one Folchetto di Provenza, who, though only the son of a smith, became Count of Narbonne, and then died a friar in a Spanish convent. You will know all the particulars, as you have been in those parts, how will it suit you to sing me this history in verse?''

''I will do all that is in my power to obey, though I am but an unworth instrument in the hands of so great a lord,'' answered Arnaldo; and hanging round his neck the lute which he held in his hand, he touched the cords, and said—''I must supply the tune and the words,'' which would mean in our modern language—improvise both music and poetry.

Then he began by soft preludes to prepare the listeners for that description of emotion which he wished to arouse by his verses; and in the meantime he appeared absorbed as one meditating, turning his eyes upwards, and his cheeks glowing, his brow seeming to expand to his imagination; his whole being was agitated by the internal workings of his mind. There was a deep silence, all were looking at the poet with respectful attention; and now, accompanied by a soft melody on the lute, he began his song in a voice at first not quite assured, but which soon became most pleasant and sweet.

No rose, whose fragrance sweet and fair,
The summer suns diffuse,
Can vie with Fulk, the gay young Page
Of Raymond of Toulouse;
Of doughty deeds, and true of heart,
Nor yet unskilled in Minstrel's art,
The sweetest lay to choose.

Oh! could you see this gallant youth
Upon his dapple gray,
Ride straight into the tournament,
In battle's proud array;
St. George scarce seemed a truer knight
When, after long and fearful fight,
He did the Dragon slay.

But if with sad and tuneful notes
His plaintive song is told,
While round his face the fair hair floats
In locks of curling gold;
There seems, before our startled sight,
An angel form, all bathed in light,
Not one of mortal mold.

No knightly court of high repute
But bids him welcome free,
No village maid but softly sighs
His graceful form to see;
But faithful Fulk, to share would scorn
The homage to his master sworn,
And to his fair ladye.

Of Salamanca's proudest line
She comes, and Nelda hight,
With hair and eyebrows black as jet,
And face of marble white;
Nor does Toulouse's town contain
A lady of more high disdain,
Or one more fair to sight.

His eager love the lady spurns,
And puts his suit aside,
"Methinks he savors of the forge,"
So spake her scorn and pride;
"The daughter of a baron born,
Would think it shame and foulest scorn
To be a menial's bride!"

The luckless Page, his bitter fate
Lamenting day by day,
Sings to his harp her praises sweet
In song and roundelay;
Her favor, still withheld, to gain
By feats of arms he seeks in vain,
And breaks a lance each day.

Then like a flower, parched by heat,
Doth perish from our sight,
From out his face there seemed to pass
The color fair and light;
And slowly doth the youth expire
Before the glance of burning fire,
Shot by those eyes so bright.

Death would have seized him for his prey,
But to the rescue came
His right good liege, who dubbed him knight
Without reproach or shame;
Of Narbonne made him Count and Lord,
And for his bride did him accord
The fair and haughty Dame.

After this Fulk goes to war, distinguishes himself, and is returning rejoicing to his wife, when he meets her pacing a lofty terrace overlooking the sea, and, disturbed by her appearance, asks her what is the cause of her sad plight:

Her countenance of ashy-white,
All streaming loose her hair,
She wreathed her trembling lips to form
A smile of last despair;
Then turned, and calling up her pride,
"Stand off, now mark my farewell words," in accents fierce, she cried.

"The glory of an ancient line
Was humbled to the earth,
When I was made to wed with thee
A churl of peasant birth.
True knighthood can no liege bestow,
Unless the gentle blood be there, through purple veins to flow.

"Could I such deep dishonor bear?
I scorned the insult vile,
And summoned to avenge my cause
A knight from Britain's isle.
Ah! faithless wretch—how false his aid,
One morn, his ship's departing sails, to my despair displayed!

"Twice the sun's declining rays,
And twice the dawn I saw,
Pacing with sad and weary steps
Along this unknown shore,
A spectacle for all men's scorn.
Ah! woe betide the hapless day that ever I was born!

"Now what remains? A suppliant
To thee, whom I despise;
Shall I a pardon ask of one
All hateful in my eyes?
No, let the abject crawl and sue,
Be mine a different fate—my father tell—adieu."

She spoke, and, from the terrace height,
One headlong leap she gave,
Her flying form an instant seen,
Then plunged beneath the wave.
And all along the lonely shore
The fatal fall, the bitter cry were heard, then all was o'er.

For straight upon the cruel rocks
Dashed her fair form and frail,
She sank—but to the surface rose
Her white and flowing veil.
And there, with stain of crimson dyed,
Appeared the circling waters of the white and foaming tide.

Fulk, without shedding a tear, took ship for England, met the traitor knight of whom

Nedra spoke, and fought him to the death. The sequel follows:

Where Spain's extremest confines rest
Upon a mountain's lofty crest;
Whose base, firm-rooted in the deep,
Fair Provence fronts with shaggy steep,
The Cloister rears its silent shade,
By pious Bruno built,
Haply from his grief-stricken head
To wash the stain of guilt.

A chosen few assembled there,
In sackcloth clad, on frugal fare,
In penitential prayer and fast,
Are still content to dwell.
Strict rules, which all their lives must last,
And this they know full well.

Hark! to the bell, whose solemn sound,
Bids vaulted roof and arch resound,
While round an open grave are seen
The Monks, whose sad and mournful mien,
Their inward grief confessed.
Who is that dying man? declare!
Stretched on the stony earth and bare,
His arms crossed o'er his breast?

Lo! where the torch's flickering light
Reveals a well-known form to sight,
'Tis Fulk of Narbonne, lord and knight,
Now at the point of death.
White as the frost or driven snow,
His hoary beard doth downward flow,
Still o'er his aged breast descends,
E'en past the girdle's cord extends,
And with each long-drawn breath,

Which bids his bosom heave and swell,
In gentle cadence rose and fell

Like waves upon the shore.
But in that last and solemn hour,
One fatal image still hath power
The buried past again to raise,
And fix once more his longing gaze,
Still mingling with each dying thought
And calm repose, so dearly bought,
By penance long and sore.

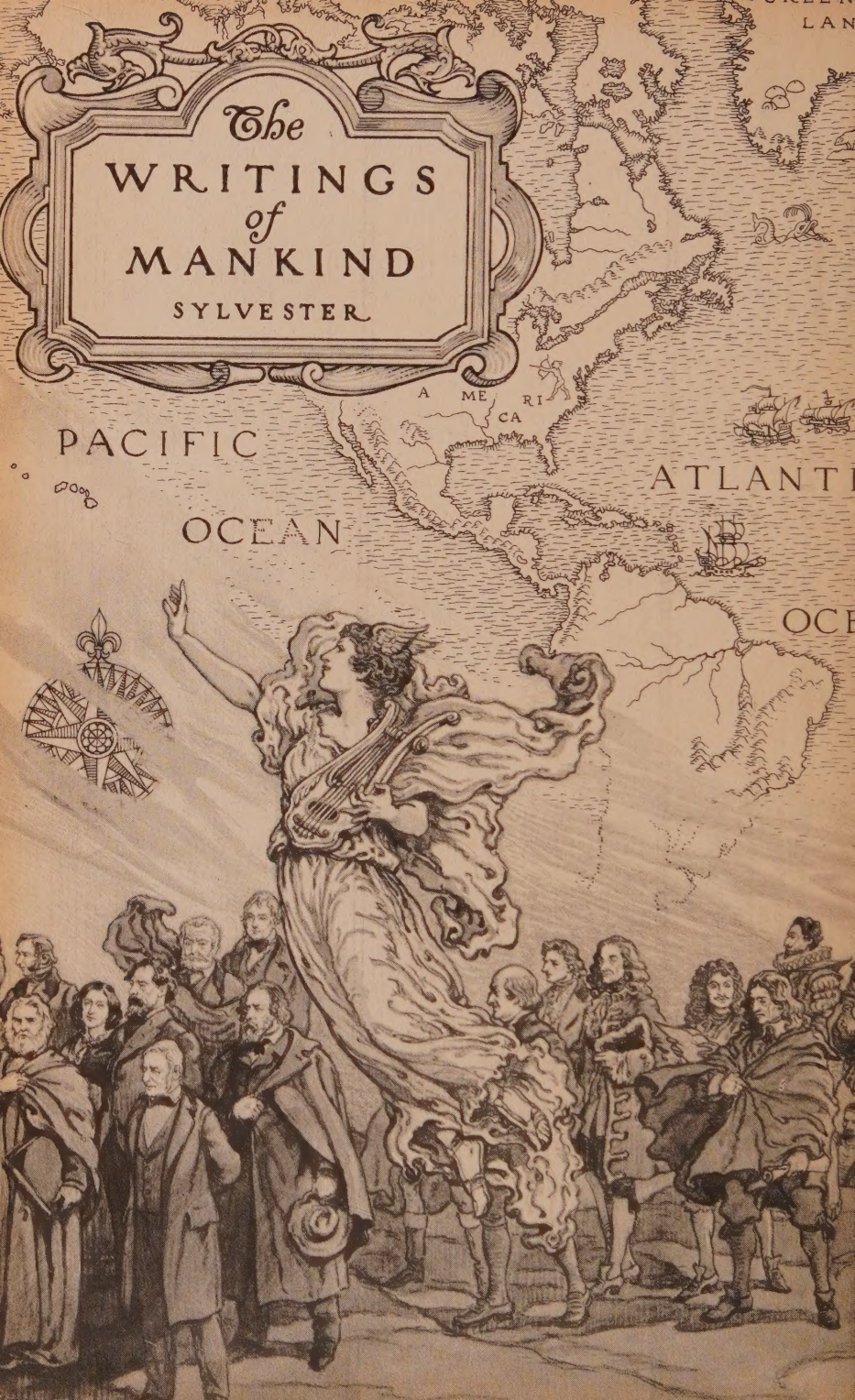
Once more her hov'ring form appears
With pallid face, all bathed in tears;
Her dark hair, o'er her shoulders cast,
Wild, loose, and streaming to the blast,
His fair and faithless love!
Ah, holy man! and doth there rise
A tear unbidden to thine eyes?
Why weep'st thou? 'Tis a last farewell,
(Thy grief I understand too well,)
That form, once loved, can never dwell
Among the Saints above!

XVII. MINSTRELS AND MINNESINGERS. Originally the minstrels were akin to the French *jongleurs* and followed their masters to entertain them or to accompany them on musical instruments. However, the use of the term broadened and was made to include traveling musicians and bards of all kinds, particularly in the British Isles. By the end of the thirteenth century nearly every noble house had its permanent staff of minstrels, and the wandering brother came to be regarded as little better than a rogue or a beggar. When playhouses were established and printing came into vogue, the demand for the minstrel ceased, and as he was more or less under the ban of the Church, his class eventually became extinct.

In Germany these early poets of love were called minnesingers, and their work was superior in respect to delicacy of sentiment, elegance, variety of structure and grace of diction to the work of their contemporaries, the troubadours. The glory of the minnesingers began to fade with the downfall of the Swabian dynasty, and under its successors paraphrases of scripture, hymns and monkish legends took the place of the lyrics of the chivalrous poets. A revival of the art in the fourteenth century was local and resulted in no great new growth outside of Germany; there it was short-lived.

The minnesingers did not confine their songs to the praise of women, though we might be led to infer that fact from the name, which is derived from the word *Minne* (love); but in fact, they composed odes for public and private occasions, either sad or joyful. One form of song was peculiar, the *Wachtlieder,* or *watch-song,* in which the lover expostulated with the watchman who kept guard of the castle where the singer's lady love was in retirement, and begged him to open the gates so that the lovers might meet.

Changes innumerable were wrung upon the same theme, but as few of the minnesingers or the contemporary troubadours and minstrels could write, their work was preserved only by oral, and hence imperfect, tradition. However, now and then a poem was written out so that of the love-lyrics of this long epoch there are altogether a number of survivals.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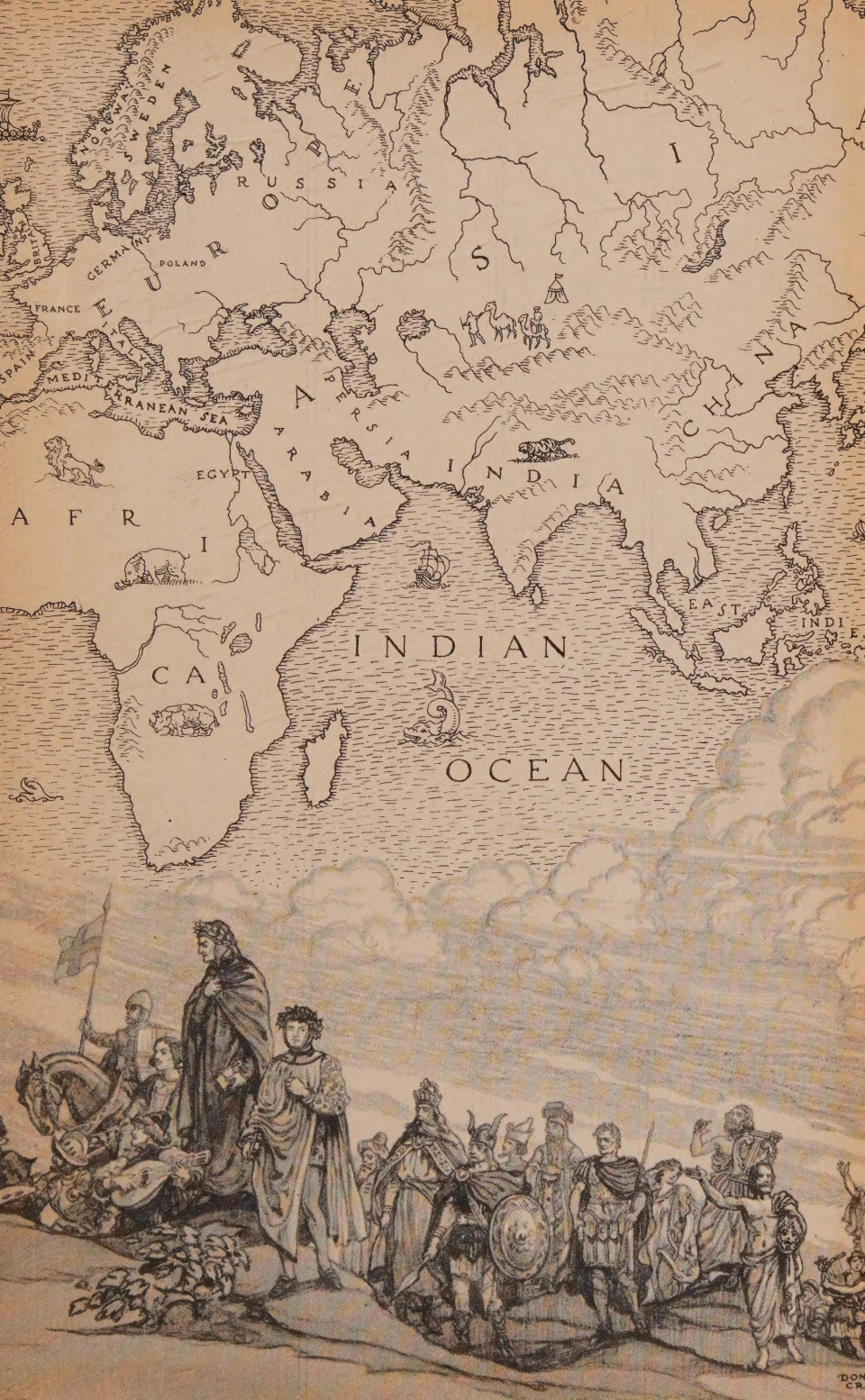
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